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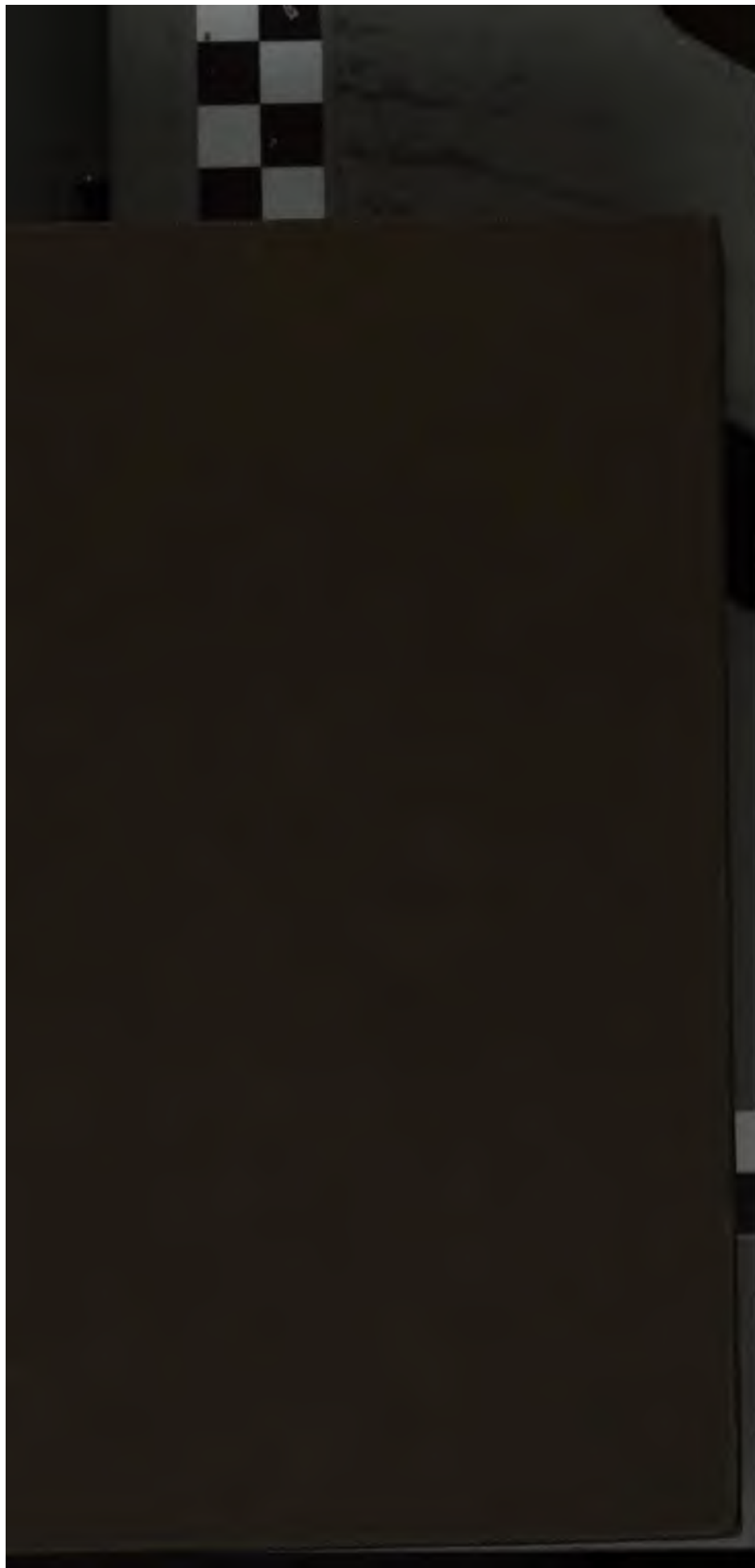
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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE,

AND

Literary Museum ;

OR,

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES,

AND

LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

VOL. I.

Containing Original Essays and Correspondence on all Branches of the Fine Arts, Copious Notices of the Public Exhibitions, Biography of distinguished Painters, Poets, Musicians, Actors, &c. &c. Reviews of New Publications, Drama, Opera, &c. Literary and Scientific Intelligence, &c. &c.

EDITED BY EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE,

AUTHOR OF WINE AND WALNUTS.

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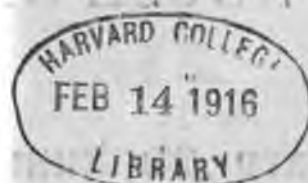
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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE OCTOBER FIRE-SIDE.

No. 1.

I KNOW of no recreation more interesting, or more tranquillizing to the mind and body, than that of going to my books again, when the social month of October returns, said my great uncle Zachary; for as my old friend Jonathan Richardson used to observe, of all the months in the year, commend me to October, for then you have summer days and winter evenings.

Moreover, he used to add, in June, July, August, and September, your friends, particularly the artists, are rambling about, from the time the town begins to thin of your fashionables; some, your limners, to the watering places, as at the Bath, and other great and populous towns, to paint the faces of their patrons; and the landscape painters, to the Lakes—to Wales, and other romantic spots on the isle of late, much to their improvement; whilst the others of our friends, who have nothing else to do, are running to the sea-side for the recruit of their health—to face the coming winter enemy in the play-houses, the punch-houses, and what not. This is a sort of sketch from my great uncle's common-place book, and it is much the same now; for, on the return of this *tenth month*, as the sober *quakers* term it, our friends begin to flock homeward; and I know not but us metropolitans might well designate it, *THE FRIENDLY MONTH*.

Now my great uncle, though of the old school, and a bachelor to boot, was as free as any man, even the married man, civilized and improved by the copartnership of a good wife; yea, he was as entirely free from those crooked prejudices which stood in the way of the comfortable fire-side. For, said he, to his jocose friend Bonnel Thornton, as they took their mutton together with Garrick, at my uncle's chambers in the Temple, on St. Crispin, 25th October, being the first after the accession of our late venerable King. How can folks talk of a comfortable fire-side, where there is a polished grate and no coals!

Indeed, I can remember more than once dining with the worthy man, and eating Michaelmas goose, with a cheerful fire in the room; but it should be observed, he always celebrated that feast, old style, which again brings us to the tenth of the said comfortable month of October.

Well! gentle reader, if my great uncle Zachary, with his excellent friends Jonathan Richardson and others so long departed, and so dearly prized, so rationally enjoyed this Tenth Month, now that it is returned once more, and with such a manifestation of God's mercy to this island, so long the birth-place of the wise and good,—why not enjoy it in our day?

Yes, the mercy of God to us is great: the times seem to have returned to that happy state, that the rising generation have heard their grandfathers laud so much—the days of *PEACE* and *PLENTY*, when bread is cheap, meat is cheap, and coals are cheap;—when the industrious can find employ, and the virtuous poor can sit at their humble board and see their children thrive!

I cannot endure the month of March, says one; the month of November is horrible, says another. Now my great uncle Zachary used to say, I do not know that I have any great preference for any particular month, for every one has some attribute that brings with it a blessing.

Monsieur Roquet,* the honest Swiss, was always in good humour with the world, and consequently, being moreover a virtuous and ingenious man, and in health, in good humour with himself. Such a man is apt to be the cause of it in others. Poor Friar Pine† used to be hipped at the approach of November, and constantly complaining at the damps and fogs. To be sure, the gloomy atmosphere of the *eleventh* month is the “antipathy of a face painter,” as Sir Godfrey Kneller was wont to observe. So, *Pine* was complaining of the climate to *Roquet*, at the club at Old Slaughters', which was only a step from his painting-room, when the Swiss shrugging his shoulders observed, with his original naïveté, “mine Gote, mine friend Mistare Pines, for vot shall you complain alway at the climate of England. Vat! if you have short summare! is it not made amend—have you not the long wintare?”—Friar Pine laughed ready to crack his fat sides; and I verily believe the oddity of the circumstance, which had nothing else to recommend it, cost the club another bowl of punch—and another hour of watching, to the good ladies at home; to wit, Mistress Hogarth, Mistress Hayman, Mistress Friar Pine, Mistress Garrick, and other worthy dames, the wives of these renowned clubbists.

What a picturesque series would the *Twe're*

Months afford to the pencils of a Turner or Calcott, a Constable or a Collins, or to the talents of the four conjointly, each taking to himself one of the seasons. Who would not desire to possess twelve cabinet landscapes, composed of the horticultural and agricultural attributes of each month—the joint labours of worthies like these? Or peradventure, the diletanti, cognoscenti, connoisseurs, and others, whom these matters concern, taking up the thought, might ask, “and why not cast about, and find a native genius for each month?” Well! be it even so, and it please your reverences, so the thing be done; and if it be done, when it be done, it were well done if it were done quickly. And more quickly would it be done, and better done, by twelve than one, or times be strangely altered.

Thus much being despatched then, gentle reader, we have now to name the twelve. Firstly, then, there can be no offence in naming *Turner*, as the first. Secondly, I would venture to wager a new shilling, that nineteen out of twenty already anticipateth *Calcott* as the second. Be it even so, and if it be your pleasure to arrange the following as they strike your better judgments, doubtless they will be justly marshalled; whilst I cannot do better than by setting them forth alphabetically. Here, then followeth the twelve:—

| | | | |
|----------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| Calcott, | Constable, | Cooper, | Hoffland, |
| Lealie, | Linnell, | Mulready, | Stothard, |
| Turner, | Ward, | Westall, | Wilkie. |

Yea, and as many more could be named, could we add twelve more months to our calendar. But, “all in good time,” as good old Pick-a-back was wont to say, and Apollo will cut out work for these.

Indeed, as my great uncle Zachary once said to George Lambert,† (who by the way was an excellent landscape painter, though now so little known;) it was upon the same subject, when Hogarth had made a drawing, or rather a sketch, of a shepherd-boy,§ for one of his little pastoral pictures, entitled *MAY*,—for George was no hand at painting figures—“I like your *theme*,” said my great uncle; “I wish some of you notable designers would give us the characteristics of the months—their very names, as handed down to us from those picturesque Saxon ancestors of ours, convey agreeable and rural associations, which conjure up pictures before the imagination.”

I cannot divine how you may feel upon this subject, gentle reader, but somehow, I never dip into the history of the Saxon times but I think of

uncle Zachary's designation, “The PICTURESQUE SAXONS.” In short, every thing *Anglo-Saxon* from my earliest days has been music to my ears, and painting to my eyes.

Who, indeed, that has any *Picturesque* blood in his veins, said my facetious old friend Captain *Grose*, who indeed would not go ten miles out of the road to see an Anglo-Saxon monument of art, whether in the shape of a church, or a porch, or even a window, with its zig-zag frieze? Though, alas! Dr. James *Bentham*, and that still more illustrious antiquary Thomas *Gray*, have been wont to tell us—(would I could prove they were wrong, for all my respect for their memories)—that “most of what we have taken for *Anglo-Saxon* is *Anglo-Norman*!” My stars!—but to the point, we know they named the months—and thus they were named:—

THE SAXON MONTHS.

January was named *ÆFTER-YULA*, or, after Christmas.

February, *SOL-MONATH*, from the returning sun.

March, *RHEDE*, or *RETH-MONATH*, rough or rugged month.

April, *EASTER-MONATH*, from a Saxon goddess (*Easter*).

May, *TRI-MILCHI*, from the custom of milking thrice a day.

June, *SERE-MONATH*, the meads in bloom.

August, *WEOD-MONATH*, from the luxuriance of weeds.

September, *HÆRFEST-MONATH*, the harvest month.

October, *WINTER-FYLLETH*, winter approaching with the October full moon.

November, *BLOT-MONATH*, from the blood of cattle killed for store.

December, *MIDWINTER-MONATH*.

There is extant a Saxon manuscript, a sort of English Georgics, with drawings, describing the rural occupations of each month, which nearly correspond with the agricultural and horticultural seasons of the present time.

In the portfolios of the collector too, may be found etchings and engravings of the months by various of the Dutch and Flemish masters. A very curious set was in the possession of the late Samuel Shelley, the miniature painter of worthy memory, at least two hundred years old; among which was the rural occupation of *hiving of bees*, wherein was represented good housewives tinging of brass pans, and the men with the hives, having their faces

guarded with wired masks. The scenes were all laid in villages or their immediate vicinity.

How pretty a moral is wrapt in the artless and picturesque description of the **TWELVE MONTHS**, as said to be printed in the reign of Henry VII. in a Sarum black-letter missal.

JANUARIUS.

The fyrst six yeres of mannes byrth and aegge,
May well be compared to Janyure
For in this moneth is no strengeth nor courage
More than in a chylde of the aegge of six yere.

FEBRUARIUS.

The other six yeres is like February
In the end thereof begyneth the Sprynge
That tyme Chyldren is moost apt and redy
To receyve chastyusement nurture and lernynge.

MARTIUS.

March betokeneth the six yeres followynge
Arayng the erthe with pleasaunt verdure
That season youth thought for nothyng
And without thought dooth his sports and pleasure.

APRILIS.

The next six yere maketh four and twenty
And figured is to joly Aprill
That tyme of pleasures man hath most plenty
Fresh and loyng his lustes to fulfill.

MAIUS.

As in the moneth of Maye all thyng in myght
So at thirty yeres man is in chiefe lyking
Pleasaunt and lustie to every mannes syght
In beaute and strengthe to women pleasyng.

JUNIUS.

In June all thyng falleth to rykenesse
And so dooth man at thirty-six yere olde
And studyeth for to acqyre rychesse
And taketh a wyfe to keepe his householde.

JULIUS.

At forty yere of aegge or elles never
Is ouy man endowed with wysdome
For than foryth his myght fayleth ever
As in July doth every blossome.

AUGUSTUS.

The goodes of the erthe is gadered evermore
In August so at forty-eight yere
Man ought to gather some goodes in store
To susteyne aegge that then draweth nere.

SEPTEMBER.

Let no man thynke for to gather plenty
Yf at fifty-four yere he have none
No more than yf his barnes were empty
In September when all the corne is gone.

OCTOBER.

By Octobre betokenyth sixty yere
That aegge hastily dooth man assayle
Yf he have outh than it dooth appere
To lyve quyety after his travayle.

NOVEMBER.

When man is at sixty-six yere olde
Which lykened is to bareyne Novembre
He waxeth unwelddy sekely and cold
Than his soule helth is time to remember.

DECEMBER.

The yere by Decembre taketh his ende
And so doeth man at threescore and twelve
Nature with aegge wyll hym on message sende
Tho' tyme is come that he must go hymselfe.

* Monsieur Roquet, an enamel painter, a writer upon the state of the Fine Arts in England, and particular friend of Hogarth.

† Robert Edge Pine, the historical painter, dubbed *Frier Pine*, from the circumstance of having stood to his friend Hogarth for the friar in the celebrated Picture of the Gates of Calais. He lived in St. Martin's Lane.

‡ George Lambert, scene painter to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Playhouse, and to the original Theatre in Covent Garden; and the founder of the celebrated Beef Steak Club.

§ This shepherd-boy, is engraved in Ireland's Hogarth.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF OLD PICK-A-BACK,

The Crazy Usher of our School,
BEING A RIGHTE MERRY RHAPSODYE
OF THE VILLAGE OF
OCCUM-ROGUS.

Now, as it sometimes happeneth, that the best of memories are at a loss touching the recollection of proper names, and as the good folks of our village were many, of whom old *Pick-a-back* was wont to speak, and oftentimes symbolically: moreover, as *Silly-crow*, his pedantic friend, was given to drolling, and he, too, will make a figure among the good folks of Occum-Rogus: as a leader, it may be well to print the *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*, or at least the principal characters, of this once populous village—
AS FOLLOWETH.

GEOFFRY MERRYWEATHER, (alias SEMICOLON,) Master of the FREE-SCHOOL.

OLD PICK-A-BACK, First Usher.

CHARITY POPE, his Housekeeper.

SILLY-CROW, Assistant Usher, (the Pedant.)

WILLY-WOOL, the Parish Clerk.

TIBBY PLANTAGENET, the Barber Surgeon.

SIMEON TODD, the Cooper.

OLD CROOK, the Sexton.

CHRISTIAN GOODACRE, the Farmer.

ROGER FURMETY, the Miller.
CALEB KEEPSAKE, yclep'd the Honest Lawyer
of Occum-Rogus.

EPHANY GOTOBED, the Apothecary.

KIT MAUL, the Bone-setter.

SERJEANT GOURLAY, the Innkeeper.

JOB CROOK, the Farrier.

PURITY KIDD, the Carpet Weaver.

LATIMER PARISH, the White Smith.

DIGGORY DUCK, the Maltster.

MATTHEW OVERCAST, the Wool-comber.

JONAS FOOT, the Fuller.

CRICKET HORNEBUCKLE, the Feltmonger.

DAME PATIENCE CHURCH, the Midwife.

GAMMER GOOSE, the School-mistress.

MICHY CUCKOO-SPITTLE, the Bachelor.

GRIM, the CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

MOTHER HORNSPOON, the Witch—and others.

CHAPTER I.

OLD PICK-A-BACK, you may be pleased to know, was before my time, usher of the Free-school of our ancient village, and resided, when he was at home, with only Charity Pope, his faithful house-keeper, and *Chitty-bob*, his favourite cat, in the little parsonage, at the back side of the bead-house, looking into the churchyard. This, comfortably furnished, and with a library, heir-looms of the place, he enjoyed rent free, by favour of the resident vicar, that holy man, who was a pattern for all parish priests.

At the back side of the parsonage again, lived his worthy neighbour Caleb Keepsake, attorney at law, almost as good a man, *mirabile dictu*, as the vicar himself. They, the aforesaid crazy usher, and this said honest lawyer, were inseparables; and many a tale delectable to hear, have I heard Old Silly-crow relate of Pick-a-back, and Charity Pope, and lawyer Keepsake, and *Chitty-bob*, the black velvet puss—yea, she was shining soft and velvet-y, as our best pall, quoth Willy Wool, and ne'er a kitten born off purring *Chitty-bob*, was ever known to want a place.

I never can forget our ancient school—'twas old indeed, coeval with the date of great Sir Simon's monument, the noble knight who fought for the first Harry Tudor, at famous Bosworth Field. He founded it, and Old Pick-a-back would have been master of the venerable old-fashioned seminary, had he lived long enough, having been promised the reversion from the right worthy descendants of the founder, for more than sixty years, only that Geoffry

Merryweather, the master for the time being, happening, as Old Pick-a-back was wont to say, to be of the blood of the Parrs on one side, and of the blood of the Jenkins's on the other, the far-famed Longevities and Kill-me-nots; or to speak plainly, only that Old Merryweather was yet living, at one hundred and one, hale and hearty into the bargain, when the grey-headed usher was only ninety-nine, and beginning to bend with age.

"I am not impatient for the reversion of the school," said the contented usher, smiling all the while. "I can wait, God knows." "All in good time," quoth Silly-crow. This escaped him about six months before his death. "But it doth vex me," said he, "to see old Semicolon strap the urchins with so stout an arm, whilst I, alas! can scarcely hold a steady hand to nib a goose quill." Moreover, latterly poor Pick-a-back got rigid somewhere about the knees, and could not run up the Windmill-hill as he was wont, to win the wager, although the boys gave their old playmate a start of full ten yards, or thirty feet.

Neither were his eyes altogether so good as he could wish; and so he told the squire the last Sunday he was seen at church: 'twas Easter-tide, when last the holy chalice touched his pious lips, for Pick-a-back had ever been a Godly man. Ipse, a Godlier than ego. "I myself," quoth Silly-crow, who wept at Pick-a-back's bed foot, as he sat scratching the pole of *Chitty-bob*, then about to be the late worthy usher's orphan cat; whispering, "I'll be a foster father to thee, pretty puss."

"It was strange" enow, quoth Silly-crow, when he one night was smoking before the parlour fire, long after ipse he himself became the master of the school. "'Twas strange that Mistress Patience Pope, whom he, the worthy Silly-crow, took special care of in her dotage, and Lawyer Keepsake, and whiskered worn-out *Chitty-bob*, should all have given up the ghost, at the same hour, upon the self-same night. But things more wondrous far than these were apt to happen in Occum-Rogus," quoth Old Silly-crow. "But why the owls made such a special rout that night—Te-whit, tee-who-o-o-o—I never could divine, unless it were to scream a requiem to *Chitty-bob*, the paragon of mousers."

"Time was, your reverence," said Pick-a-back, while talking to the squire; "time was I could write the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments within a silver penny's space; but somehow my eyes are not now what they were. I cannot read your pearl type comfortably without a glass." "He would not

have been cut off so soon, perchance," said the master of the free-school, "but for his own wayward will;" and this was plausible enough, for many of the ancients of the village used to shake their heads, particularly Master Maul, the bone-setter, a man who doctor'd for the rheumatiz, when Pick-a-back would up to his knees be seen at the mill-tail, at eventide, routing for minnow bait, along with our boys. Even Old Bull-rush, thorough varment as he was, the ancient poacher, as he waxed old, walked by the maxims of Doctor Maul, and kept his feet warm when he reached four score.

But our Old Pick-a-back could never do enough for our boys. It was kindness in his official, as well as demi-official capacities, that acquired him the appellation PICK-A-BACK.

Know then, it happened "many years ago," as Prudence Pope was used to say, the homely touch, Old Merryweather ordered Pick-a-back to horse a boy for robbing of an orchard. The magistrate himself laid the complaint, who was an illconditioned humx, as all the country knew. The Usher pleaded for the delinquent, for flogging was not much in vogue at Occum Rogus's School. "Flog the jack-anapes," quoth Justice Doodle, (he was descended of the Doodles of Flint Hall,) "or I'll trounce him at the Quarter Sessions." So the Usher was constrained to the unwilling office of horsing the culprit, by the peremptory mandate of his worship. The urchin had received some half-dozen strokes of Merryweather's rod, and bellowed out most lustily, when ALL the dogs without set up a howling. "Aye, the dogs, kind hearts," quoth Patience Pope, "if it be not profane to say so of dumb brutes, who cannot bear to hear the cries of human woe." But our Usher was a match for Squire Doodle. I'fegs, how prompt he was, at paying off a trick in kind. Away he shot, the urchin on his back, right though the market place—'twas market day—and as he ran, set up a hue-and-cry—Here comes the flogging justice; by which strange crazy prank, the boy escaped with less than half a whipping, and his Worship Doodle was dubbed Justice Flogger, until his dying day, at least so saith my chronicle.

This crazy frolic, though as well it might, had not the laughing Fates, who seemed to clap their hands at almost all that happ'd at Occum-Rogus interposed. This frolic, then, had nearly gone to set our friendly Usher clean cashiered; but the fathers of the boys, or rather, as Patience Pope declared upon her dying bed, the mothers of the

boys, held conclave on the case, and came to this determination, without a dissentient voice, and what is more, without dissension, saith mine authority, THAT OUT THE USHER SHOULD NOT GO. "And much, I question," quoth Silly-crow to Lawyer Keepsake, "with deference due to your better head-piece, if the question of his ejectment could have been carried into force, against this motherly dictum, by the Lord Chancellor himself." Thus our good-hearted Usher purchased the title Pick-a-back.

"Never can I forget his funeral," quoth Silly-crow, "that was the point of time, the climax—note ye, your reverences. It was when the vicar, looking you as one of the pictured saints, with awful voice, gave, Earth to earth, Ashes to ashes, Dust to dust, and the loose clods returned a dank and deathly sound from the coffin of beloved Pick-a-back. It was then that all our boys, good boys, burst simultaneously into tears.

"'Tis piteous to see the aged weep for youth cut off i'the bud, but it seems natural enough, fond hope frustrate, and what not. It moveth me much more to see youth weeping at the grave of old age, I know not why," quoth Silly-crow. "May be, it hath more of what your gentle-folk call sentiment. Something, I trow, angelical about it."

"Didst see my gentle master laid low? ah, well a-day!" quoth Patience Pope. "Good hap, for aught we know, his blessed spirit saw the sight. For Grim, the chimney-sweeper be said to walk o'nights, why not then, one so good as he, who ne'er did no one wrong? I would not be presumptuous, but all fell out, nor more nor less, just as dear master could have wished. Peace to his righteous bones."

"Poor Master Pick-a-back," said Master Maul, the bone-setter, the next evening at the village club. "Of the fifty and twoscholars, forty and nine took a last look, down his deep pit-hole, through their misty eyes, as tho'f he'd been their great grandsire," (wiping a tear from his own;) "and the other three, biggish boys too, cried at home by the school fire, with grief and the belly-ache, from eating green gooseberries, while sickening for the meazles. But there is no such thing as clouting old heads upon young shoulders, sure enow. Boys will be boys, and as good Queen Bess, of pious memory, once said to Roger Ascham—Who the devil, Master Roger, would keep a school!"

"I trow!" quoth Silly-crow, "never were such bookish folks as we of our town. This comes of

the parsonage library, whither—thither, ‘*all who run may read.*’ Physic, Chirurgery, and Polemics. O the wise-acres of Occum-Rogus!”

Old Pick-a-back was an universal genius, as the squire himself used to aver, and ought to have been president of a college. This was the burden of his song at the Quarter Sessions, when his worship was appealing for an addition to the old Usher’s salary. The funds were rich enough, I wot.

“Very fine talking, your Worship,” answereth Pick-a-back, with a modest bow. “What do they teach at your Universities, save Latin and Greek.” Mark you, gentle reader, this was the good squire, not old grumpus Doodle, the other magistrate; he would not put out his crutch to save a sinking saint from drowning.

Now Pick-a-back taught his good boys, those who had ever so little a modicum of wit, something of every thing. By which token, quoth Silly-crow, “our Occum-Rogus scholars know nothing.” But Silly-crow knew better, he was a wag.

“We have given to the world one circumnavigator,” said Master Merryweather, reckoning on his fingers. “That’s one,” quoth Silly-crow; “and two first rate mathematicians.” “That maketh three,” quoth the under usher. “And one incomparable, almost incomprehensible, metaphysician,” “which maketh four.” Master Merryweather dealt in long words, it was his pride, it was his foible. “Mirabilissimum!” Thus the worthy Merryweather would proceed, bragging of his disciples, painters, poets, soldiers, sailors, physicians, lawyers, merchants, and divines, though to lower the fond old prater a peg or two, sly Silly-crow would add, “He was no Kneller, nor he a Pope, nor t’other a Marlborough, nor this man a Hawke, nor that man a Sydenham, nor the next a Bacon, nor your trader a Gresham, nor your parson a Tilotson.” “Pox take you,” Old Merryweather would exclaim: “What then! but they were all good members of the Common weal!”

A wit’s a feather, and a chief’s a rod;

And—An honest man’s the noblest work of God

And it became a proverb—“*Occum-Rogus, where dwelleth none but honest men.*”

THE SOCIAL DAY.

LONG-LOOK'D-FOR, COME AT LAST!

A **HOMELY** saying this; but when the said *Long-looked-for* really comes, and empties his travelling budget, the question is, what have we here? and

sometimes, lo! Old Expectation, putting up his spectacles again in shagreen case, will shrugging say, I’ faith, *Long-look’d-for* might as well have staid at home.

Even so with our contemporary Mr. Peter Coxé—his promised volume—so long looked for—lo! it is come at last; and then, no sooner come, than many a paper-knife was quick in requisition, by hosts of friendly hands.

“Indeed, this is a handsome book,” quoth one; “and verily worth waiting for,” rejoined another. “And I rejoice,” exclaimed a third, “that I subscribed for a large-paper copy.” “Welcome, Linco—welcome home!”

It is something though, my worthy author, to live in days like these, when a world of patrons can be pricked down upon the card, with four guineas, set off against their honoured names for a large-paper copy.

It is something, too, to add, that this noble spirit of patronage has been well bestowed. For we have lived to hail the epoch, when the British press gives birth to the most admired illustrated books of any press in Christendom: and this we owe not to the munificence of a Leo—or a Louis le Grand—but to Public Spirit, and National Taste; to an enlightened age; the *long-looked-for*, the so devoutly-wished, and the now consummated, flowing from a source the more to be prized as the most likely to last.

The subject which our author has chosen, bears upon the very face of it a title to our regard. The *Social Day*. The very word conveys pleasurable associations—it is national.

We are surrounded by a social neighbourhood; we live on very social terms with the Appinghams at the manor-house, and the Coddingtons at the grove, with the commodores at the hall, and the vicars at the moat-house: yes, we are on a social footing with all the parish, said the three spinster-sisters, worthy ladies. Then, thither will I retire, said their good old uncle from Bombay. Ah! girls, there is no region upon earth like old England; and the grey-headed warrior is gone to add another to their social circle.

This little fiction, peradventure, is the sense in which our author uses the word; and, by way of illustration, introduces his readers to a family, a few miles from town, which may be regarded as a picture, or specimen of a class, that seems almost peculiar to our soil—one, of the many, who tenant the villas, so beautifully sprinkled over our land—

scapes; such as you may behold from every hill, within a certain circuit of every city and populous town, all over our heaven-protected isle.

In this family prevails, as happy a domestic government as the wisest moral philosopher might approve—enough of wealth to purchase all that can be wanted in its sphere, and an application of that wealth that mixes elegance with comfort, and makes home the seat of all the social virtues. The theme is good.

It is not often in this commercial bustling city,—is it, my worthy Mister Alderman?—that we beguile an hour in social chat over our wine, either in Austin-friars, or in Tokenhouse-yard, or within ten minutes' walk o' the Change, and sit beside a poet? one, too, who had his education at a desk, where ledgers were the books, and invoices and almanacks the only framed graphic works, to decorate the ink-splashed walls! But the more rare, the higher the biddings with works of art; and it would be no news to tell in the great city of Trinobantes, that our poet was one, who, rather late in life, shut up his *city ledger*, the gallant bachelor, and *opened an account* with the Muses—ladies; who rarely go a shopping so far east. But, “*let us to business*,” as they say at Lloyds.

First, then, The Social Day is printed in a handsome octavo volume, and is composed of three cantos, each canto having a vignette, and most of the leading subjects of the poem being illustrated by an engraved design, with an appropriate quotation from the rhymes.

And here the genii of the arts, whether to tempt another adventurer from the commercial desk, to embark upon the precarious sea of literature, or as a reward for the bold enterprise of him, the last that made the poetic voyage, (for certain they have interposed their kind offices,) for never more ingenious, nor more friendly hands, were yet employed to offer help to any sister art, nor laboured with a more generous zeal, to bring his poetic bark safely to anchor. Almost all the designs, taken for The Social Day, were offerings, painted *con amore* by the author's social friends, and presented by each in testimony of his particular esteem.

Of the friendship of such distinguished artists, who might not well feel proud? 'Tis good to hold such friends—'tis better to deserve them. Our author has not been wanting in acknowledgment, having blazoned forth the deed in grateful numbers; yea, in prose as well as verse.

As the Somerset-House Miscellany humbly look-

eth forward to become an annual record of the FINE ARTS, a description of the merit of the prints that adorn The Social Day come more legitimately under its consideration, than the merits of its rhymes; hence, our pages will rather dwell upon the graphic excellencies of the work, than its poetic beauties. We shall presume sometimes to offer our opinions somewhat critically upon Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving, feeling ourselves more competent to speak upon those matters. But, touching the Art Poetic, we shall leave the critical chair in undisturbed possession of those enlightened scholars, whose rhetorical superiority is acknowledged no less by ourselves than by the rest of his Majesty's good subjects, who daily improve by their weekly, monthly, and quarterly lucubrations.

Prefixed to Mr. Peter Coxe's elegant volume is a portrait of Mr. Peter Coxe. This, courteous reader, if you should happen not to know the worthy poet, is, as near as may be, to what he would say of himself. And lest you should not know the author, nor have chanced to see his book, we offer to open it for you, and there you may read, by way of apology for the appearance of the said portrait, or rather to deprecate the censure of the cynic, or the waggery of the wags, upon the score of his vanity, he writes a few lines, and ends in the good-humoured and playful words of Taylor, the *water poet*—

“There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?”

MY GREAT UNCLE ZACHARY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THESE following scraps, upon almost every subject, were collected by my great uncle Zachary, the retired trader, of whom there is some account in WINE and WALNUTS. They were copied out in a fair hand by the worthy old citizen, between the year 1730 and 1780, in the course of his multifarious reading, and are half bound in fifty thin folios, being one for every year—ending in 1780, the memorable epoch of the RIOTS, and of his death. Many of these curious scraps are accompanied with his own remarks, to which are added some notes by, *gentle reader*, his surviving nephew, and your very respectful servant,

E. HARDCASTLE.

INTRODUCTION.

To begin, GOD is the best foundation that can be laid, as testifieth both by experience, example, and

consent of ancient, sacred, and prophane writers. After which president, in that little I purpose, do I ask myself, a follower, that I may begin more orderly, proceed more decently, and end more profitably; wherein thus I proceed:

I. In Divine Propositions.

Q. What is the most ancient of all things?

A. God;—because he hath no beginning.

Q. Wherein doth he most manifest himself?

A. In the **SCRIPTURES**—the herald of his truths, and the witnesses of his mercies.

Q. Wherefore are the Holy Scriptures, containing the mystery of man's salvation, folded up by God in such obscurity and darkness, as sometimes Maximilian the emperor, in the first of his eight questions to the learned abbot Tritemius, demanded?

A. The Holy Scriptures, unless they be read with that spirit by which it is believed to be written, by the inspiration of God's spirit, for the direction of man's life, and that with humility, and desire to know and be governed by it, cannot be understood, but remain as a **DEAD LETTER** in the efficacy thereof.

Concerning whom, yet further St. Gregory saith, though they have of themselves that height and depth, wherein their mystery may exercise the wisdom of the learned; yet have they also that easiness and plainness—**THAT THE SIMPLE** may be **COMFORTED** and **TAUGHT**; being in themselves that **WONDERFUL RIVER**, both shallow and deep, wherein the lamb may wade, and the elephant may swim.

Of whose death St. Austin thus speaketh further. The Holy Scriptures are thus written, that by their height the proud may be abased, as with their easiness the simple may be comforted: adding, that it is our dulness of capacity that they seem so hard to us, and the veil of our hearts, which cannot be removed, unless by him which hath the key of David, which opens where no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens, which only can open that sealed book.

And, therefore, God hath not wrapped up these high mysteries of Scripture in such obscurity, as envying man's knowledge, but that the study and industry of man might be more profitably exercised.

Hence no man ought to be too much dejected, that he cannot understand every mystery therein, for that there are some things that to be ignorant of, though they may somewhat subject thy presumption, will not endanger thy salvation.

Possess thyself with **PATIENCE**, knowing that

whilst we are in this mortal flesh, we can perceive but as in a mirror: yet, that hereafter we shall be translated to a higher academy, where God himself shall be our school-master, and then we shall see him as he is, where all shadows vanish, and the substance only is embraced; where, being ascended, we shall know the truth of all, either argued or debated of in this sublunary region, where we live in the midst of doubts!

Q. What are those three conjunctions, the like whereof never can, nor never shall be done again, upon the face of the earth?

A. Three works, three conjunctions hath that omnipotent Majesty made in the assumption of our flesh, wonderfully singular, and singularly wonderful, even such as the very angels were amazed at:

1. Conjunction of God and Man.

2. Of a mother and a virgin.

3. Of faith, and the heart of man to believe this.

✠ The pious simplicity of these divine propositions (writes my good old uncle) induced me to copy them oftentimes, and to send them to several young people, the sons and daughters of my friends, together with a new shilling as a new-year's gift. I copied them from a little volume published a century and a half since.

SCRAP II.

Q. To what is an hypocrite most fitly compared?

A. To a candle, that carries a fair light, or shews to others, but wastes itself for his vain glory to the socket: besides, every hypocrite is said to have the voice of *Jacob*, but the hands of *Esau*.

Q. Whether were the heathen gods, or heathen men more antient?

A. Certainly the men that made the gods.

Q. In what place was it that the roaring of the lion pierced all the ears of the world?

A. In Noah's ark.

It is storied of a scholar of *St. Austine*, that came to him to be instructed in some points of divinity, to whom the father gave him this lesson to learn perfectly: **I SAY I WILL LOOK TO MY WAYS, THAT I OFFEND NOT WITH MY TONGUE.** That the scholar having received, departed from him, and returned no more until the end of nineteen years; and being asked by his master why he came not again in so long time, he answered,—the lesson was so hard, he had not learned it, although so long studied it: and all this to show the **INFINITE DEPTH** of God and his **MYSTERIES**; which, like veins of silver, the deeper they are searched into, the richer they are found.

Q. What kind of men are most rare in the kingdom of heaven?

A. Some say, hypocrites: for when Christ threatens destruction to the wicked, he saith, Their portion shall be with hypocrites.

Some say, usurers; but the German proverb saith, princes; which are rare in heaven, as venison in a poor man's kitchen: but this is always to be understood of wicked and irreligious PRINCES.

Touching the old error of man having one rib less than woman, says mine author, after discussing the point. For that rib which Eve was formed of, was peculiarly made by God to that purpose: neither was it a bare bone, but had flesh likewise. And therefore, since from earth, and the slime of that earth, and from a bone from that earth, all posterities are descended—though some be rich, and some be poor, &c.; yet they are all but of one metal and descent—

*Aurea nobilitas luteam et vestiat ollam,
Non ideo sequitur, hanc minus esse lutum.*

If golden titles gild an FARTHER POT,
That it's less earth for that, it follows not.

SCRAP III.

Q. Is there a difference of prerogative amongst stones?

A. It is answered, there is.

For the stone in the altar hath more honour than the stone in the street.

For the one is kneeled unto, and the other is trodden on by the feet.

Q. Which are the most precious stones for men's use?

A. The two round millstones of the busy mill,
Of which one stirs not, t'other ne'er lies still.

Q. Who are the most merry, most free, the most mad, and the most blessed, here?

A. The most merry, are Romish priests; for they sing when others weep,—aye, both before they die, and after they are dead. Who so merry as they?

The most free, are your physicians, that are licenced to kill without punishment; so that what is death to others by statute law, is gain to them!

The most mad, are your nice grammarians, that squabble and fight about vowels—for air and sound—and with as much bitterness as the Turks against the Rhodes!

The fourth are the poor, that are blessed; to which I incline—though, with Agar (saith mine author) I pray to give me neither poverty nor riches, but contentedness.

Though Ovid could say concerning their blessedness—

Non tamen hæc tanti est, pauper us esse velim.

Though blessings be for them in store,
To be their heirs I'd not be poor.

[These selections to be continued in a regular series.]

POPE THE POET—HIS LOVE FOR PAINTING.

It would appear strange to an eminent poet, were he sitting at table with an eminent painter, and conversing on the arts, to discover that he had no taste for poetry; why should it not appear equally strange, said Old Pick-a-back, "to meet with a poet who had no relish for painting?"

Pope, whose sweet numbers first taught us the musical capacities of our native tongue, whose verses are all harmony, had no regard for the "concordance of sweet sounds," yet he had an affection for one other sister art, being occasionally so enamoured with making of pictures, as to leave it doubtful, sometimes even for months together, whether he preferred the study of poetry or painting.

Milton loved music, and cultivated the acquaintance of musicians; so did Dryden, many of whose lyric effusions were written expressly for musical composition. Dr. Johnson cared neither for music nor painting. Is it not passing strange, that men like these, who could describe the passions and feelings, and the general and particular appearances of nature, with such pathos, exhibiting, as they did, all things to other men's perceptions, with such superior perception, teaching others how to see and to feel in one art, yet should be indifferent to another, or all the others, and remain unmoved at those works of genius that affected the minds of other men to admiration and wonder? But such things are! quoth Old Pick-a-back. But why?—Why that is for your reasoning philosophers a metaphysical bone to pick, and past my ken.

To return, then, to Mr. Alexander Pope; he really loved painting for its own sake, and worked, and daubed, and be-devilled his canvas as inveterately as though he had been labouring in earnest for a seat in that society of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which had been talked of being called into being from the time of the enlightened Charles the First to the reign of his most gracious Majesty George the First, and onwards, which,

alas ! was all talk, until our good old King took the matter in hand—and then—why of that hereafter.

Congeniality of pursuit bringeth men oftentimes strangely together. A certain forbidding Lord Chancellor had taken it into his head, in a moment of relaxation, to plant a patch of turnips : an honest little farmer, hard by, was hoeing turnips ; they got acquainted one foggy morning, by short question and answer, during the suspension of a mutual fit of coughing, and became suddenly sworn friends, and swore roundly at each other, without ceremony, hail, fellow, well met, in neighbourly frankness, until my Lord Chancellor happening to die, as my informant sayeth, there ended their acquaintance. Many friendships suddenly contracted have ended only in death. What I am about to relate is not so strange.

Mister Alexander Pope met Sir Godfrey Kneller—they talked of *painting* ; fifteen minutes was equal to seven years' acquaintance, and the poet used to go and gossip of a morning with the painter, as we may suppose Sir Walter Scott is used to drop in upon Sir Henry Raeburn :* that is, if he, the said Sir Walter, be fond of pictures, which one could guess he may—painting so naturally, so masterly, so sweetly, so Shakspeare-like as he does with his goose-quill—or the more is the pity.

Painters, particularly your clever ones, from time immemorial, have been famed as humourists, of whose wit and waggeries my great uncle Zachary could relate you a notable history. How many lively sallies, delectable to relate, passed between these distinguished geniuses in Sir Godfrey's study. The painter gave the poet a picture, and the poet returned the compliment in a copy of verses. I wish it were the custom to offer gifts in kind.

But Pope's intimacy with the picture-makers was not confined to Sir Godfrey Kneller, he had a great crony in Charles Jervas, they were inseparable ; and his friendship for the worthy Jonathan Richardson, of Queen-square, was no less lasting ; of whom, and it please your worships, we will have a gossip hereafter.

His friendship for Jervas commenced early in life. A contemporary, who knew his history well, observes, " He (Pope) took delight when a child in drawing, and afterward having had masters for that purpose, made a tolerable good progress soon." His letter to his dearly beloved John Gay, dated August 23, 1713, will best express how meanly

he thought of his first essays in the sister art, after having his eyes opened to the superior merits of painting by his friend Jervas.

" DEAR SIR,—Just as I received yours I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were, till now, imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon *Lord Plausible* as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it,) but I am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity ; two Lady Bridgewater's, a Duchess of Montague, half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter ; I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a *Modena* as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting ; and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear the Devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should get a sight of them, who tell us they worship certain pagods, or idols, purely for their ugliness."

How it happened that the Dean of St. Patrick's, restless and fidgetty as he was known to be, and a grudger of time to any idle purpose, could afford his sittings to Pope for *three portraits*, no one has yet been vain enough to account for, or even to attempt it, saving and excepting Old Pick-a-back, who used to say it arose, no doubt, from that pleasure which one *great* genius secretly enjoys on beholding another *great* genius make a tom-fool of himself ; or, in other words, expose his weak side for the comfort and consolation of a great man's most intimate friends. Pick-a-back might, perhaps, be right.

" Pish ! Deuce take it !" said Pope, " why, Sir Godfrey, I used to fancy nothing was so difficult as making of verses. Pox take the colours, how in the name of Patience is it you keep your shadows so pure ? Here have I been muddling my colours for six hours, and, as I hope to be saved, my picture is not so forward as it was yesterday ! Like a crab, I advance backwards."

"Ha! ha! ha! bainting (painting) is no choage, (joke) mine dear friend Bope," said the worthy German, who was knitting his brows and rolling his tongue against the inside of his cheek, as he copied the curls of a full-bottomed perriwig, which was placed before him on a tall screw barber's-block, such a one as may be seen now at the Judges' wig-maker's, at the old shop in the Temple, or in Hogarth's Marriage a-la-mode print, in the French doctor's cupboard. Good Sirs! I have heard my great uncle Zachary say, who knew the knight—Good Sirs! had you but seen him dash in a wig!

This may appear very idle, but I cry your mercy, gentle reader: have you ever fagged, like Mister Alexander Pope, for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, your left-hand thumb thrust through the hole of a palette, grasping, at the same time, in the said band, a handfull of *fiches*, *sables*, *hog's-hair tools*, *flatteners*, and *sweeteners*, with the additional incumbrance of a *maul stick*, absolutely wedged in, until the fingers benumbed, the arm stagnated, and the left side in a state of paralysis, you would start at the sudden drawing of a cork, as though an eight-and-forty pounder had exploded at your ear? If not, then, cannot you divine the misery of attempting to paint a wig. It is, or it rather was, for wigs are extinct. It was an operation of marvellous difficulty, and aptly termed **THE PAINTER'S PERPLEXITY**. So not a word more on the subject at present, although I have penned a treatise on **WIGS**, or an essay on **PERUQUES**, wherein every species, from the flowing Ramilies, down to the Scanty Bob, through many generations of these whimsical thatchings of the human caput, is traced back to the period of the first inventor; and a notable treatise it is, being the result of long and laborious research; upon what *Old Pick-a-back* was wont to dub, a good case to treat—being a **WISDOM CASE**.

With our amateur painter, and the professor, there remained an uninterrupted friendship until dissolved by the death of Jervas, who died Anno 1739. Their friendship subsisted on a thorough social footing. Jervas, who was a native of Ireland, went to Dublin, to paint the fair daughters of Erin. Pope meanwhile took up his abode in the painter's house in London, and there by way of relaxing from the laborious drudgery of transmogrifying Greek phrases into English ones; for as he himself facetiously says, "*A Translator is no more a Poet, than a Tailor is a Man*;" there he drudged at the

casel, morning, noon, and I had nearly added night, only that the poet says of himself, that *he kept bad hours*. By which, peradventure, may be inferred, like many another knight of the palette, he rambled about from one artistical friend's quarters to another: now at Sir Godfrey Kneller's, in Great Queen Street; then at the other Knights, Sir James Thornhill's, in Covent Garden, and then at Richardson's, in Queen Square, to hold a gossip on art. "And of all your worthy gossips, commend me to your painters," said old Pick-a-back, "as the most delectable."

Pope's quarters then, being in the house of Jervas, surrounded by *Titians*, *Raphaels* and *Guidos*. There he studied, and there, as it is said, he studied with improvement.

Jervas was an inmate during this sojournment in Ireland with Dr. Jonathan Swift, whose kind hospitality it may be supposed was none the less to the painter for his affection for Pope. Jervas, however, was a gentleman, a man of letters, and a wit, and stood on easy terms with the great, as did Holbein and Rubens, Vandyke and Lely, Kneller and Reynolds, and as does, at the present epoch, to the honour of the Fine Arts, the accomplished President of the Royal Academy.

Whilst at the Dean of St. Patrick's, Jervas received the following letter from his friend Pope, which contains so lively a description of his pursuits, that every man of *virtu* cannot fail to regret that no more of his epistles to the same party have been preserved.

"Dear Sir,

"That you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Torles. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke: he entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original design *Isigo Jones's* Whitehall. I there saw and revered some of your first pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom* of *Homer*.

"I hope spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of Nature. Not but I congratulate you on all the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets. But in this you have the advantage of poets; you are a master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have staid long enough methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of *Oggia*. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious *Irishman* ought to begin with, that of

St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. Parnelle was, when he translated the *Batrachomachia*) to come into England to copy frogs, and such other vermine as were never seen in that land since the time of the Confessor.

"I long to see you a history painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our faces tell us. The ancients too, expect you should do them right; those statues, from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

"As to your enquiry about your house, when I come within their walls, they put me in mind of *Carthage*, where your friend the wandering Trojan,

— *animus pictura pascit inani;*

For the spacious mansion, like a *Turkish* caravanserai, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and let out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! *Frank*, indeed, does all he can in such a circumstance; for considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained: every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many *Raphael's*, *Titians*, and *Guidos* as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely, the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling, but what of that?—I am only a lodger, and

"Dear Sir, &c.

"ALEX. POPE."

* When this article was written, neither Scotland nor England, expected so soon to have to deplore the loss of this excellent artist, and most worthy member of society.

ON PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

ADDRESSED TO THE

Amateurs of that delightful Art.

[It is proposed in this Series, to trace the history of Water-colour Painting from its earliest state;—to notice the efforts of its various ingenious professors, to the period of Paul Sandby, and from thence to the present epoch, when it has attained to that perfection, which is the pride of the British school of arts.]

MR. JOHN VARLEY.—We should be at a loss to name any artist, among the many who excel in landscape, whose small drawings are superior to those of Mr. John Varley. There is a classic air

pervading his best compositions, which savours of the boldness of Poussin, united with the elegance of Claude; a happy combination of mountain, wood, lake, and river, that cannot fail to delight the eye of taste: the buildings, too, in his designs, are so judiciously placed, whether on a promontory, embosomed in a wood, or insulated on a plain, and so aptly formed and well-proportioned, that they are never out of place. We have lately seen some compositions of this admired artist, that are so near to all that could be wished, and executed with so masterly a hand, although occupying but a few inches in length and breadth; so admirable in the arrangements of their parts, so powerful in effect, so vivid in colour, so intelligent and full of expression, that they might be studied with great advantage by every one who feels a desire to excel in so elegant a department of art, as that which he has chosen, and which he practises with so truly original a style. Indeed, these small pictures (we speak of his happiest works) are unaffected, bold, and tasteful selections from his observations of nature, admirably wrought into pictures with that superior sort of feeling, which appears to have inspired the admired landscape painters of the Italian school.

Mr. Varley has designed a series of compositions for the instruction of amateurs, which are engraved by Mr. George Lewis, with strict adherence to the style of the master. These are executed in aqua-tinta, a species of engraving eminently calculated for imitating that flatness of tint, or distinct massing of light and shadow, which render the works of Mr. Varley so truly *preceptive*: and here it may be observed, that amateurs, who wish to attain to those indispensable qualities in landscape drawing, flatness of washing, and distinctiveness of masses, cannot adopt a readier method than by carefully copying from the best aqua-tinta prints; for the process of that style of engraving lays the grounds so flat, so even, so distinctly, and preserves the lights so sharp and clean, which is so difficult in drawing, unless wrought with great care, that the practice may be urged as the very best means of preserving the lights with sparkling effect, and avoiding that careless execution which is too common, upon the presumption that such lights may be obtained by taking them out by a wet pencil and bread.

These examples are arranged under a classification, the merit of which belongs to Mr. Turner, who invented and adopted it for his inimitable book on landscape composition, entitled *LIBER STU-*

DIORUM, a work of extraordinary genius, of which we shall speak hereafter.

The classification is no less elegant and perspicuous, than novel, and is comprehended under the characteristic terms—the *Epic*—the *Elegant Pastoral*—the *Pastoral*—the *Marine*, &c.

As a preceptor, we know of no one to prefer to Mr. Varley, when (to use the words of a grave author) when he sets to it doggedly; for no artist perhaps, has ever studied his department with more abstract reasoning upon cause and effect—the whys and the wherefores of all the combinations of form, light, shadow, and colour, that work together into that harmony which NATURE sometimes exhibits in her most enchanting LANDSCAPES.

We shall here quote some of the precepts of this intelligent artist, which cannot be read but to the advantage of the student in Landscape, as every thought is to the purpose.

MR. VARLEY'S PRECEPTS

FOR THE STUDY OF LANDSCAPE.

“The practice of an artist, in the study of Nature, is carefully to distinguish between those associations he has imbibed from nature at large, and which are cherished by all, and those which owe their origin to accident, or local observation and habit: he must likewise distinguish the effects of their application. * * * * *

“The acuteness of his researches should not so much be directed to the discovery of beauties, which make no impression on others, as in the powerful and faithful representation of those scenes, tones of colour, and effects in nature, with which mankind have always been delighted; and in recalling impressions, which all receive, but which, in many have lain dormant, until awakened by the hand of the painter, who (conscious of the great force nature derives from motion, and a thousand objects and minute gradations of tints in unison with, and auxiliary to the general effect, which cannot be imitated) nevertheless, surmounts these obstacles, by the omission or concealment of those objects, which in nature are inconsistent with the general sentiment; and not content with being consistent only, makes every object expressive of that sentiment which roused him to the attempt, and is the ruling character of the scene.

“Now, as light, shade, and colour form a great portion of the impressions of most scenes in landscape, by a judicious attention to them, he can *obscure* those objects which cannot, though unpleasant to the eye

in a view, be dispensed with, and encrease the effect of those on which the subject principally depends; and from subjects, trifling in the estimation of common observers, form a picture so forcible and imposing, and one that owes so much to his own taste and powers, which are so artfully exerted, that every spectator, conscious of the general truth of the objects delineated, wonders that they had ever escaped his notice before.” * * * * *

The following axiom is worthy the preceptor.

“An artist should be more anxious to create general beauties, than to avoid partial errors; as, by the first, he is sure to strengthen his imagination, and always produce something marked with character; but, by the last, his works will be generally insipid, which is the greatest of all faults, in any one pretending to works of imagination.”

The preceptor next exposes the practice of those dull wights, who trifle their time away in the vain pursuit of that which they never will attain.

“The frequent subject of investigation with many of the younger artists, is of what kind of canvasses, guntions, varnishes, brushes, &c. are used in their art; in the adoption or rejection of sugar of lead; in the purification of oil; in scraping old pictures, painted in various styles and methods, suited to their subjects, in order to discover the grand secret, which it is imagined will accomplish every thing * * * * *

“But too often, a great portion of their lives is bestowed in uncertain efforts at colour, light, and shade and composition, in which they not only too rarely consult their own original impressions of a subject, but rather depend on imitations of works, which, though justly entitled to respect, from their possessing many valuable qualities, have nevertheless, faults in practice contrary to sound principles; and which, instead of avoiding, they often use as sanctions or authorities, for their departure from the pure and simple impressions derived from nature alone.”

Mr. Varley proceeds to illustrate this superstitious error, of being led by authorities, upheld against truth, and instances by a drawing, which he says, “Is levelled against the old and too common practice of making *FORE-GROUNDS* not only often too dark, but frequently blackest at the lower edge of the picture.”

And here we may remark on the justice of Mr. Varley's observation, and add, that we owe to him and to two or three distinguished coadjutors in their practice, the exposure of that common fallacy in the



SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

most all the English landscape painters, period of Turner and Girtin. But this to originate with, it was only adopted by, artists, from their contemplation of the date pictures that, in their time were, ly imported to this country.

the Smiths of Chichester, Chattelain, other artists, natives and foreigners, who ere, fell into this error. Paul Sandby positions, Rooker, and even Hearne, too made the fore-grounds the darkest portion of the picture. So did Cozens, Smith and was a regular custom to place a bank in of the fore-ground, on which was a , or part of a tree with its projecting in deep shadow, intended thereby to distance, by the violence of the contrast, A fallacy no sooner exposed by the eyes of Turner and Girtin, than those long proceeded in the error, one by to a man, abandoned the practice.

of this erroneous method of shadowing unds, is to be found in the false education of the early landscape painters, who instead of om nature, acquired their notions of om the contemplation of pictures and e Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools. : greater part of their landscapes, were

allowed to communicate instruction in this way. It is something to have an acceptor who will condescend to tell you, and patiently again go over the ground, when he should be seated at ease, since travelled to the end of his journey, alas! there are no academic bowdlerisms, able fellowships to dispose of to the professor of the fine arts. And here I hope without offence to Mr. Varley, thinking few who know how to apply this or that profession, relate what touching this matter. Mr. Varley months since, had the honour to direct a man, one of whose family he had retained to instruct in drawing: a table on that day it happened the of our time was also a guest. When the wine it is not necessary to relate be told, that on a subsequent visit to Mr. Varley, the said gentleman served, "I think, my Lord, it is a reflection that a man of his position should, from the want of due patronage, be obliged to the necessity of teaching drawing to many superior artists may this equally applied? at a period too when painting, as professed in England,

"Paintings in oil and water colours," sensibly observes our artist, "have each their peculiar advantages in those qualities which are difficult to the other; for while locality and texture (meaning, we presume, a perfect resemblance or *fac-simile* from the superior capacities of oil paints) are among the great excellencies of oil painting, clear skies, distances, and water, in all of which there is a flatness and absence of texture, are the beauties most sought after;" and our preceptor might have added, are the peculiar attributes of painting in water colours."

(To be continued in No. 2.)

CEILING PAINTERS.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL.—Who can look upon the name of this English worthy, without a particular feeling of veneration for the man?—as he may be considered the first native painter of talent in the historical department, which our country could boast. Or who can look up into the dome and cupola of our metropolitan cathedral, and behold the decayed state of his masterly enrichments, of that sublime part of the structure, without strong feelings of regret, that the works of the father of the English school of art, should remain the only manifestation of neglect, in the recent reparations of that noble structure?

Somehow, there has been all along, since the days of its illustrious builder, a marked disregard for painting in St. Paul's. Would that I could excite the attention of my worthy fellow-citizens to a due consideration of this subject—to us virtuosi grey-beards, one of no small import.

What right noble notions had our progenitors, *within the walls*, who were burnt out, in the destructive conflagration of 1666. They did not wring their hands, and weep over the mighty desolation, but kissed the rod of their affliction, and bowed in resignation to the will of God. Thus piously they felt, and being comforted, they fell to work, and cleared the smoking ground, and laid a-new foundations, and *lotted to each neighbour*, under the guidance of those upright judges, whose painted effigies at length, still hang upon their Guild-chamber walls, *to each his due*. And lo! upon the ashes of the old, arose another city, Phoenix-like, more glorious to behold, than that which was consumed. I'd have ye think of this, ye

wealthy, worthy fellow-citizens of mine, ye merchants, bankers, great commercialists, ye modern Greshams, Whittingtons, Gascoyngnes, Walworths, and what not. For lo, in sober sadness, let the tale be told, with reverence due to holy mother church—the funds for all the reparations of St. Paul's, the pride of London, the marvel of the world, (so saith the Dean and Chapter—wise and holy men,) amount per annum only to *ten hundred pounds*! Shall it be recorded by those who shall henceforth enrol your names in the archives of Old Trinobantum, ye Harmans, Thorntons, Curtis's, and other city worthies, liege men and true, that THIS GREAT PROTESTANT CITY should have the dome of her most noble church, all-glorious as it was, for strangers to behold, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and damps, fast going to decay for want of funds to keep it in repair!

Venerable father of the English school! thy genius was but ill rewarded for many of thy works; the sin of that rests on the heads of those who squared thy merits by the yard, in niggard valuation: but with posterity would be the sin, to let those noble records of thy genius perish. What say ye, then, worthy fellow-citizens, to the plan of a subscription to repair the dome, and thus perpetuate the memory of old Sir James Thornhill, the first British painter who was knighted for his skill in art!

I love to see your painted ceilings, and your painted halls, said my great uncle Zachary to Garrick, when they were ascending the grand staircase at Hampton Court; and I am concerned to see these splendid decorations grown out of date. Sir, hereafter, when a man, who respects the Fine Arts, shall escort a foreigner of taste about the town, he will blush at the nakedness of our public buildings. How often have I, and many of my old friends, *when shewing the lions*, admired the sagacity of the worthy old trader's remark—not knowing where to lead a stranger—to see a sight, touching the magnificence of architecture—that I could look upon with national pride. Surely, the Architect and Painter should ever proceed hand-in-hand. What Sir Christopher Wren had projected in the way of ornament, the contracted public spirit of his successors failed to perform; hence the finest, perhaps, of all existing structures, has remained as it were, a mighty mansion, unfurnished—TO BE LET.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens received for his painting of the Grand Plafond at the banquetting house, Whitehall, the sum of *four thousand pounds*, which

more than four hundred yards of work ; so paid nearly *ten pounds* per yard. This was bestowed in the days of that great of the Arts, the unfortunate King

countryman, Sir James Thornhill, re-
his laborious and crowded designs, on
at Greenwich Hospital, only *three pounds*
did this nearly a century after the paint-
chall, when the comparative value of
so much reduced : and only the sum of
per yard for painting the ornaments upon
This employment he was appointed to
of Queen Anne, but the work was not
until the reign of King George the First.
ced in the year 1708, and finished in
which he was paid, altogether, the sum

tion of the work, after many attempts
painter to a cheaper contract, was made
ors of the hospital, after consulting the
minent artists, natives and aliens, then
re art with various success in London :

Cooper, Richardson (our old friend
Sykes, and *Degard*, who reported in
Sir James, that the performance was
of the like in England, and superior
f figures and ornaments.

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE OCTOBER FIRE-SIDE.

No. II.

WHO hath not heard of Master Bernard Lintot? the worthy and renowned bibliopolist, immortalized by Pope? I never read his name, inscribed at length, as publisher at the bottom of a title-page, but, all at once, the social days in which he flourished, good man, seem revived; and Steele and Addison, and Swift and Pope, and Arbuthnot and Farth, and all the wise, and great, and good, who used to hold a morning gossip afore-time in his or Master Jacob Tonson's shop, appear to live again. All hail, then, plodding, sober-sided, worthy Master Lintot!—But when that Lintot's shop was shut, and Master Bernard, as he was wont, at nine o'clock, did cross the Strand to the Turk's-head, then—

"What a merry old soul was he!
He call'd for his bottle, he call'd for his glass;"
And he call'd for the GA-ZET-TE.

For, peradventure, for the Craftsman, or the Hypocrite, or the Grub-street Journal, or the journals of Fog or Mist; and having got this or that for what he did call, and having put on his spectacles, or sooner did he hit upon any good thing, than he, most civilly, laid down his pipe, and read it out, for the edification of the company, with a humorous sort of gravity, which was right pleasant to hear—a sort of sociability, held by his neighbours to be very neighbourly.

He, moreover, did carry over with him to the old Turk's-head, a notable budget of stories, some of which were *matter-of-fact*, as he was used to remark; and some were what he had collected, when in idle mood, he sinned—that is to say, when he was wont to read: for your publishers of old held reading, more than *title-page* and *price*, as one of the DEADLY SINS.

When Bernard Lintot lived, 'tis well accredited, scarcely a man of any note of whom you read but had some comicality, or eccentricity, or oddity, or singularity, or point, which did not distinguish him for aught, in his own separate trade or calling. But worthy Bernard Lintot had many a point, that did distinguish him from all and every other noted reader and publisher of books. Among the rest, he had purpose to dwell on two, particularly. When he told a story, which was not a *matter-of-fact*, he

used to say, "THIS I FOUND IN A BOOK!" which short and simple declaration was uttered with such pure originality of manner—such a mixture of gravity and waggishness—in short, these his five short words, or monosyllables, conveyed so much more than I can describe, that the sentence never failed to make his auditors laugh. This, his faculty, then, was one point.

Then, again, he would occasionally, as he became an older man, on festival nights,—such as drew together a full meeting of the neighbourly club,—sing them a love ditty, or a political ballad, in a style so purely his own, so inimitable in its way, that the said ditties and ballads remained as much the sole and entire property of his untuneable voice (he had no ear), as though his *vocality* had been ENTERED AT STATIONERS'-HALL. This, then, gentle reader, was his other point.

Worthy Bernard Lintot was a very bulky* man, so that Hogarth, the merry wight, who held his singing to be marvellously droll, used to whisper, "call upon the huge man with the little voice." "I wish, *mine deare Sare*, you have but hear him sing *Molly Mog*," said Roubilliac to Pope, when he was sitting to the sculptor for his bust. "Nay," replied the poet, smiling, and shaking his head, "it might have been the death of me." And so it might, forsooth, had he heard it, as once performed at Old Slaughters', when old Colly Cibber was in the chair, accompanied by *Scheemakers'* eager interruptions, when he had just set about reading English poetry. Indeed, I have heard it affirmed, that both *Scheemakers* and *Roubilliac* would at any time have left their chisels and mallets, and have trudged on a stormy night all the way from St. Martin's-lane to Whitechapel, to have heard the worthy bookseller's *Molly Mog*. Lamp, the composer, the master of Ned Shuter, was used to say, that it certainly was Lintot's masterpiece.

Fancy the corpulent old trader, at Stationers'-hall, laying his pipe aside, half closing his eyes, setting his best wig to rights, and twitching his scarlet Sunday waistcoat, to cover his portly corporation, composing himself to answer the call of the worthies of Paternoster-row. "Come, Brother Lintot, let's have *Molly Mog* of the Rose."

These were days, indeed! Augustan days, as Colley Cibber used to say; aye, and imperial nights. "But never shall I forget," my great uncle

is! gentlemen," vociferated Garrick
I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

r! an excellent song," exclaimed Schee-
apping his hands. "Silence!" cried the

show, your grief is but folly,
when you may meet better prog;
crown there will get you a dolly,
two lines the modest Bernard sung in a
er.)

olly much better than Mog.'

deny," said Scheemakers; "give me a
shase (chaste)." "Silence!" "I am
stare *Presiden*. Proceed, if you please,
rnards Linto."

v that by wits 'tis recited,
women at best are a clog;
le, I'm not to be frightened
loving of sweet Molly Mog.'

re, Navarre; dat is the girl of mine
" again interrupted the sculptor; his
to twinkle. "Silence!"

hool-boy's desire is a *play-day*,
hoolmaster's fun is to *flog*;
cmauld's all frolic on *May-day*—
e frisk it with sweet Molly Mog.

'-wisp leads your travellers a gadding
itches, through quagmire and bog;
ght ever set me a madding
he eyes of my own Molly Mog.

And writing and
Both his Phyllis and
He'd quit, for me

Yes!—These we
the winter with su
and Steele, Swift a
their coffee at Butto
Jacks'; whilst Tons
uncle Zachary used
Slaughters', the Ra
Turk's-head. Thes
the Second's days.

So it was, gentl
time, the whilst you
friends in Septemb
month, were flockin
merry meetings in
Majesty's no less wo
to make merry, u
happy season of the

What a heart-che
farm-house, in eve
scattered o'er the lai
ing out of date: for
than traders, what th

Happily, there is
before; but we, old
departure of good o
that not long ago, w
sight—the thriving y

I tempt the lord of the manor himself;
My lady too, of the old school, to sit them
taste.

in the hall, (I speak of the right old
mer's dwelling, there of men, and women
w.) long before the hour, when some with
me with cider "*'gan zee double like*," a
it bless his eyes the whilst he counted
y—yea, or more or less, of happy souls,
a spacious oaken table, rubbed 'till it
rain;" such as your barristers, in time of
ound in Lincoln's-inn, or Temple-hall,
is stout as legs of elephant. There Tom
olph the thatcher, Rabbin the shepherd,
maltster, Miche the ploughman, and a
e, with eke his wife, and sons and daugh-
; *enow* to 'gin to work and help to keep
all seated uncontrolled to eat and drink,
wn feast, of *provent*, all as good of every
ind, as that at Master's board—save that
pare puddings, baked in larger dishes,
pare each younger chit a bit, that stand,
s' kind consent, beside their mothers;—
each chit, with each a bouncing harvest
p'd a wig), stuffed thick with plums,
ie to bed; the while the grandsire, father,
nd the elder twigs of the same tree, sit
t grand festive night, until the owls 'gin
HAPPY HARVEST-HOME!

he founder of the feast, he and his guests,
per o'er, before they sat to smoke and
punch, or negus, (for Mistress—thrifty
pt of foreign wine a store for high days
holidays,) and all of Master's kin, his
ns and gentle daughters, used to walk into
o take the accustomed peep, and see that
vants of the farm were happy.
s no longer so, save here-and-there some
of the stock of worthy yeomen keep up
n of old times: for now-a-days, the ser-
the farm are paid additional, and board
s.

it was, when Master and his friends and
peared in the said festive hall, the oldest
ds would doff his hat, and standing up,
at his signal, would take the can of spark-
and bidding each to fill his drinking horn,
homely strain—

Here's a health to the mon o' the house,
mon o' the house, the mon o' the house;
e be the health to the mon o' the house,
'or I thinks he be a good mon:

And he that dares this health deny,
Afore his face I will jus-ti-fy,
He bean't vit vor good com-pa-ny,
So let the health go round."

How many a grey-headed hind, ploughman,
shepherd, thatcher, and "*who besides*," are gone,
or going to their eternal home, whose generations
shall never see an old English harvest-home!—
How many a worthy old citizen would stare, could
they peep out of their graves and behold their suc-
cessors trooping it, up hill and down dale, to your
dejeunes a-la-fourchette!—What would Old Pick-a-
back think of these modern doings!!!

- The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell," he said, "and run."
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,—
He left *HUES LINTOT*, and outstript the wind.

The Dunciad.

† Scheemakers and Roubilliac, two eminent sculptors,
living in St. Martin's-lane.

MY GREAT UNCLE ZACHARY'S SCRAP BOOK.

SCRAP IV.

*Q. Who were those that found not a Physician
living, but to raise them, being dead?*

A. Christ, Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, the
widow's son, Eutyclus, Dorcas and others.

*Q. Who were those that once lived, and never
died?*

A. Henoch and Elias.

Q. Who was he that died, and was not born?

A. Adam.

Q. Who was but once born, and twice died?

A. Lazarus.

Q. Who was he that spake after death?

A. Abraham to the rich glutton.

Q. Who were spoken of before they were born?

A. Ishmael, Isaac, Josias, Cyrus and John the
Baptist.

Q. Who prophesied before his birth?

A. John Baptist, in the womb of his mother;
of whom St. Austin saith, that having not seen
the Heaven nor the Earth, yet he knew the Lord of
both.

Q. Who was he that was older than his Mother?

A. Christ: to which purpose the Poet thus
wittily followeth:

"Behold: the Father is the Daughter's son,
The Bird that built the nest is hatch'd therein:
The old of time, an hour hath not out-run,
Eternal life to live doth now begin."

pers, of the which the one is **LAME**, the
DE: where the cripple that hath his eye-
 s out certain Golden Apples hanging
 e, delightful to his sight, and contentive
 te, if he might but obtain them: he not
 ck them, relates to his fellow, how plea-
 uit looks to his eyes, and how willingly
 iste, if he had but legges to bear him to
 whom the blinde maketh answer, "And I
 stick to pull the apples, if I had thy eyes
 hem;" and so at last between this debate
 , that he that had his eyes, should ride
 oulders of he that had his legges: this
 the fruit was plucked, and they did eat;
 eaten, the Master of the Orchard enters,
 is damage—enquires by whom it was
 hey both confesse their act and further-
 the one used his feet, and the other his
 o they did it between them.
 er finding it so, punished both with one
 shment, as they had both deserved.
 example, doth this most wise Governor
 her body nor soul, because they both
 urtherance to sin: and being thus both
 he punisheth them both inseparably

*hy should ETERNITY punish that which
 in TIME, and oftentimes but a short*

because the **SIN**, though it be com-

That there is no tri
 In youth, in age, is
 For if such could li
 Those had been im
 Know from this, T
 How that greatnes
 How all pleasures
 And how short they
 For here they lye i
 That now want str
 Where from their f
 They preach, In gre
 Here's an Acre sow
 With the richest roy
 That the earth did e
 Since the first man
 Here the bones of b
 Though Gods they
 Here are sands (ign
 Dropt from the ruin
 With whom the poo
 The difference is no
 Here's a world of p
 Forgotten, Dead, D
 Think then, this Sitt
 Exempts no meaner
 Then bid the wanto
 Amid the Mazes of
 And then these truly
 More shall cool and
 Than her many spor
 And her nightly war
 Bid her paint till da
 To this favour she m
 Bid the Merchant ga
 The Usurer exact by
 The proud man beat

oes out ; when I meet with the Griefs of
upon a Tombstone, my heart melts with
on ; when I see the Tombs of the Parents
es, I consider the Vanity of grieving for
om we must quickly follow. When I see
ing by those who deposed them, when I
rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the
that divided the World with their Con-
d Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and
ment on the little Competitions, Factions,
ates of Mankind. When I read the several
the Tombs, of some that died Yesterday,
e six hundred Years ago, I consider that
y when we shall all of us be Contempora-
make our Appearance together."

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
PICK-A-BACK,
The Crazy Usher of our School,
SINGING A RIGHT MERRY RHAPSODY
OF THE VILLAGE OF
OCCUM-ROGUS.

Silly-crow was skilled in schoolman's lore, hematics, metaphysics, logic—drier still, a too. But Pick-a-back, as Merryweather say, had not thrust his long naked nose so learning's well. It was his genius, not his nip, that got him into Occum-Rogus school ; he little Latin that he knew, he scraped in an office of the adjacent country town, pying for an ancient relative of his, some six removes upon his mother's side, High the Peace, a man of a long head, and noble rho seeing what a genius he had got, made ift of his indentures, and added to the gift purse, and good advice, and bade him fortune. So Master Marmaduke, for that old usher's real name, packed up his ch filled but a small portmanteau—for he an orphan—and wandered beyond sea, and orld of countries, and a world of things on travelling, as I've been told, a sort of philoso- rant, having but few, if any, idle wants to d living on his purse as long as it could be made to last, and not returning—home have said ; but home poor Marmaduke had l of his kin and kind being gone. But to

the town where he first drew his breath—to Occum-Rogus, whose tuneable eight silver-tongued bells seemed to ring welcome as the wanderer saw the old steeple with boughs so green of royal oak a-top, for he came back upon the twenty-ninth of May ; and there he pitched his tent, and there he lived beloved beyond compare—and there he died, and there was buried in his Margaret's grave, with her and her own image, Margaret too—"the sweetest scion," quoth Old Silly-crow, "that e'er grim death cut off from nuptial tree." "She died," quoth Merryweather, "by her horoscope, at ten, and half and midway in the third quarter, Virgo being the sign ; and Margaret, the mother, just twelve months after, lacking one day, under the sign of Sagittarius. Thus the bud did die before the rose."

Pick-a-back grew grey at Margery's loss, in fewer days than speeds the July sun to ripen green-eared wheat. The second stroke of death so soon!—the first bereft him of his lamb, "the second of its dam," quoth Silly-crow, "and that bereft him of his wits."

Pick-a-back was, if you would have his picture drawn, a tall, spare, upright man, with a pole as white as snow, benignant forehead, and grey eyes, with straight thin nose, as he grew old, and lips when closed that savoured much of sorrow, though rarely opened but with a smile, and ne'er were seen to close again in anger. He looked, as Serjeant Gourlay was wont to say, the landlord of the Swan, "more like unto an old Highland chief than the under master at a school of run-a-gates." Indeed, all the good matrons, even my lady madam, the good Squire's wife, all did declare, he was a very comely man—yea, even up to his "three score and ten," though gossips said he might have wedded over and again—and well forsooth. But no—no woman in his eyes, for all his veneration for the sex, could e'er compared be, with his beloved Margery, and so he sojourned a widower for her sake. But then his wife, sweet Margery, she was, as all the ancients of the village said, who loved by winter fire-side to sit and talk of times a-gone, the fairest flower of all the maidens round about, so meek and mild, a pattern for them all ; and Pick-a-back and she, the comeliest couple, time out of mind, that they had seen join hands in holy wedlock.

'Twas said, though passing strange, the earliest daisies sprung to life upon her grave, and thoughtless boys ne'er scampered o'er that sod, which

grave, by our good chilter here, be held
as a robin's nest."

the urchin slunk away, at Gammer,
ouths, and spitting, the village school-
Christian charity, went on: "Alas!
r child, tis not thy fault—thou hast
catechised to know thy God, nor ever
n thy A B C."

rily a pedant!" quoth Silly-crow, "and
hou?" this was to the master. "A
—I trow." Merry-weather used to sit,
pipe, and drink his ale, and smile, and
of smoke, and muse and nothing say

He was, though a lexicographer, as
was wont to say, yet not a man of many
three scholars, that is to say, no three
r lived beneath a learned roof on better

m. "I am a *bachelor*," quoth Old Mer-
" *ergo*, I am glad."

m. "I am *single*," quoth Silly-crow,
neither glad nor sorry."

l. "I am *alone*," quoth Old Pick-a-
refore am I sad." Pick-a-back took
lighted his candle, gave each a gentle
ld not say good night—(the sentence
throat,)—and trudged home across the
it was as dark as death.

on, thou art a fool!" quoth Silly-crow.
aster said never a word: "and, I am

sleepsake, they ra
good Old Charity F
and baked a toast,
after midnight; and
pick their way home
churchyard, what w
ing, and what with

Thus it was that
a learned man. "I
tle," quoth he, "I
them not much."
Silly-crow a pedant.
said—"hold you t
much o' this side no
pendulum, hung just
was true enough, fi
the whole night lor
wrangle.

Pick-a-back, a mi
to the marvellous; v
loved plain matter-of
tion," he would say
a-back, and the mas
plain as spectacles to
nose. Indeed, old
crow full oft' upon tl
his hackney metaphy
had a fall, exclaimed
hunting for first caus
your head against a
broke your nose and

Merryweather, speaking of Pick-a-back unto the Squire, "but this I know, your Worship, he has a turn at every thing:—first, he is a bit of a painter, *ecce signum*;" pointing to a horned owl, copied from the life, that hung over the chimney; "then he is no novice touching music, as your Worship knows—he taught the Squire's daughters the spinnet; then he is a chemist, and maketh artificial stones, this ring to wit; and is a lapidary to boot. I do remember well, he used to cut and polish pebbles, which we found when rambling o'er the moor. Then, your Worship, what a hand at turning verses: what so tender as his Ode to Margaret; or what so playful as his rhymes on Chitty-bob? Then he carves so well, in ivory and in lime—I wot your Worship's father's chess-men will never be forgot! What a mechanic too! hath your Worship seen his organ? there's a work, your Worship!"

Indeed, it was a work; he built it all with his own hands; he made the bellows, he cast the pipes, and formed the ivory keys.

"What, more pipes!" quoth Silly-crow; "why, thou hast spoiled as much molten lead as would have roof'd the church! and now thou hast completed it: what then? fill it with wind; what then? you put your fingers on the keys; what then? Tell me the cause of sound, from whence you fetch it, and, when you have got it, whence it goes?"

"Rub-a-dub dub,
It is hid in a tub,"

answered Simeon the cooper, who then peeped through the bung-hole of a ponderous vat—the Great Apostle it was to be called; he was within; it was just completed for the Squire's cellar, to hold some rare October, brewed on the birth of a son and heir to the manor.

"Fa—sol—la—ut re mi fa,"

sang Simeon in the vat. "That is a demonstration," quoth Pick-a-back. "I do not admit your premises," quoth Silly-crow. "The premises be mine, at present, Master Silly-crow," quoth Simeon, "and therein be the sound: but when the tub be delivered to the Squire, the premises will then be his; and he'll admit the premises, if you will not; and then the sound will bide in me, and not i' the tub. Is not that sound logic, touching sound?" Simeon was no fool. And sure enough the sound was in the tub; for such a voice as his no mortal, who had ne'er heard Simeon's voice, had yet conceived, nor dreamt of the extent of vocal power.

This Simeon the cooper, then, to speak in Master Merryweather's phrase,—He was a VOICE; he spoke in common clean down in E flat; it was so musical his speech, it seemed to bear about it its own echo, and sounded, as it were, within an empty tub.

"Will Leveridge was a London voice most notable," quoth Merryweather, "I loved to hear his '*ghosts of every occupation*,' as pricked down by Harry Purcell; most so, when Willy in his ponderous wig, and past four score, had filled his diapason full of punch. But his bass note, the lowest was mere tenor, compared to Simeon's bass, of our town. Had you but heard him solo the congregation with his '*WHEN THE SON OF MAN SHALL COME IN HIS GLORY, AND ALL THE HOLY ANGELS WITH HIM*!' Even Silly-crow would walk him to the Bead-house to hear the cooper practise that.

"Look you," quoth Merryweather, "Sir, mister chorister," to one o' the scientific ones of Exon, who came o'er to hear our master Simeon sing, "Why Mynheer Handel travelled westward all the way from home to listen to his note. He would have hired the VOICE, but Simeon would not leave his native place, neither for praise nor gold. 'I vow to Heaven,' quoth the noble, thrice noble prince of harmony, 'I never heard a voice 'till now, mine *Goober*.'"

"'Tis like unto a basson," quoth Silly-crow. "Pshaw!" exclaimed Mynheer the Giant, "What talk you of a benny drumped. It is like unto the very wind vot roars upon the chimmerney tob, in Baul's church-yard, upon a stormy nighd. Id is musigal tonder—noding more—as noding less!"

"What a dainty group for Hogarth," quoth Old Pick-a-back, "to paint; each face original, of youth and age. Had he but seen our master Simeon, for master he was of our little quire. Seen him, as he was wont, with pitch-pipe by his side, teaching man, woman, girl, and boy, at sober eve, in the gothic bead-house, hard by the church—teach them the notes—to rise and fall, in all the simple science of olden time, such as was practised in each village church. Not in sol-fa-do-ra-mi-la, but simple yan, two, three—yan, three.—Three, two, yan—three, yan; and Willy-wool, the parish clerk old sly-boots, with some artless maiden on his knee, holding her hand in his, to set her right in beating time."

But how the rustic harmonist, Simeon the cooper, himself so rudely taught, could keep the quire in

tune, was wondrous thought, by many a learned wight from Exon, and elsewhere. But this we know, he did contrive, and kept them to their parts—in anthem, psalm, and canon, fraught with all the difficulties of cross harmony—with Tompion regularity; each note by note, and bar by bar, with rests and all, in common and in triple time, and clean in tune, by notes, or notches rudely called, pricked in lozenge, as in days of yore, as handed down from age to age, by former quiristers, and their adjuncts, the sober parish clerks—in quaver, crotchet, minim, semi-breve, and breve—that everlasting note, for which, upon the horse's-leg,* Job Crook, the farrier, yclep'd the flatulent, could scarcely find, at times, enough of wind.

"That horse's leg I wot's a woundy instrument to fill," quoth Boreas to Apollo.

Who of the gentle and the simple, far and near, who came to hear the Word of God in Occum-Rogus church, but must remember Simeon the cooper, when Willy Wool, from his old oaken desk, gave out the psalm, and blowed on the *pitchen-pipe* the key note to 'ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL?' Who but must remember our Simeon the cooper echo to the worthy Will the self-same note, clear and free from husky imperfection? Nothing of the throttle; an essence, all pure sound like unto the Eolian harp; and ere the sound could fill each cranny of the vaulted roof, and make the patriarch spiders vibrate on their lofty webs, echo his own deep voice again, an octave clean below. And then they all struck up their music unsophisticate, of treble, counter-tenor—tenor—bass, a congregate of voices so well attuned, and in concordance rich, that he or she, who stood without the porch, by Margaret's grave, might well believe they listened to an abbey-organ.

"That Simeon of ours is a VOICE, I trow, to-day indeed!" quoth Master Maul, the bone-setter, to Silly-crow, as, after church, a synod of the village stood and held discourse of music. And how the learned Silly-crow did hold our worthy master Pick-a-back by the button-hole, with disputatious talk of the harmonical proportions of the Greeks—of scales and diagrams, surd quantities, appotemes, lemas, punt and counterpunt; with Lydian, Phrygian, Diatonic, and the deuce knows what, until it would have worn the patience of the ghosts of Ogghal, or Lanier, of Ferrabosco, or old Johnny Drewe, to listen to his learned rig-marol—the pedant! Surely it tried the patience of

old Merryweather, who oped and shut the window twenty times at least, and bawled out, as they approached the gothic gate of the school, "Confound your arguments, the dinner will be done to rags!" "And what does all this far-fetched jargon profit ye?" said Semi-colon, as these two worthies hung their hats upon the pegs. "I know not," quoth Pick-a-back, with a patient smile, "I'd have you ask that *Phrygian*."

"Oh! oh!" quoth Silly-crow, quoting his favourite Hudibras:—

"As skillful *coopers* hoop their tubs
"With Lydian and with Phrygian drubs,
"Why may not whipping have as good
"A grace performed on *tense* and mood,
"With comely movement, and with art,
"Perform'd on Silly's hinder part."

Thus whimsically, with the alteration of a word or two, twiggling the pedant with the rod of old Sam Butler. When Silly-crow and Pick-a-back laughing at the conceit, and old Merryweather chuckling at his own wit, the learned triumvirate, as "*happy as who but they*," joined in a Latin grace to give God thanks, and sat them down to eat their Sunday dinner. Now, what passed at table, gentle reader, thou mayst read, an it be thy pleasure, in the succeeding chapter.

* The *basson*, commonly called in rustic quires, the horse's leg.

TRANSLATORS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Romans viii. 27.

But to mortal observation, the means that worketh good is often hidden.

It would seem, however, that the wise and good men, who were appointed in the reign of King James I., to the translation of the Holy Bible, verified this sentence; for the congregate talent of our translators appears to have been directed solely to the great object proposed, with one pure spirit, no one member among the pious number having vain-gloriously assumed to himself for his part, any individual distinction.

The Great English Bible, which was in use until the reign of King James the 1st, denominated the Bishops' Bible, from the circumstance of its being translated at the instance of Archbishop Parker, by the Bishops and other learned men, was printed in a large folio, by Richard Jugge, in 1568.

conference held at Hampton-court, in exceptions being made to this Bishops' new Translation; when his Majesty, issued an order to prepare one ac- "Not" (as expressed in the preface) lation altogether new, nor yet to make of a good one; but to make a good one many good ones, one best."

King's letter to the Archbishop, dated ears that fifty-four learned persons were to this important work. The translation mence until 1607, and then the number vere reduced to forty-seven, either by ne other cause not now known."

being accomplished, it was published th a dedication to the King, and is the ead by authority in all our Churches. nated King James's Bible.

ed Selden, whom Grotius designates y of the English nation," referring to in his Table-talk, says, "The English of the Bible is the best Translation in nd renders the sense of the original the ; in for the original Translation, the ible as well as King James's. The in King James's time took an excellent part of the Bible being given to him most excellent in such a Tongue, (as sha to Andrew Downes) and then they r, and one read the Translation, the rest their hands some Bible either of the rues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. id any fault, they spoke; if not, they

n, whose opinion is here quoted, thus ord Clarendon. "He was a person haracter can flatter, or transmit in any equal to his merit and his virtue."

and persons agreed upon for the with the particular books by them en, were as follows:—

WESTMINSTER.

Westminster
St. Paul's

Pentateuchon and the story from Joshua to the first book of Chronicles, exclusive.

CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Lively
Mr. Richardson
Mr. Chatterton
Mr. Dillingham
Mr. Harrison
Mr. Andrews
Mr. Spalding
Mr. Burge.

From the first of Chroni-
cles, with the rest of the
Story and the Hagiogra-
phic: viz. Job, Psalms,
Proverbs, Canticles, Eccle-
siastes.

OXFORD.

Dr. Harding
Dr. Reynolds
Dr. Holland
Dr. Kilbye
Mr. Smith
Mr. Brett
Mr. Fairclough.

The four or greater Pro-
phets, with the Lamenta-
tions, and the twelve lesser
Prophets.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dr. Dewport
Dr. Brathwait
Dr. Radcliffe
Mr. Ward, Eman.
Mr. Downes
Mr. Boyes
Mr. Warde, Reg.

The Prayer of Manasses,
and the rest of the Apocry-
pha.

The places and persons agreed upon for the Greek, with the particular books by them undertaken:—

OXFORD.

Dean of Christchurch
Dean of Winchester
Dean of Worcester
Dean of Windsor
Mr. Savile
Dr. Perne
Dr. Ravens
Mr. Haviner.

The four Gospels, Acts of
the Apostles, Apocalypse.

WESTMINSTER.

Dean of Chester
Dr. Hutchinson
Dr. Spencer
Mr. Fenton
Mr. Rabbet
Mr. Sanderson
Mr. Dakins.

The Epistles of Paul.
The Canonical Epistles.

The Rules to be observed in Translation of the Bible.

1. The ordinary Bible read in the church, commonly called The Bishops' Bible, to be followed, and as little altered as the truth of the original will permit.

2. The names of the prophets and the holy writers, with the other names of the text, to be retained as nigh as may be, according as they were vulgarly used.

which cannot, without some circumlocution, be fully and fitly expressed in the text.

Quotations of places to be marginally as shall serve for the reference of one to another.

By particular man of each company to same chapter or chapters, and having or amended them severally by himself thinketh good, all to meet together, confer have done, and agree for their parts stand.

By one company hath dispatched any in this manner, they shall send it to the considered of seriously and judiciously, as is very careful in this point.

By company, upon the review of the it, doubt or differ upon any place, to word thereof, note the place, and withal reasons; to which, if they consent not, it is to be compounded at the general which is to be of the chief persons of any at the end of the work.

In any place of special obscurity is letters to be directed, by authority, to learned man in the land for his judgement in a place.

Letters to be sent from every bishop to the clergy, admonishing them of this transgression, and to move and charge, as many as are wilful in the tongues, and having taken

THAT our great poet, to know the easel, to know the easel, and study to paint evidence besides his true relish for the copy assured—and it is not to know, that he so purpose to illustrate his own painting than at his request, looker pastoral verses, for “You have no less same hand that raises poet was then but you could speak upon art thorough critic.

“I am convinced correct too much: for man may lay colours stiffen and deaden the heightening on ever parts ought to be low looks more ridiculous thoughts, however diverse seem all on a level mown, where weeds, even, and appear und that sometimes our first squeezing of the richest wine.”

FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

have been some extra reason for his persistence in the religion of his fathers, or a man of his strength of mind would not have used the weak argument which he did to his beloved friend the bishop of Rochester, which is worthy relating, and shall have a place in a future page.

That pious and able philosopher, Dr. Samuel Clarke, used to say to the young scholars about him, when in his playful mood he chose to unbend and become a youth again, and join their pranks.—“Boys, boys, be quiet, here comes a fool, or a dunce, or an ass, or any other suitable epithet for those pedants, who make a cloak of gravity to hide their want of taste.” Who could be more playful than Johnson, when in the mood; he, so aptly compared to the elephant, who with his proboscis could pick up a pin, or thresh the jacket of a tiger. I tell you these things, may it please your worships, that henceforth, you may now and then venture to unbridle your risible organs, and be jocose, and light up your grave countenances into a smile—yea sometimes condescend even to join in the commission of a laugh, without the imputation of vulgarity—or the want of sense.—It is only suiting the act unto the occasion—for as the wisest of mortals sayeth—There is a time for all things.

At the same time, I agree with your grave worships that there is no such thing as prescribing ideas, or systems, when and wherefore, and on what occasions the best-disposed among us, should exercise the laughing muscles; for these great scholars & wits, throw out their skits, and laugh forsooth, and others weep, and weep, when others, but for a strange and unaccountable example, would throw themselves into hysterics. Verily, the great Thomas More, no less a wight, than lord chancellor of England, when brought upon memorable stage, on Tower-hill, the principal in one of the deepest tragedies that ever was acted before the political and moral world—before an audience of some fifty or a hundred feeling souls to weep, as though the venerable man had been the very root and stock of their flesh and blood—whilst he, the wondrous soul, merry as a grig!—But had you known Old Jack—he would sit and tell you tales of laughing philosophers, by the score.

In our illustrious poet, mister Pope—watch—did with holy solicitude the last glimmering of the tal lamp that lighted him from helpless childhood with maternal love, through sickness into old age—her for whose sake alone, he seemed to

cling to life. So with he; for during a momentary suspension of the tyrant's arm, so oft of late against the author of his birth—while wishing to preserve a living image of her departing countenance, he sits him down, and pens an epistle, lively rhodomontade, to his friend the worthy Jonathan Richardson; he, who as the story goes unwittingly made our great Reynolds the great painter of his age, and eke—a knight to boot.

To Mr. Richardson.

Jan. 13, 1713

“I have at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey (Kneller) called employing the pencil, the *PRAYER* of a PAINTER; and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and you know, we are allowed to do that (say even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the Sabbath; which, though it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox and many a human ass, to the likeness of man, not to say of * * *.”

“Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family, the happiness of which ties, I know by experience, and have learned to value, from the late danger of losing the best of mine.”

Whether Mr. Jonathan Richardson employed his pencil on the Sabbath, according to this request, we are not informed; but from the general tenor of his life, it may not be improbable that he would postpone the requested act of friendship until the Monday—and then work double tides—Richardson was a pious man. As for Kneller, he was a latitudinarian, and unguarded in his expressions, touching matters, whereon the wisest men have never been prone to speak but with reverential awe. This fault, and a great one it was, must be ascribed to his vanity alone, that common source whence ariseth levity of speech on serious subjects;—for in all other his actions, he was an open, candid, noble-hearted genius, and stands fairly recorded among the worthies of the age of George the First.

And here may well be recorded again, that memorable instance of our great moralist Johnson's solicitude for the eternal welfare of his beloved friend Reynolds. He on his death-bed requested of him three things: “To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him;—to read the Bible; and—*never to use his pencil on a Sunday.*” Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

The venerable Mrs. Pope survived the period of the above epistle, until within a few days of eighteen months,* when the filial tenderness of this best

of sons, dwelling with affection on the lifeless form of his aged mother, again seeks alleviation in the professional exertion of his friend Richardson.

Twickenham,

June 30, 1733.

"As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this . . . I could not (at this time) have written at all . . . Adieu! may you die as happily!"

The ardour of Mr. Pope's friendship, where he took a liking, if a judgment may be formed from his epistolary correspondence, cannot easily be exceeded; and as so many of his letters speak of his affection for the memory of his departed friends, it is reasonable to conclude that his sentiments were sincere. It is to be regretted that we have none of his epistles to Sir Godfrey Kneller, as they would, no doubt, have been eminently amusing, for the knight was a complete humourist, and Pope never appeared more playfully disposed than in his conversation with that renowned painter.

Jervas, who was a man of wit, seemed to enjoy a large share of our poet's esteem, indeed he rated this painter's talents much above that scale of merit accorded to him by better judges of art. This was natural enough; all men are disposed to think highly of the preceptor whom they are emulous to imitate, as long as they remain much their inferiors in art; they are always having forced upon them a comparison against themselves. But to return to his worthy friend Mr. Jonathan Richardson, it appears that not long after the death of his mother, Mr. Pope was pleased to acknowledge a similar act of kindness at the hands of the same ingenious painter, in a portrait of Lord Bolingbroke.

"To Mr. Richardson.

"It is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much the same; and which (alas! for mortality) will outlast the other. Posterity will, through your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour, vindicate and applaud, when Envy is no

more, and when (as I have already said in the *Essay* to which you are so partial)

"The sons shall blush their fathers were his foe."

• • • • •

"I am glad you publish your *Milton*. B—ly† will be angry at you, and at me too shortly, for what I could not help, a satirical poem on verbal criticism, by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me, but the poem itself is good, (another cause of anger to any Critic). As for myself I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or woman's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu."

* She died June —, 1733, aged 97.

† Dr. Bentley, a great critic and eminent scholar, whom Mr. Pope most unjustly thrust into the Dunciad.

THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

No. I.

"GENIUS is chiefly exerted in Historical Pictures," says Dr. Johnson, "and the Art of Painters of Portraits is often lost in the obscurity of the subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest, is not always best. I should grieve to see *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddesses—to empty splendour and to fiction—that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead."

"There, 'faith, is the true and faithful effigy of *gude King Jamie*," said Garrick to Mrs. Kitty Clive, as a party, composed of this distinguished actress, the wife of our Roscius, my great uncle Zachary, and a few more friends, who having been to the Eton Montem, at Salt Hill, went over to pass the next day at Windsor. They were in the state apartments, and gazing, with many more of our late sovereign's loyal subjects, at the Gallery of Portraits.

"There he stands. Kind hearted, gentle James the First, of that royal name of Albion, and of Scotia the Sixth. Gentle James all hail." Every body looked, and every body smiled at this apostrophe of their favourite actor—he was in high spirits;—such as good old Englishmen, and Scotsmen—aye, and worthy Irishmen too—time out of mind were wont to feel, when breathing the pure air of lofty seated Windsor. "Then Windsor all hail!—thou ancient dwelling-place of majesty—who amongst ye worthy fellow-citizens of mine will not join in this?"

"I am right glad," lately quoth one, a grey-headed remnant of the good old school.—"I am right glad, that our King George, the fourth of that venerated name, hath peradventure for awhile, taken up his residence there. This, under Providence, is as things should seem to be,—running in their moral course; for Windsor's towers to kings have seemed propitious. Yea, even in civil broils, its walls have stood, through ages, whilst other towers have been battered down and mingled with the wreck of war. Then Windsor all hail! may thy towers still propitious be to the honoured royal tenant, who has once again set Old Windsor all alive."

"Upon my life," continued Garrick, "my right worthy master, James, thou art a much wiser, and much more noble looking wight royal than I'd been taught to expect to meet," and taking off his gold laced hat, made his right royal reverence—a reverential bow. This portrait I should tell thee, courteous reader, is that by *Paul Vansomer*, certainly the most princely looking of all the good king Jamie's effigies that is known.

"Dear Davy," said Mistress Kitty Clive, "why where's his Majesty's huge trunk hose? I had formed to my mind his king-ship in breeches large and loose, as Pierrot's in the pantomime, having capacity enough to carry provender for all the hunters on the field. Surely the flattering painter has trimmed his galligaskins down, and made him quite genteel." Ah, Sirs! that Kate Clive was a lively soul.

"And so," said the shrewd actress, eyeing the portrait, "that is he, '*who thought puns and quibbles the perfection of eloquence.*'" These were the words of her neighbour, Mr. Horatio Walpole.—"Well," added Kate, "I admire thy visage, royal Anglo Scot! and we will not part for this—I have a sort of sneaking kindness for puns and quibbles myself—(pinching Garrick's arm)—how often do they 'set the green room in a roar,' hey, friend Davy? Not," said she, affecting a tragic air,— "Not that these things become the mouth of majesty!"

In truth, this whole length of King James is mainly different from any other portrait drawn by pencil or by pen—by painter, or historian of the times.

Let us hear what Wilson says of James the First, he who was amongst the crowd that saw his Majesty make his entré into London.

"I shall leave his Majesty dressed to posterity,"

(says mine author) "in the colours I saw him, in the next progress after his inauguration, which was as green as the grass he trod upon, with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side; how suitable to his age, person, or calling, I leave others to judge by his pictures,—he owning a countenance not in the least regard, semblable to any my eyes ever met with, besides an host dwelling at Ampthill, formerly a shepherd, and so metaphorically (touching his king-ship) of the same profession."

Good King Jamie was too much devoted to hunting, as it was thought by the sages of the time. He was hunting and hawking all the way on his progress from Holy-rood House to St. James's. There was nothing but banquetting, and feasting, and shouting on the journey—every nobleman and gentleman loyally offering him the hospitality of their mansions, which induced a "*Plain, honest Scotsman*," who was unused to hear such humble acclamations, to utter a prophetic expression: "**THIS PEOPLE WILL SPOYL A GUDE KING.**"

His majesty, even on his way exhibited a specimen of his quaintness—the people thronged around him to join in the sports—when he "caused an inhibition to be published, to restrain his good people from hunting him."

His majesty's rage for hunting, however, seems to have at length carried him out of himself: for good King Jamie, on the whole was both mild and merciful. Master Osborn says, "That one man in his reign might with more safety have killed another, than a rascal deer; but if a stag miscarried, and the author fled, a proclamation, with the description of the party, had been presently penned by the attorney-general, and the penalty of his majesty's high displeasure threatened against all that did *abet, comfort, or relieve* him: Thus satirical, (saith the splenetic author) or if you please tragical, was this *Sylvan Prince* against all deer-killers, and indulgent to man-slayers."

Good King Jamie prided himself on the score of his "deep scholarship." His courtiers and his flatterers designated him the second Solomon. Some thought him *wise*, and many thought him *other-wise*, as Garrick observed to his friend Zachary. But he was a pedant; and the best thing that is remembered to have been said upon his attaining to the English crown, was that which is ascribed to Henry the Fourth of France, who as soon as he heard the news—exclaimed, "*En vérité c'est un trop beau morceau pour un pedant.*"

"It is worthy of remark," said my old great uncle, who certainly had a manner of remarking all matters, in a peculiar way of his own—"It is worthy of remark, that three works were going on at the same time, during this reign—and in the strange concatenation of events, it might so have happened that the same printing type might have been used for composing pages of each work—works in their character and consequences, in their degrees sufficiently remote.

There in his Royal Scriptorium, with all his manuscripts about him, with learned notes, deep-fetched memoranda, and cabalistic books, sat the monarch, writing as though he writ for bread—of what? Of all the secret incantations used by necromancer, warlock, witch, and wizard—and lo! appeared that far-famed royal folio, on *Dæmonology*, written by King James himself.

Within the college walls meanwhile, did meet those pious men, in ancient languages so deeply skilled—in holy fellowship, to labour, oft-times by the midnight lamp, at the translation of the *WORD OF GOD*: and gave us that inestimable *BIBLE* which now we read.

And then, in that same age did Shakspeare sit, at his sequestered desk, and pen those plays, whose morals oft, let it with reverence due be said, did humbly square with what is taught in that most sacred book. That book which we may without presumption hope, our wondrous poet read—and held in reverence: For who with carnal pen, e'er showed in stronger light, the fearful, never-failing curses that o'ertake sin and guilt—or the blessings that as certainly await for piety and virtue.

ON PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 15).

THE late Earl of Warwick, it is well known, was not only a great admirer of the Fine Arts, but a kind and liberal patron of certain ingenious professors of Painting and Sculpture; and particularly of those who practised in the water-colour department of art. His Lordship, early in life, (having cultivated a natural taste for drawing,) acquired a rapid and masterly style of sketching landscape. His fancy in designing rocks and waterfalls, and that species of romantic scenery which abounds in the mountainous parts of Switzerland and Italy, was so prolific, that many subjects could have been selected from his numerous portfolios, which might, in the hands of an able artist, have been wrought into magnificent pictures.

His Lordship, who had travelled, saw nature with the eye of a painter; and possessing this feeling, he naturally became a collector of such works as might promote his improvement, in an art in which he took so much delight.

"On looking over his portfolios, containing the works of *Sandby, Rooker, Cozens, Warwick, Smith*, and others of the water-colour school," saith my informant, "I was struck with some clever pieces, scenes in Ireland, executed in body colours by *Walmsley*, one of the scene painters at Covent-garden theatre. The subjects were highly picturesque, representing rocks and waterfalls, his Lordship's favourite studies."

"What think you of these?" said my Lord Warwick.—"I admire them much, Sir: the rocks are boldly designed;—but what I most admire is the water, rolling so turbulently over its rocky bed. There is the advantage of body colours, my Lord, you can *put on* the lights; now, in transparent water-colours, you must *leave* the lights; hence, you never can represent such scenes with clearness, force, and spirit, united. There rests one of the insurmountable difficulties of that species of art, touching the means for the faithful imitation of nature."

"Now, Sir," replied Lord Warwick, "this is what I expected;—every connoisseur—nay, almost every artist—has made the same remarks; but, Sir, I will surprise you, and that, I trust, most agreeably." His Lordship then drew from his portfolio two large drawings, scenes in North Wales, of subjects similar to those of *Walmsley's*. When my informant, who was no mean professor himself, exclaimed, "Marvellous! Is it possible? Can these be done in transparent water-colours?" "Yes, Sir." "By whom, my Lord?" "By Francis Nicholson, a provincial artist, living in the neighbourhood of York." "I never heard his name, my Lord, till now," said the professor; "but as Pope said of our great moralist (then in obscurity), 'he will soon be *déterré*.' Such a genius must be one of us: the metropolis is his sphere."

We have lived to behold such wonders in water-colour painting, that of late, nothing short of a miracle in this art could excite surprise.

The discovery of Mr. Nicholson's process for preserving the heightenings pure and clean in touch, threw a new light upon this department of study; and, it is manifest, that from the time his drawings appeared upon the walls of the first exhibition of

the Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Brook-street, that many of its members, professors of landscape, have wrought their elegant designs with a greater degree of force and effect. For although each continued to pursue *his own particular style*, yet the example of such works, exhibiting, as they did, powers and capacities in the materials with which they were wrought, that had been developed by him alone, acted as a stimulus to their exertions. Hence, we now behold in the paintings in water-colours, a boldness, richness, and daring splendor of effect, which, referring to the designs of our best professors, in some degree emulate the powers of paintings in oil, and incorporating with these properties, those peculiar to water-colours, the British school has, at length, achieved the honour of having created a new, and most captivating style of art.

Mr. Nicholson having, after much ingenious experiment, arrived at this *desideratum*, with a liberality that cannot be too highly esteemed, gave his discovery to the world: and as we profess to be great admirers of his process, we shall copy it for the benefit of the amateur of painting in water-colours.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(OLD STYLE.)

Wednesday Octo-ber 23, } **L**ong Vacation departed this mortal Life, about — 1720. } to the great joy of all the Sons of Parchment, last Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat.

"Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, called *Michaelmas Term*, that will blow and bluster in the West, until the twenty-eighth of next Month—and a Week after.

"Clients knock up their Council by Six.

"Constables hurrying down to Westminster by Nine, to take especial care, that the LAW shall not run out of the Hall.

"A dozen Country Attorneys breakfast in Hell,* by Eleven.

"Weather Stormy and Tempestuous at the Bar all day long.

"Night calm at the Tavern.

"*Thursday, Oct. 24.* Wind still continues to blow in the Western Quarter.

"Four *thrifty* Barristers crowd into a *Skull* (a wherry) about Noon, and score their Clients for a Coach.

"Six Couple pair'd (married) at the Fleet at Ten—repent next Morning.

"The Death of the King of Spain—a new War concluded upon by the Half Pay Officers at the Parade at Eleven.

"Stock-jobbers busy at Jonathan's from Twelve to Three.

"Much rattling of the frail Dice, at *Young Man's*,† among the disbanded Captains, and little lost.

"Juries swallow their Claret in the Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in Westminster, as they swallowed their Oaths in the Morning: Get drunk by Eight.

"*Friday, Oct. 25.* The GODDESS of SCOLDING up by Five in the Morning at Billingsgate, from thence to Temple-stairs at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine for Westminster, stays there till all her *Black-Guard* are dispersed and gone.

"*Monday, Oct. 28.* City Poet‡ rehearsing his Gods and Goddesses all the Morning how to behave themselves in a Pageant, and welcome my Lord Mayor.

"Cooks busy in raising Pye-crust Fortifications, which the Heroes of Cheapside will storm most manfully next Day.

"Old *East-India* Company look as scornfully upon Bank-bills, as the Lawyers in Westminster Hall upon *FORMA PAUPERIS*. But this is no News.

"*Tuesday, Oct. 29,* } Windows in Cheapside }
Lord Mayor's Day, } stuck full of Faces by Ten.
Old style.§ } Wick's havock of Neat-tongues and Hams on board the City barges about Eleven.

"Artillery-men march two and two—pair and pair, burlesqued in buff and bandileers. Need no Head-pieces, Wives having fortified them.

"The Vintners and Brewers—Butchers and Surgeons, juggle about Precedency.

"The Ladies pelted with dead Cats, instead of Squibs, from Twelve to Three.

"No quarter given to Custards at Guild-hall.
"Night greasy, moist and wet, (as usual) within the City Walls."

* A Coffee House hard by, so denominated.

† A Gaming House so called.

‡ City Poet, this is a cut (as I guess) at Sir B. Blackmore, the poet of *Salter's Hall*; when Pope pilloried in the Dunciad—or else at Elkanah Settle, the City Laureat.

§ Equal to Nov. 9, New Style.

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A GAZETTEER of the

SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE OCTOBER FIRE-SIDE.

No. III.

THE TEMPLE ORGAN.

"So, poor Alderman ***** is gone dead," said Dr. Mead* to my great uncle Zachary. "Poor—old—worthy Richard; though not so old neither. Let me see,—he was born Anno Domini 1697. I have often heard him say, on the day of rejoicing for the peace of Ryswick—" "That was in the gloomy month of November, though," added the facetious Doctor, smiling as he said it; "hence, I suppose, his moody melancholy."

"Why, no, Doctor," observed my great uncle; "I suspect his moodiness arose from his having too much money, and his melancholy from having too little to do."

"Very like, very like," replied Dr. Mead; "yet he was a very good sort of man. But," whispering my great uncle, as though their old friend the alderman could listen in the grave, "but the fact is, Mr. Hardcastle, there was something wanting here," touching his forehead with the tip of his finger; "Sir, he had no mind. To be sure, the worthy used to say, 'Sir, it is well for your learned men! you can go to your books; but as for me, why, I have built a library, and what then!—What then, Sir?—why, I takes a book, and goes to my summer-house, and I reads, and I reads, and I reads by myself, and nobody is ever a bit the wiser. Sir, Mister Doctor, the matter of fact is, I begin to think that I have no head-piece.'"

"What a strange notion is that," replied my great uncle Zachary. "Learning! I have no learning." "Yes, that is the common cry." "Well, what then? Why, I have known a score of worthy, sensible men, without as much book-learning as the poor children pick up at a charity school, and yet most entertaining companions,—men of great observation,—men who had something to say upon almost every subject. No, no, it is not the want of learning, forsooth; it is, as our kind old friend the alderman truly said,—a want of head-piece."

"There was that ingenious wight, Thomas Britton.† Had you asked him how many parts of speech there were in what he used to cry, 'Come, buy my small coal,' he could not have told you, though you had offered him the Bank of England for the answer."

Yet I remember him, when a youngster, I used to go with my father to his concerts at St. John's Gate, that he would converse freely with Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, and indeed with the first wits, whether of the nobility or gentry, who used to delight to chat with the original old genius. See, Doctor, what he acquired by his own industry. Why, Sir Hans Sloane assured me he was surprised at his chemical knowledge; and as for his musical sagacity, Dr. Pepusch‡ says, for a man without learning, he found him the most learned in the metaphysics of music, among all he met with.

"Now it is wonderful," observed my great uncle Zachary, "how much knowledge, I was going to say, an idle man may pick up; but it is certain a man of leisure, who has little or no book-learning, may pick up a great deal of useful general knowledge, by cultivating the acquaintance of poets, painters, actors, and other ingenious wights, who live by the exercise of their mental abilities."

"Some self-sufficient folks will tell you, that these clever professional men are great cynics, and fastidious touching their acquaintance with men not gifted like themselves. But this is not true; and if I might speak without egotism, my experience would go all the way to prove, that no men whose acquaintance is really an honour worth seeking, are easier of access than those who at this day stand at the head of their respective professions;—be they writers, sculptors, architects, painters, or players,—most of whom it has been the pride of my life to know, on a friendly and familiar footing."

Now, gentle reader, if you would know, or rather, if you should happen to be acquainted with any one having wealth, and health, and leisure, and a desire, being not overstocked with book-learning, who wished to know how he might enjoy his wealth, and thereby increase his happiness, I will communicate how my great uncle Mister Zachary Hardcastle managed this matter,—how he first got into the circle of these wits and worthies,—how, secondly, he got into their individual good graces; and how, thirdly, he preserved their friendship and esteem through a long and happy life.

First, then, he made morning calls on these worthies. Secondly, He used to invite a select few to meet each other at his hospitable table; and, Thirdly, By his compassionating talent in distress, he got beloved by those men of talent who were flou-

rishing, and who wanted not his aid. It should be observed, however, in justice to this worthy old trader, that Mr. Zachary Hardcastle, early in life, though no scholar, sought all occasions to improve his mind. And what may not a man learn, with a tolerable head-piece, in his own mother tongue? My great uncle knew a little of most things, on his first entrance to the society of wits. But then he quitted business in his prime, content with a moderate competency.

I have heard my good old great uncle say, that at the same time, within two hundred yards of each other, on one spot in our old city of London, resided at least half-a-dozen virtuosi. In Austin Friars alone were four; namely, Dr. Mead, who had a choice collection of pictures by the old masters; Dr. Chauncey and his brother, also collectors; and one other, a Turkey merchant, whose name I have forgotten. Through one or the other of these, he got acquainted with some distinguished geniuses; and having thus commenced, he made his way to an intimacy with almost every man who rated high in every profession.

MORNING CALLS.

"Good morning, Master Hardcastle," thus accosted Colley Cibber's my great uncle, as they met on the steps of old Somerset House. They were used to take a turn in the gardens there, or in the Temple gardens, or else in Villars Walk, almost every morning in the spring. "Well, Sir, what do you mean to do with yourself to-day?" "Why, Mister Cibber," replied the old trader, "I have some notion that there will be a notable trial of skill upon the Temple Organ this forenoon, for the vacant organist's place. What say you, Sir, will you go?" "With all my heart," said Cibber. "Well, then," rejoined my great uncle, "you will be so good as to take your breakfast with me at my chambers. Dr. Pepusch is to be with me at nine, and we will step over to the church together." Now, my great uncle and Mr. Cibber were early risers, which I have no doubt contributed mainly to that healthy old age which each attained.

"Ah! poor Colley," my great uncle used to say, "he was a good-tempered, easy soul; to be sure he was but a sorry poet, but then he was a sound, orthodox player,—one of the Betterton school,—such as we are told we may not be likely to see again. Not," said my great uncle, who was free from prejudice, "that I am disposed to depreciate the merit of our compeers; for I think we can exhibit Shakespeare and old Ben in their true light,

—and that is the point—whether in this age, or in that."

But to return—Cibber accepted the invitation, and they scraped their shoes at the door of my great uncle's chambers, in Paper Buildings, at the very instant the nine o'clock drums began to beat at old Somerset House; and there, at that same moment, whilst St. Paul's great bell, and all the city clocks and chimes came sounding up the tide, approached that great studier of *time*, the Doctor afore-named. "Good morrow, Dr. Pepusch." "Gentlemen, good morrow."

"You take coffee, Doctor?" said my great uncle; "and you, Mister Cibber, continue to take slow poison," said Pepusch, interrupting the host; "hey! Master Colley?" The Doctor, like most other musicians, was a humourist. "No, Sir, you are out," replied Cibber, who loved a pun; "no, Sir, I do not take *slow* poison, for I have left off drinking *port*." Thus the breakfast commenced, with a hearty ha-ha-ha!—As I have observed before, this was a laughing age.

Ha-ha-ha-ha-haugh! was echoed on the landing-place, with a tap-tap-tap at the door. "Come in!" "Ha-ha-ha-ha! Vat! mine dear friendt *Hardgastle*—vat! you are merry py dimes.—Vat! and Misdre *Golley Cibbers* too! aye, and Togder *Peepbush* as vell.—Vell, dat is gomigal. Vell, mine friendts, andt how vags the varldt mid you, mine tdears?"

"Bray, bray, do let me sit town a momend." Pepusch took the great man's hat; Colley Cibber took his stick; and my great uncle, with the assistance of old Robert, his man, wheeled round his reading-chair, which was somewhat about the dimensions of that in which our kings and queens are crowned; and then the great man sat him down.

"Vell, I thank you, gendlemen, now I am at mine ease vonce more. Ubon mine vord, dat is a picture of a ham. It is very pold of me to gome to preak my fastd mid you, uninvited,—and I have brought along mid me a nodable abbetite, for the wader of old fader Dems, (Thames) is it not a fine pracer of the stomach?"

"You do me great honour, *Mister Handel*," said my great uncle. "I take this early visit as a great kindness." "A delightful morning for the water," said Colley Cibber. "Pray, did you come with oars or skullers, Mister Handel?" said Pepusch.

"Now, how gan you demand of me dat zilly question?—you who are a musician and a man of science, Doctor *Peep-bush*. Vot gan it concern you, whether I have one *vottermans* or two *votder-*

mans,—whether I bull out mine burse for to pay one shilling, or whether I bull out mine burse to bay two shillings. Diavolo! I gan-not go here, or I gan-not go there, but some one shall send it to some newsbaber, as how Misder Chorge Vrederick Handel did go somedimes last week in a votderman's wherry, to preak his fastd mid Misder Zac. Hardgadle; but it shall be all the fault mid mineself, if it shall be but in brint, whether I was rowed by one votdermans or by two votdermans. So, Dr. Peep-bush, you will blease to excuse me from dat."

Nothing made Handel so peevish, in his latter days, as being questioned about trivial matters. Men of science, he used to say, should "gonverse like men who had the pleased gift of wisdom, not of drifles, and imberdinance, whether a man dravels in a stage-goach or in a bost-chaise. Whether he buts on one glean shirdt, or two glean shirdts in one and the same day. Vot! has a man of study and of tought, nothing else to do but to but questions, and to answer such questions? If a man gannot think but as a fool, ledt him keep his fool's tongue in his own fool's moud."—But Handel, for all these little impatient humours, was a kind and good-hearted man. Poor Dr. Pepusch was for a moment disconcerted, but it was forgotten in the first dish of coffee.

* *Dr. Richard Mead*, a celebrated physician, and great patron of the Artists, and other men of genius. He for several years resided in the city, and latterly in New Ormond Street. He was one of the first collectors, who threw open his gallery of pictures to the students, and all amateurs of art. His house, indeed, might be said to have been the first academy of painting. This great man died in 1754, aged 84.

† *Thomas Britton*, the musical small-coal man, so called from his predeliction for music, coupled with his trade, he being a seller of small-coal, to which business he was apprenticed in London. He was born near Higham Ferrers, and died in 1714. This ingenious man, held musical concerts at his own humble dwelling for many years, and at his own expense; which concerts were ultimately attended by people of the highest rank.

‡ *Dr. Pepusch*, a very learned musician, celebrated for adapting, and setting the airs to the songs in the *Beggars' Opera*.

§ *Colley Cibber*, the well known comedian, and Poet Laureate in the reign of George II., moreover the hero of *Pope's Duaciad*. He was born in 1671, and died in 1757.

THE SOCIAL DAY.

To return to our observations touching the Social Day, we will first say a few words of the merits of its graphic ornaments, and commence with the

title-page, which is engraved from an ornamental piece of penmanship by the late Mr. Thomas Tomkins, of Sermon Lane, indubitably the first master of penmanship that the world has known. This fine specimen of his art was produced when Mr. Tomkins was nearly seventy years of age. The Thorntons, and many other great merchants, and commercialists now living, must remember their old preceptor, when they learnt to strike a cypher at the old writing academy in Foster Lane.

The last portrait which Sir Joshua Reynolds completed, was, to speak technically, a three quarter head of this worthy, whom this great painter had long esteemed. When the picture had received the last touch, Sir Joshua facetiously observed, "Now, Sir, I will give you a specimen of my writing," when turning the canvas, he inscribed his name, and the date thereon; and this is one of the very few of his works, to which he added his *sign-manual*.

Canto I. *Allegorical vignette*. Festivity sacrificing at the Social Altar, attended by Prudence. Designed by A. E. Chalon, R. A. and engraved by W. Bond.

The merits of Mr. Chalon, as a miniature painter, are sufficiently known. His taste in composition made a due impression upon the public some years since, in his two beautiful cabinet pictures upon ivory, *The Chess Players*. These he painted when a very young man. It is not improbable but this *allegory* presented to our author, was the prompt effusion of an evening's amusement. We have seen many an elegant design struck out, some few years since, at a friendly little club, composed of artists, who met at each other's apartments alternately one evening in the week, during the winter season, for the laudable purpose of mutual improvement in the art of composition. The member at whose house the meeting was held, provided paper strained on drawing frames, pencils and sepia. The subjects selected as a theme, chiefly from the ancient classics, was chosen by the host, who prepared written extracts, on separate slips, for the members, when each artist treated the subject according to his own conception—all being confined to the same theme.

Of this society, which has continued several years, the Messrs. Chalon, brothers; the Messrs. Bone, brothers; Messrs. Cristall, Stevens, and others being members, we could say much; but having neither time nor space to spare, we shall leave them for the present, to the friendly enjoy-

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their October meetings, with all our kind and cordial good wishes.

II. The *Breakfast Table*, a vignette, designed by J. B. Papworth, * as well as that of the *Dessert Table*, prefixed to Canto IV. The elegance of these designs may henceforth be left to the pencil of a painter, let this humble state, that they are the production of an artist whose superior talent has acquired for him the highest distinctions abroad, which his merits, await him at home.

III. An allegorical representation of a Vignette, designed by the late W. Alexander, a name estimable to the reminiscence of the virtuoso, the antiquary, and the scholar. This gentleman was appointed to accompany Earl Macartney on his Lordship's mission to the Emperor of China: his drawings made during that expedition, are invaluable records of the manners of this eastern part of the world. Subsequent to his return, he was appointed to the office in the British Museum, now filled by Mr. Smith; than whom, touching his knowledge of the subject, it would have been difficult to select a more competent successor. Of Mr. Alexander's drawings, we are to offer a biographical resemblance in number—sketched *con-amore*.

* Architect to the King of Württemberg. Papworth is erecting a magnificent villa.

The star which "bade the shepherd
And all the stars which heaven doth
The countless stars: no longer seen,
Sunk by degrees, eclipsed their sheen,
Their twinkling lights no more disp
Awed by superior splendour, fade.
And as the jocund Hours advance,
Hand joined in hand, in mystic dance
Circling the wane—and through the
The ethereal stream, commingling gl
Emblem of Heaven's all bounteous p
AURORA flits abroad with flowers;
And as the torch of day discloses,
Scatters o'er Earth celestial roses.
Fresh as the flowers, bright as the fl
Lives, and will live, the Artist's nam
With his, the bard, whose fervid lyre
Taught the great painter to aspire;
And emulate in graphic story,
The sun's proud course in splendid gl
For ANTOINETTE's Muse shall give
To GUIDO fame, while verse shall liv
And GUIDO's pencil shall impart
The poet's praise in matchless art.
(To be continued.)

* Architect to the King of Württemberg. Papworth is erecting a magnificent villa.

PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS II
TO THE
FOUNDING OF THE ROYAL AC

ture to assert, they were fatal to the progress of the fine arts. Had such an institution been founded in the seventeenth century, what might not the genius of England have produced?—as it happened, a century of intellect touching these matters, is lost. These speculations, however, afford little interest to any, but that class of enlightened worthies, ycleped *Virtuosi*. The great disposer of events alone knoweth his time for all things, and we are to be numbered among those, who rejoice at every wise and noble deed that Providence had reserved, to grace the memory of good King George.

King Charles possessed all the elegant accomplishments of a finished gentleman. He was desirous that the rising generation of noble youth, should be so educated, that those whose rank and fortunes would enable them to become patrons, might possess that knowledge of *virtù*, that should qualify them to seek whom among the men of science and of art, were most worthy of protection: such an education as should induce them to spend their incomes with dignity and honour, and thus support their pretensions to that venerated badge—Nobility!

What can raise our notions higher of our warlike Prince, Edward the Third, than that he did, in an age emerging from lawless rapine, establish a school of knighthood, so generous, so elegant, and so brave, that the noble youth of foreign courts were sent to England, to accomplish themselves in the amiable (though romantic) service of chivalry. The most renowned knights, in days of yore, were those brave youths, who proved themselves the most accomplished of their age!

“The accession of this Prince (King Charles) was the first æra of real taste in England,” says Mr. Walpole. “As his temper was not profuse, the expense he made in collections, and the rewards he bestowed on men of true genius and merit, are proofs of his judgment. He knew how and when to bestow. A prince who patronizes the arts, and can distinguish abilities, enriches his country, and is at once generous and an economist. Charles had virtues to make a nation happy; fortunate, if he had not thought that he alone ought to have the power of making them so!”

His character is thus given by Lilly. “He had many excellent parts in nature, was an excellent horseman, would shoot well at a mark, had singular skill in limning, (painting,) was a good judge of pictures, a good mathematician, not unskilful in music, well read in divinity, excellently

in history and law; he spoke several languages, and writ well, in good language and style.”

Another writer thus describes this King. “His soul was stored with a full knowledge of the nature of things, and easily comprehended almost all kinds of arts, that either were for delight or of a public use; for he was ignorant of nothing, but of what he thought it became him to be negligent; for many parts of learning that are for the ornament of a private person, are beneath the cares of a crowned head.”

He was well skilled in antiquity, could judge of medals whether they had the number of years they pretended unto; his libraries and cabinets were full of those things, on which length of time put the value of rarities. In painting he had so excellent a fancy, that he would supply the defect of art in the workman, and suddenly draw those lines, give those airs and lights, which experience and practice had not taught the painter. He could judge of fortifications, and censure whether the cannon were mounted to execution or no. He had an excellent skill in guns, and knew all that belonged to their making. The exact art of building ships for the most necessary uses of strength and good sailing, together with all their furniture, were not unknown to him. He understood and was pleased with the making of clocks and watches. He comprehended the art of printing. There was not any one gentleman of all the three kingdoms that could compare with him, in an universality of knowledge.

He encouraged all the parts of learning, and he delighted to talk with all kinds of artists, and with so great a facility did apprehend the mysteries of their professions, that he did sometimes say, “He thought he could get his living, if necessitated, by any trade he knew of, but making of hangings,” although of these he understood much, and was greatly delighted in them; for he brought some of the most curious workmen from foreign parts to make them here in England.

We are indebted to Mr. Horace Walpole for a slight account of an Academical Institution founded by this King, under the title of *Museum Minervæ*. None below the rank of those who could prove themselves gentlemen were to be admitted to education there, where they were to be instructed in arts and sciences, foreign languages, mathematics, painting, architecture, riding, fortification, antiquities, and the science of medals. Professors were appointed, and Sir Francis Kingston, in whose house in Covent Garden the academy was held,

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gent. There is an account of the academy, with its rules and orders, 16. "But," adds the honourable t fell to the ground, with the rest of mpts—and so great was the inve—that it seems to have become part 1 of the time to war on the arts, ad been countenanced at court." EVIL DAYS!

ore auspicious times.—One hundred es, peers, prelates, warriors, states-commercialists, with each one hun-a gift, to help the native school of on the catalogue;* meanwhile the onents to strip the royal walls of ments, the precious reliques of old exemplars for the students in this

d exceed the apathy of the English g the affairs of the fine arts, from the ightened prince to the middle of 7. Sir Godfrey Kneller had sug-ntages that would be likely to result establishment for the promotion of it availed not. This foreign artist e said to have mainly contributed ent of so desirable an object, for he

behind his house, near Covent G and procured a collection of casts tique, opened it as an academy, w until his death, in 1734. Vanderba was of but short duration:

On the death of Sir James Thor demy was discontinued, and the mem But another society was soon estab pally by foreigners, says Mr. Edward their meetings in the house of a painter, residing in Greyhound C Street, in the Strand. They p models to study from, and appointed the office of principal conductor. T their studies with success, under so dent, made others desirous of joining community, whence, their numbe they removed to St. Martin's Lane, that academy, so celebrated for the i ters, sculptors, engravers, and oth mately enrolled themselves in the lis bers.

On the demise of Sir James Thor from the antique, some of which w that had been used in his academy Hogarth, who had married the onl Sir James. These Hogarth gener

painters, and remarkable for being too late at the Academy, when his whimsical petulance caused much private mirth; James Paine, son of the architect who built the Lyceum; Tilly Kettle, who went to the East, and gathered riches by painting the Nabobs; William Pars, who was sent to Greece by the munificence of the Dilettanti Society, who, after three years' study among the classic ruins of antiquity, returned with stores of rich materials for the improvement of our rising architects,—now the first in the world; Vandergutch, a painter, transformed into a picture-dealer, one of the few who knew his business, and whose word "was worth a straw;" Charles Grignion, the Venerable, whose graving-tool has helped to perpetuate that other worthy ancient master, Samuel Wale; C. Norton, Charles Sherlock, Charles Bibb,—an honest triumvirate, practising the callographic art; Richmond, Keeble, Evans, and Black, all known in their day; Russel, the crayon painter; Roper and Parsons, now forgotten; Richard Cosway, whose elegant sketches, and tasteful fancy in many departments of his art, shall stand recorded long after his harmless eccentricities have been forgotten, and all his ghosts quietly laid in the Red Sea; W. Marlowe, a very respectable landscape painter, neither remembered nor regarded according to his deserts; Messrs. Griggs, Rowe, R. Dubourg, J. Taylor, J. S. Dance, J. Seton, and T. Radcliffe, pupils and inmates with our gay Frank Hayman, seven British worthies, as good, if not so wise, as the seven of Greece, said one of the number; Richard Earlom, the engraver of the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude; J. A. Gresse, the most corpulent of all the sons of St. Luke, with whom our late kind monarch had often condescended to exchange a scrap of playful wit; Gresse taught her late Majesty and the Princesses to design the human figure; Giusepi Marchi, a sort of deputy-spare-right-hand to the great Reynolds; Thomas Beech; Lambert, a sculptor, pupil of Roubilliac; Reed, also (but on uncertain authority) another pupil of his; this was a conceited spark, who used to annoy the great sculptor: he was author of the *pan-cake* clouds, and the other heterogeneous combinations of heaven, earth, and sea, which blocks out so many square feet of the original architecture on the south side of the grand vista of Westminster Abbey. To him, however, during his pupilage, must in justice be ascribed the marvellous tooling of the skeleton figure of Death on Mrs. Nightingale's monument; Biagio Rebeca, the facetious painter, whose ori-

ginal humour, in numberless professional freaks, the invention of the moment, had begotten much innocent mirth at Windsor, in the happy days of the best king and queen that ever graced a throne; Richard Wilson, alas! the greatest genius—the least understood! Terry; Lewis Lattifere; David Martin; Burgess; Burch, the medallist; John Collet, an imitator of Hogarth; Hogarth himself! Joshua Reynolds: and now that Joseph Nollekins, whose sculptured busts vie with the classic marble of the Greeks, is gone,—the last surviving member of this old English school of worthies remains,—the pupil of Frank Hayman, *John Taylor*, who knew them all, and whose never-failing reminiscence has obligingly helped us, and that mainly too, in drawing up this list.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S GALLERY.

AMONG those enlightened noblemen and gentlemen, who, co-operating with King George III. in his Majesty's zeal for the promotion of the fine arts among his people, did more than merely applauding the deed, the Duke of Richmond claims a conspicuous notice. This nobleman, after his return from the *grand tour*, very munificently opened a school for the study of *painting* and *sculpture*, at his house in Privy Garden, White Hall. Here a spacious gallery was prepared, with every convenient accommodation for students; and a fine collection of casts moulded from the most select antique and modern statues at Rome and Florence, was procured, and placed as models for their imitation. "To this elegant school," says Mr. Edwards, "the young artists were invited by a public advertisement."

In consequence of this invitation, several young artists entered their names, and became students. Mr. Cipriani the painter, and Mr. Wilton the sculptor, presided as instructors, until the students had been sufficiently initiated, in the course of study, to proceed in the acquirement of that knowledge for which the gallery was opened, without their superintendence. This benefit these two able preceptors conferred to the rising school, without emolument.

It would add to the interest of this article, could the names of the artists who studied in the Duke's Gallery be subjoined; but the list which had been made out, (not a complete one) is mislaid, and the memory touching these matters is too feeble to rest upon. These few are offered, with notices collected from Mr. Edwards.

John Parker, an Englishman, who resided many years in Rome, painter of history and portrait; John Hamilton Mortimer, pupil of Robert Edge Pine, designated Friar Pine. Mortimer outstripped his compeers in the drawing of the antique figure, and obtained several prizes from the Society of Arts, for studies made in the Duke's gallery; Richard Cosway, the celebrated miniature painter; William Parris, who exhibited in the first exhibition, 1760. This artist was a great traveller, and much patronized by Lord Palmerston. The elder brother of this artist, who continued Shipley's Drawing-school; John Alexander Gresse, a native of Geneva, and pupil of Mr. Cipriani; William Parry, son of the celebrated blind performer on the Welsh harp; he obtained several premiums for drawings made from the antique in this gallery. He was, moreover, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Parry made a drawing of the Duke's Gallery, in which he introduced some portraits. To the curious, the discovery of this representation of a place so memorable, would be a prize. John Hakewell, pupil of old Samuel Wale. This artist, who, when young, obtained several prizes from the Society of Arts, quitted the arts, and established a thriving concern as a house-painter, at the well-known premises in Wigmore-street. Tilly Kettle, a portrait painter, who practised in the East Indies, England, and Ireland; and Edward Edwards, from whose work we copy the following

LIST OF FIGURES IN THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S GALLERY, ANNO 1770.

1. Apollo Belvidere.
2. Apollo de Medicis.
3. Petus et Arin.
4. Gladiator Pugnans.
5. Gladiator Moriens.
6. Meleager of the Capitol.
7. Bacchus of Michael Angelo.
8. Antinous Capitolinus.
9. Susanna of Fiamingo.
10. Mercurius.
11. Cupid et Psyche.
12. Idol.
13. Bacchus of Sansovino.
14. Venus de Medicis.
15. Venus extracting a thorn from her foot.
16. Diogenes.
17. Flora of the Capitol.
18. Boxers or Wrestlers.
19. Dancing Fawn.
20. Venus Callipædia.
21. Fawn with a Kid.
22. Camillus.
23. Ganymede of Benvenuto Cellini.

Group of Sampson and Philistines, by J. de Bologna.
Small ditto of Hercules and Antæus, in terra cotta, ditto.

HEADS.

Alexander. Ariadne.
Seneca. Juno.

The Heads from the large groups of the Rape of the Sabines, by J. de Bologna, which is at Florence.

BASSO RELIEVOS.

Rape of the Sabines.
Nova Nuptia.

Triumph of Ariadne, from Lorenzo Guilberti.

To these were added a great number of casts from the Trajan Column, and other works of art.

* The Catalogue of the BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

MR. NICHOLSON'S PROCESS FOR PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 31.)

THE principle of this process consists in covering the places, where the touches of light are intended to be, with a composition, not liable to be displaced by washing over it with the colour, and such as may be afterwards removed by a fluid, in which the colours used in water are not soluble.

This composition, or stopping mixture, is made by dissolving bees wax in oil of turpentine, in the proportion of one ounce of wax to five ounces of the oil; and, as near the time of using it as may be convenient, grind with the pallet knife as much flake white, or white lead, in oil of turpentine, as may be wanted at one time; dilute it with the above solution until it will work freely with the pencil, and appear on the paper, when held between the eye and the light, to be opaque. It is necessary to observe this, or the first touches will not be sufficiently visible, after being washed over with the colours, to ascertain the places of the second. It is also necessary to use a frame instead of the drawing board, so as to remove the pannel; because the first and second touches must be put on with the drawing placed between the eye and the light, as they will be most visible in that situation. On this frame paste the paper wet, so as to dry firm: when quite dry, draw the outline, and proceed as follows:—

1st. With a fine small hair pencil, and the

stopping mixture, cover those places where the clear whiteness of the paper may be wanted, except in the sky. Let it dry a few minutes, then wet the paper on both sides, and while it is wet, wash the sky. The shadows of the clouds, distances, and general breadths of shadow, must be put in with the grey teint; and over the places of the light wash the tints of the brightest light; those will be generally yellow ochre, or light red.

The light of the clouds may be preserved sharp, by pressing on that part a piece of tissue paper, previous to the washing of the sky; this, by absorbing the superfluous moisture, will prevent the colour from spreading farther than is desired. Suffer the whole to be very dry, and,

2ndly. Touch in with the stopping mixture the sharp and prominent parts of the brightest lights: let them dry a few minutes, then wash over them with the tints of the next degree of light.

3rdly. Stop with the mixture the second order of touches, and wash over them with middle tints; strengthen also, at the same time, the breadths of shadow.

4thly. Stop with broad touches of the mixture the places of the middle teint, uniting them to the former touches, and extending them so as to graduate the middle colours into the shadow: strengthen the shadows, making them nearly as dark as they are intended to be, and let the whole be perfectly dry. Then take oil of turpentine, and with a sponge, or hog's hair pencil, wash over the places where the mixture has been used, rubbing it with the brush until it be dissolved: clear it away with a linen rag, and wash it with more oil of turpentine so long as any white lead appears, then let it dry. Warm the drawing; then with a soft brush and highly rectified spirit of wine, wash the places where the oil of turpentine has been used, to clear away the remainder of it. Rub the drawing lightly on the face, but sponge it well on the back. When dry, teint down the lights where it may be wanted: harmonize the colouring, and cut the shadows to effect, with still darker tints, as may be necessary. If other touches of light should afterwards be wanted in shadowed parts, the colour may be easily removed by a pencil formed of sponge, with water sufficient to produce them with as much strength as can be desired; then stop them with the mixture; wash the shadow over the touches, bringing it to the colour taken off; and, when dry, remove the mixture with the oil of turpentine and spirit of wine.

MY GREAT UNCLE ZACHARY'S SCRAP BOOK.

SCRAP V.

Q. What two monosyllables are those that divide the whole world?

A. These two pronouns; MINE and THINE.

Q. Of retribution, how many be the sorts?

A. There are four sorts, which are the following:

1. To repay good for good—Fitness.
2. To repay evil for evil—Perverseness.
3. To repay evil for good—Devilishness.
4. To repay good for evil—Blessedness.

Q. How many things are chiefly required in a good Chirurgeon? (surgeon.)

A. These three properties:

1. A hawk's eye.
2. A lion's heart.
3. A lady's hand.

Q. Cato repented himself of three things, and what were they?

- A. 1. That ever he believed a woman.
2. That ever he spent time idly.*

3. That ever he went by water, when he might go by land.

Q. What were those three things St. Austin wished he had lived to have seen?

A. Paulum in ore—Roman in flore—Christum in carne.

1. Rome in her flourishing estate.
2. To hear St. Paul preach.
3. To have seen Christ in the flesh.

But we (saith *Lactantius*) will give God thanks that we are not Pagans, but Christians; that we live in the time of the New Testament, and not the Old.

Q. Plato gave thanks to Nature for four things—What were they?

- A. 1. That he was a man, and not a beast.
2. That he was a man, and not a woman.
3. That he was a Grecian, and not a Barbarian.
4. That he lived in the time of Socrates.*

Q. In how many formes doth a physician appear to his patient?

A. In these four formes:

1. In the forme of a skilful man, when he promiseth help.
2. In the shape of an angel, when he performeth it.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

crime of a devil when he asketh his

before it is the physician's rule, *Accipe*
take the sound fee, while the sick

and Aristotle, what was the fruit of all
?

answered—To do that of a free disposi-
aws and enforcements do compel

kind of creatures are those that sleep
own faces?

women, for the most part suspected

that, that is too hard for one to keep,
is, and too much for three?

ET.

can may a man best commit his secrets?
common liar—for he shall not be
gh he tell the truth.

masters of all others ascend the highest?
s of the faithful.

POSITION AND RE-SOLUTION

OF THE

WER'S GARLANDE.

SCRAP VII.

CURIOUS PROPHECY OF SIR
LEIGH.—This extraordinary man
years before,) "That Time would
when GOD would be turned out of
Barnes, and from thence again into
mountains, and under the hedges;
of the ministry be as contemptible as
All Order, Discipline and Church
left to Newness of Opinion and
Yea, and soon after, as many King
spring up, as there are Parish Churches
England; Every contentious and ignorant
cloathing his Fancy with the Spirit of
his Imagination, with the Gift of Prophecy
Does not this point very obviously
England during the usurpation of James II.
well?

A WICKED WOMAN.—In the reign of
King Charles II. lived a woman of the name of
Creswell, who kept a house of ill-fame at
resorted Lord Rochester, and many other great
She had a house in town, and in the
country, alternately the scenes of
misery to many, who had been beguiled
by her wily ways. This wretched creature
seized by death, when she desired, but

is, because God made him; the second, because he is dead."

OLD PARR.—Of this man,—whose life was extended to a patriarchal age, he being born in Shropshire in 1483, and dying in the Strand, London, November, 1635,—thus writeth John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, he having been by craft or calling, a waterman.

"Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appears,
Nine monthes, one hundred, fifty and two yeares.
For by records, and true certificate,
From Shropshire late, relations do relate,
That hee lived seventeen yeares with John his father,
And eighteen with a master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five; his Sire's decease
Left him four yeares' possession of a lease;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares, grant his lease agen:
That lease expir'd, the son of *Lewis*, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone:
Then *Hugh*, the son of *John*, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty yeares, sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* son,
A lease for's life, these fifty yeares out-run;
And 'till old *Thomas Parr*, to earth againe,
Returne, the last lease must his own remaine."

Q. How are these following denominations distinguished to their particulars, as of Reason, Understanding, Opinion, and the like?

A. 1. When by moving from ground to ground, she sifts things out, she obtains the name of Reason.

2. When by Reason she hath found Truth, and standeth fixed, she is Understanding.

3. When she lightly inclines her assent to either part, she is Opinion.

Q. What is the difference between Wit and Will?

A. Will is the Prince, and Wit is the Councellour, which sits in the Councel for the common good of the man; for what Wit resolves upon, Will executes: Wit is the mind's Chief Justice, which often controuls the false judgement of Fancy: Will is as free as an Emperour; cannot be limitted, barred of her Liberty, or made Will by any co-action what she is unwilling to. And lastly, their chief use is, our Wit was given us, to know God; our Will, to love him, being known.

Q. What are the outward signes of the body, to judge of the inward disposition of the mind?

A. A head sharp and high-crown'd, imports an ill-affected mind; greatness of stature, dulness of wit; little eyes, a large conscience; a great head and goggle eyes, a stark staring fool; great ears to be akin to *Midas's* Asse; spacious breasted, long

life; plain browes without furrows, to be liberrall; a beautiful face, to note the best complexion; the soft flesh, to be most wise and apt to conceive.

Albertus saith, "These are signs of a wit as dull as a Pig of Lead; to wit, thick nails, harsh hair, and a hard skin: the last whereof was verified in *Polydorus*, a Fool, whom *Elanus* makes mention to have had such a hard thick skin, that it could not be pierced through with bodkins."

Q. Who were the most famous belly-gods that Stories make mention of?

A. *Sardanapalus*, whose belly was his god, and God his enemy; *Vitellius*, who had served unto him at one feast 2000 Fishes and 7000 Birds; *Hellogabalus*, who at one supper was served with 600 Ortriches; *Maximinianus*, who did eat every day Forty Pounds of Flesh, and drunk Five Gallons of Wine; *Sminderides*, who when he rode a sutor to *Glistine's* daughter, carried with him 1000 Cooks, as many Fowlers, and so many Fishers. This *Sminderides*, bragged, being so given to Meat, Wine, and Sleep, that he had not seen the sun either rising or setting in twenty years. The story whereof is not here recited for imitation, but detestation, as a thing odious to God, hateful to man, burthensome to nature, the root of all evil, and decay of every virtue; for by too much feeding the subtil parts are darkened, and turbulent fumes do weaken the Understanding; and therefore the Poet wittily observes:—

"Fat panches make lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

And therefore saith the Golden Rule:

"If thou a long and heathful age require,
Put bounds unto thy gluttenous desire."

For otherwise thou shalt be a harbour for diseases, a subject for the Physitian, and misery; for *Misere vivit, qui medice vivit*: and therefore for thy health and profit, embrace abstinence and temperance; for temperance will tell thee, "A little in the morning is enough, enough at dinner is but a little, a little at night is too much."

IN AMOROSUM.

A wife you wisht me (Sir) rich, fair and young,
With French, Italian, and the Spanish tongue;
I must confesse your kindness very much,
But in truth, Sir, I do deserve none such;
For when I wed, as yet I mean to tarry,
A woman of one tongue alone i'll marry,
And with such little portion of her store,
Expect such plenty, I would wish no more.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

SAPPOINTED SPORTSMAN.

ANCIENT STORY IN VERSE.

Was my ordinary wont,
 I into the fields to hunt:
 He, pursu'd her with full cry,
 Ried her, when by and bye,
 I hunted in his grounds,
 Running dogs, and bang'd my hounds:
 That sport I utterly forswore,
 Andly crost by such a bore,
 Th' open fields and forests wide,
 Haunt was by the water side.
 Ought I, though lands enclosed be,
 Rivers questionlesse are free:
 Sport me with a scaly fry,
 Though all the world were standing by.
 Once cast in my bait to take,
 One comes, it seems he haste did make,
 Pack, when first I did appear:
 'T was no fishing there.
 I now what sport to entertain,
 I ed both the earth, and wat'ry plain,
 Next time, and forthwith went,
 In the Aeiry Regiment;
 I scarce discharg'd to kill a Daw,
 Yes, and brings me Statute Law,
 See, where I it lost: then swore
 I d hunt, nor angle, nor shoot more.
 Dice in hand, my heavy fate;
 I all, I lost my whole estate.

RULAMIUM. (Old Verulam.)

spectable than that of an author; and
 mate legalized actor has been consider
 of the law, from "the golden days o
 Bess."

The following act, promulgated in
 this noble queen, will shew on what
 this offensive designation was bestowed

"That all persons that be or utter
 be proctors, procurers, patent gather
 ors for gaols, prisons, or hospitals, or
 wards, *common players* of interludes
 wandering abroad, (other than player
 belonging to any baron of this realm
 honourable personage of greater deg
 thorized to play under the hand and
 baron or personage,) all jugglers, tir
 and petty chapmen wandering abroa
 shall be adjudged and deemed rogues
 and sturdy beggars, and punished as

John Heywood, of facetious memo
 the first old English play-wrights, w
 to the regular drama. He died the y
 speare was born. Heywood's dram
 properly classed under the term inte
 entitled plays.

This merry wag, then, wrote six p
 of which are so quaint, and so chara
 taste of the times, that I shall give th

Heywood was introduced to the Lady Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII. and, incredible as it may appear, through the royal favour of this religious devotee, he found the way into the good graces of that potent prince, and was dubbed the King's Jester. But these were strange days, when a buffoon could dare laugh in the face of that sovereign who could send to the scaffold such a man as Sir Thomas More,—the upright minister,—the Mæcenas of his age!

We are not told whether Master John Heywood acted by his first patron as worthily as did his compeer, the other *jester* to the king, laughing Will Somers, who is seen, painted to the life, tapping within the lattice at Kensington, to have a merry skit at the first courtier who might happen to be passing by; for he admonished the dying tyrant on the score of his injustice to an old master of his, and caused him to relent. It is likely he did not; for, as the story goes, this Master Heywood was prompt to invent facetious tales, to divert the gloomy Mary, when she became England's queen, and when her conscience had better been in the holy keeping of an honest priest, than that of a Merry-Andrew.

Of this John Heywood, Puttenham relates a comical tale:—"The following happened," says he, "on a time, at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the board's end. The Duke had a very noble and honourable mynde alwayes to pay his debtes well, and when he lacked money, would not stick to sell the greatest part of his plate: so had he done some few days before.

"Heywood being loth to call for his drinke so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cupboard, and said, 'I find a great misse of your Grace's standing cups.' The Duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said somewhat sharply, 'Why, Sir, will not these cuppes serve as goode a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your Grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbowe, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your man so often to call for it.'

"This pleasant and speedy revers of the former words, holpe all the matter againe; whereupon the Duke became very pleasant, and drank a bottle of wine to Heywood, and hid a cup should alwayes be standing by him."—What audacious wights were your jesters!

The great Sir Thomas More himself was no

mean actor. It is related of him, that he would make one among the players, occasionally coming upon them by surprise, and without rehearsal fall into a character, and support the part by his extemporaneous invention, and acquit himself with credit. His wit was boundless.

To John Heywood succeeded Master Richard Tarleton,—as comic a soul as any recorded on the ancient list of those who were wont to make an audience laugh. The humour of this man would make the surly Ben Jonson shake his sides.

Dick Tarleton—so he was called—is known to posterity as Queen Elizabeth's jester. What joyous meetings,—what revellings, when the stationers shut up their stalls, and went to take their sack at Master Dick's.—He kept a tavern in Paternoster-row. What sign he sold his wine by there, is not now known. "*Good wine*," nor then, nor now, "*needeth no bush*." Doubtless, these patriarchal venders of literature were men of *taste*. Hence it may be taken for granted, honest Dick was followed to his new residence by the bibliopolists, who drank success to the sign of the *Tabor*, in Gracechurch-street, prosperity to mine host, and kept it up rare and late, with all the social rites of an old English house-warming.

Tarleton was so esteemed an actor in parts of humour, that his head became a common tavern sign. There is a scarce print of Tarleton in the collection of ———, which was prefixed to a celebrated book, entitled *Tarleton's Jests*. He is represented in the costume of a clown, playing on the pipe and tabor.

This print is said to be so well cut, says Dibdin, that a flatness appears upon the nose, which was occasioned by a wound he got in parting some dogs and bears; which misfortune he turned into merriment, by observing, "*that it did not affect him, for he had still sagacity enough to smell a knave from an honest man*."

This Tarleton was a careless spark; and many a riotous nocturnal revel perpetrated by him and his colleagues, Scoggan, Skelton, and Master George Peel, the celebrated city poet, disturbed the sober citizens in days of yore. These licentious wits, and bottle companions, would get you drunk as lords, and lords as drunk as they, hail fellows well met, all at the same table, under the same vintner's sign, as well in good Queen Bess's reign as that of merry Charles's. These were your Killebrews, your Rochesters, and Ogles, one hundred years before.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

somewhat strange that play-acting should
ten so much into disrepute, when we look
l discover how prone to these exhibitions
r pageant-loving forefathers. To be sure
rthies did not exhibit secular plays, but
s, *Sacred Interludes* and *Moralities*.—Not
ntly less moral, by the way, than the dra-
h succeeded, and which, to the Puritans,
h unpardonable offence.

is become of that genius which prevailed
ur worthy traders of old? Look to the days
ing John. Could our companies compete
se six hundred years ago? Who of the
rshipful *Cordwainers*, or *Loriners*, or Gro-
Fishmongers, could now get you up a drama
it to the life, as they the ancient citizens
ter. Then had every company each its
r play, and there they spouted, to the ad-
of the noble knights and ladies fair, and
ountry round, for three successive days, at
orable feast of Whitsuntide.

ation was performed by the *Drapers*.
tutation and Nativity, by the *Wrights*.
sedec and Lot, by the *Barbers*.
ree Kings, by the *Finsters*.
ll of Lucifer, by the *Tanners*.
luge by the *Dyers*.
Balack, and Balaam, by the *Cappers*.
enherds Feeding their Flocks by Night, by the

pent's deceiving of Eva at the begi
makes him the homelier with that
His Majesty, in this work, quaintly
"God's ape and hangman."

Witch is derived from the Dutch w
signifies whinnying and neighing lik
a secondary sense, also, to foretel :
because the Germans, as Tacitus in
to divine and foretel things to come
nying and neighing of their horse
are, *hinnitu et fremitu*.

ON PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS No. II.

ADDRESSED TO THE

Amateurs of that delightful

*The Practice of DRAWING and PAINTING
SCAPE from NATURE, in WATER COLOURS,
emplified in a Series of Instructions
to facilitate the Progress of the Learner.
With OBSERVATIONS on the Science of PAINT-
TURE, and various other Matters*

schools, as in England, until of late, each artist has had to create a new practice for himself. The establishing a school of painting at the Royal Academy, is honourable to its founders, and worthy of the age. So far, we refer to the art of painting in oil.

With reference to Water Colour Painting, we have to speak of a new art, originating with the English, and perfected within the age whence it began. All the *arcanæ* of which, is known to all who are able professors. It is, therefore, a subject to write upon, less difficult and less irksome, than upon oil painting, which, of necessity, embraces an analysis of the practice of several ages, and of several schools.

We have of late the gratification to see several ingenious professors of this new art, giving their leisure hours to the service of the amateur—a worthy occupation; for it is only from an enlightened public, that professors of any art, can meet with a patronage commensurate with their desert. In all classes, there are those who thirst for knowledge. But who can learn, where none will teach?

[To be continued.]

OLD ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.

In the plan of ancient London and Westminster, published in the year 1600, we observe this little Gothic church, pleasantly situate, with the country open to the north east, and a long line of gardens, railed off from the fields behind the houses on the north side of the Strand. From this spot again, could be viewed, another old rural church, inclosed with a spacious dwarf wall: this was St. Giles's in the Fields. A topographical view of St. Martin's, may be seen, by favour of Mr. Smith, in the *Cracherode* Pennant, at the Print Gallery in the British Museum. Whether there is an engraved view of St. Giles's in that curious collection, we cannot at this moment say.

St. Martin's old church, is memorable to us virtuous, as its vaults were the depository of the ashes of many a painter, sculptor, and other ingenious artist, who flourished from the period of Queen Elizabeth to that of King George the First. In the church, too, were their monuments, some of which, it would have been well if Mr. Gibbs, who was the architect of the existing magnificent church, had preserved. Surely, so able an artist could have contrived in his general plan, a mausoleum for these sacred

reliques. Would that one ingenious man had taken a pride in preserving some lasting memorial of another, from age to age; had it been so ordered, how many fine specimens of ancient monumental carving would now exist, which escaped the wreck of time, in old churches, and even the destructive fire of 1666: for many had received but little injury, even in the cathedral of St. Paul's.

The old St. Martin's church, occupied part of the site of the present structure. It was enlarged in 1607, when the whole underwent a thorough reparation, and was beautified in 1609. The dimensions then were, in length 84 feet, in breadth, with the additions, 62 feet; the height within, 25 feet; the tower and turret, 90 feet, and it had “*six bells to ring in a peal.*”

Of the monuments, first, was a marble tomb, in memory of JOHN ROSE, *gentleman*, late Chief Gardener to King Charles II. with the following epitaph:—

“On Earth he truly liv'd old Adam's Heir,
In tilling it with sweating Palms and Care;
And by God's Blessing, such Increase did find,
As serv'd to please his Gracious Master's mind.
Till from those Royal Gardens he did rise,
Transplanted to the upper Paradise.”

He died in 1677.

On another marble monument, adorned with cherubims, erected to the memory of *William Watts*, Esq. Tailor to King Charles II. and Master of the Scottish Corporation in London, this epitaph is inscribed by “*The faithful Executors to his Will.*”

“In vain an Epitaph should thee commend,
Thou that wast pious, just, a faithful friend:
Doom'd to a trade, yet bless'd with all that can,
Adorn the person of a Gentleman,”

—Whether this compliment was meant to clothe the worthy *defunct* or his *patrons*, does not appear, our forefathers having evinced a notable faculty for *double-entendre* on *grave-stones*. But to proceed,—

“Industrious Wisdom thy Estate did plant;
Yet more, thou wert a zealous Protestant.
Skill in thy Art thee to the Court did bring,
And made thee *swift* the Genius of a King.
Could I say more, 'twere but thy merit's due;
And all that read thy Name, would say 'twas true.”

We beg to reserve the account of the *other* artists, old Nicholas Stone, Master Mason to his Majesty, &c. &c. for the next number.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY, &c.

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ZINE.

11.

SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE OCTOBER FIRE-SIDE.

No. IV.

"WELL, gentlemen," said my great uncle Zachary, looking at his *Tompion*, "it is ten minutes past nine.—Shall we wait?" A note had been left during the old gentleman's perambulation in Somerset House Gardens, written over-night, to say, that Mr. Arne would breakfast with him.

"Let us give him another five minutes chance, Master Hardcastle," said Colley Cibber; "he is too great a genius to *keep time*." "Let us put it to the vote," said Dr. Pepusch, smiling; "Who holds up hands?" "I will second your motion mid all mine heardt," said Handel. "I will hold up mine feeble hands for mine oldt friendt Custos," (Augustine.) Poor Mr. Handel had been stricken with paralysis. "For I know not who I would awaidt for, over andt above mine oldt rival Masder Dow, (Thomas.) Only by your bermission I will dake a snag of your ham, andt a slice of French roll, or a modicum of chicken; for, to dell you the honest facd, I am all pote famished; for I laid me down on mine billow in bed, the lastd nightd, midout mine supper, at the instance of mine physician; for which I am not altogeddere inglined to extend mine fastd no longer." Then laughing, "Berhaps, Mister Golley Cibbers, you may like to pote *this* to the vote? But I shall not second the motion, nor shall I holdt up mine hand, as I will, by bermission, embloy it some dime in a better office. So, if you blease, do me the kindness for to gut me a small slice of ham."

At this instant a hasty footstep was heard on the stairs, accompanied by the humming of an air, all as gay as the morning, which was beautiful and bright. It was the month of May.

"Bresto! be quick," said Handel. He knew it was Arne. "Fifteen minudes of dime is bretty well for an *ad libidum*." "Mr. Arne," said my great uncle's man. A chair was placed, and the social party commenced their *dejeuné*.

"Well, and how do you find yourself, my dear Sir?" enquired Arne, with friendly warmth. "Why, by the mercy of Heaven, andt the waders of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the addentions of mine togders andt physicians, andt oggulists, of lade years, under Providence, I am surbrizingly peddere,

thank you kindly, Misder Custos;—andt you have been also doing well of lade, as I am bleased to hear. You see, Sir," pointing to his plate, "you see, Sir, dat I am in the way for to regruit mine flesh mid the good viands of Misder Zachary Hardgasdle."

"So, Sir, I presume you are come to witness the trial of skill at the old round church? I understand the amateurs expect a pretty sharp contest," said Arne.

"Gondest!" echoed Handel, laying down his knife and fork. "Yes, no doubt; your amadeurs have a bassion for gondest.—Not vot it vos in our remembrance. Hey—mine friendt! Ha-ha-ha!"

"No, Sir, I am happy to say, those days of envy, and bickering, and party feeling, are gone and past. To be sure, we had enough of such disgraceful warfare. (1) It lasted too long."

"Why yes; it tid last too long; it bereft me of mine poor limbs—it tid bereave me of that vot is the most blessed gift of, 'him vot made us, andt not wee ourselves,' andt for vot?—vy for noding in the vorldt, poded the blesure andt bastime of them who having no widt, nor no want, set at loggerheads such men as live by their widts, to worry, andt destroy one andt anodere as wildt beasts in the Golloseum, in the dimes of the Romans."

Poor Dr. Pepusch during this conversation, as my great uncle observed, was sitting on thorns; he was in the confederacy, professionally only, with Swift and Pope and Gay, when that triumvirate of wit, urged by a party with dukes and duchesses, and great lords and ladies at its head, were planning the downfall of the Italian Opera. So, determined to try his ground, the doctor, taking Handel's empty cup, observed, "I hope Sir, you do not include me among those who did injustice to your talents?"

"Nod at all—nod at all. God forbid! I am a great admirer of the airs of the Peggars's Opera, andt evry broffessional gendleman must do his best for to live." This mild return, couched under an apparent compliment, was well received; but Handel, who had a talent for sarcastic drolling, added, "pote why blay the Peggars, (2) yourself togder, andt adapt oldt pallad hum-sdrum, ven, as a man of science you could gombosse original airs of your own? Here is mine friendt Custos Arne, who has made a road for himself, for to drive along his own

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

the demple of Fame:" then turning to rious Arne, he continued, " mine friendt ou andt I must, meed togeder some dimes is long, andt hold a *tede-a-tede*, of old is gone."

ha, ha, ha! O! it is gomigal, now dat gone by. Custos, tdo nod you remember as lost only of yesterday, dat she devil *Guz-* andt dat other brecious tdaughter of inilzepub's shoiled child,(4) the bretty-faced ? O! the mad rage vot I have to answer

rith one and the oder of these fine latdies' graces. Again! do you nod remember dat

uppy Senesino,(5) and the goxgomb Fari- —Next, again, mine somedimes nodtable

aster Bononcini(7) andt old Borbora?(8) ia! all at wa mid me, andt all at war mid

es. Such a gonfusion of rivalshibs, andt cedness, andt hybocrisy, andt malice, vot

ike a gomical subject for a boem in rhymes e for the stage; as I hopes to be saved.

ia! all at war andt handy-guffs, night andt daddering one anoder, for all the vorltd like

a gomical lines, writ by that mad genius Smardt. (Christopher Smart) You must

m full well, Mr. Golley Cibbers.

ben a parbper(9) and a gollier(10) fighdt, bper pends the lugless gollier whidte:

airs to the songs in the Beggars' Opera—b of great science but little genius, and had

(3) Cuzzoni, an extraordinary female violent temper. Handel, on her refusin which he had composed for her, at a momie by public applause, she had forgotten her to the generous composer.—Handel, vio claimed in a range, "I know you have th but you'll find me Belzebul, the prince of seizing her by the waist, threatened to thr window.

(4) Faustina, another delightful singer, fatal rival (being more beautiful) to Cuzzoni

(5) Senesino and Farinelli, Italian Si brated singers, who opposed Handel.

(7) Bononcini, a composer of talent, b to Handel, to whom he was opposed by a

(8) Porpora, a composer also inimical to

(9) Barber. (10) Collier.

(12) Black. (13) Brick-dust-man.

MY GREAT UNCLE ZACH'S SCRAP BOOK.

SCRAP VIII.

Q. *Whot three properties are requ inn-keeper?*

A. 1. To be patient as *Job*.

2. To be provident as *Philemon*.

Q. What three occasions moves debate ?

- A.* 1. To talk with him that is angry.
2. To send him on an errand that is weary.
3. To wake a man out of sleep.

Q. What three things should be always at home ?

A. The hen-roost, the cat, and a beautiful wife. Socrates being reproved by his wife, for that he prepared no better fare for his friends : quoth he, " if they be our friends,—they will not care ; if they be not,—we will not care ; if they be good,—here is enough ; if they be bad,—here is too much."

Q. How should man and woman be made like in marriage ?

A. Let the man be inferior in state and birth, and then marriage makes them equal : she the better in descent and substance ; he the better in sense and sex.

Solon the philosopher said, upon the marriage of his friend's daughter, " Whosoever in this way hath got a good son-in-law, hath found a son ; but who hath found an evil one, hath lost a daughter."

Another philosopher, having lost his wife, exclaimed, " O ! philosophy, thy precepts are tyrannical ; for thou biddest us love ; and if we lose what we love thou biddest us not grieve."

Martin Luther, reproving a disorderly, lustful, and ireful liver, was answered, " My disorderly life proceedeth from the corrupt motions and affections of my heart, which I would, but cannot suppress." " No !" quoth Luther ; " why, though you cannot forbid the birds to flie over your head, you may keep them from building their nests in your hair."

Q. When is dirt handled by dirt ?

A. When the potter worketh his vessel.

THE CROCODILE'S SYLLOGISM,

Which she proposed to the Woman whose Child she had gotten.

" If," quoth the crocodile, " thou shalt tell me true what I intend, I will give thee thy son." Quoth she, " That thou wilt not restore him to me ; now, therefore, give him me, because I have told true." " Why, then," quoth the crocodile, " if I do restore him thee, thou hast not told true, and therefore I will keep him."

To which purpose, one thus asked his servant, " Art thou not a liar ? Tell me true." But his apophistical servant said, " If I be a liar, how wilt thou that I tell true ? If I be a liar, I will say I am

such a one, that thou mayest know me not to be such a one."

" The Cretans are liars," saith *Epimenides*, he himself being a *Cretan* ; now, if the Cretans be not liars, *Epimenides* lied : if the Cretans be liars, how did *Epimenides* tell true, he himself being a *Cretan* ?

AN ANCIENT TRANSLATION OF MORE ANCIENT LATIN VERSES.

Being a Dissertation or Strife between an Amorous Monk and a Volary Virgin.

Monk.—Sith both our age, our sex, and all do move,
Why dost not me respect, since thee I love ?

Virgin.—Thy vesture pleaseth not, love others black,
'Tis white I like, that fits a lover's back.

Monk.—Under this robe of black, behold white skin,
Though black thou dost exclude, 'tis fair within.

Virgin.—To Christ thou art espous'd, and wedded now,
And thy black robe is whiteness to thy vow.

Monk.—My vail I cast aside, that so hath bred,
This thy dislike, to take thee to my bed.

Virgin.—Thy vail though thou forsake, thou art the same,
Nor is my sin the lesse, nor less thy shame.

Monk.—A fault I do confesse it is, though small,
And if a sin, it is but venial.

Virgin.—To violate man's spouse, is great of crimes ;
But more thy sin, being God's, a thousand times.

Monk.—With holy reason thou'st subdu'd my madness,
To which, I overcome, subscribe with gladness.

Two cardinals, familiar acquaintants, came to a conceited painter's shop in *Venice*, to behold the pictures of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* ; and in the way of merriment they told him, he had sottishly made their faces too red. " O," quoth the limner, " that was my chiefe care, and such they are in heaven, blushing to see by what degenerate priests this church is now governed,—their pretended successors."

HUMAN LIFE.

Written in the age of Shakespeare.

The World's a bubble,
And the life of Man
Less than a span.

In his conception wretched,
From the womb,
So to the Tomb.

Curs'd from his Cradle,
And brought up to years,
With care and tears.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

ho then to frail
Mortality shall trust,
it lines the Water,
And doth write in dust :
et whiles with Sorrow
Here we live opprest,
What life is best ?

ourts are but
Superficial Schools,
To dandle fools :

he rural parts
Are turn'd into a Den
Of savage Men.

nd where's a City,
From all Vice so free,
ut may be term'd
The worst of all the three ?
omestic care
Afflicts the Husband's bed
Or pains his head,

hose that live single,
Take it for a curse
Or do things something worse :

ome wish for Children ;
Those that have them, none ;
Or wish them gone.

hat is it then to have,
Or have no Wife,
ut single thraldome,

academy, to speak without exaggerat
of an importance vastly beyond what
seen by the worthy patriots, the an
jected this national school, or by th
vereign, who so wisely and so grac
sanction to their laudable undertakir

It is a circumstance but little l
nevertheless an indisputable fact, th
operation of the arts, from the com
the reign of King George the Thi
commercial point of view, abstract
vantages, have been productive of m
tended national benefits than have
any one trade, manufacture, or lear
Genius creates a capital of its own ;
capital a whole people may derive a

That this is not mere assertion, a
mistaken zeal for the arts, we respec
mission to shew.

The late Alderman Boydell sayeth
rial to the House of Commons, " I
with my brethren, above 350,000l.
created alone by one individual, t
nius and talent of painters and engra
employ for thousands of industrious
in an age of over-increasing populat
fine arts, would perchance have w

ment of the students, could afford no more than schools for grounding its disciples in the knowledge of drawing the human figure, having to pay the officers and servants of that establishment, to provide the students with models, and to light the schools, at a considerable annual expence, out of the funds created by the exhibition of their own works.*

This school of painting, then, was reserved for the consideration of those noblemen and gentlemen, who, in the possession of wealth, and having the honour of the British nation at heart, might henceforth appear. That epoch at length arrived; and the names of the royal and noble founders of the British Institution will, when they are gathered together with their fathers, be held in reverence and honour by those who shall hereafter become contemporary men of genius of their children's children.

One more act of munificence is only wanting, to complete this noble work, and make the nineteenth century another and a greater than the Augustan Age!

"There are no men so single-minded as the artists," said the illustrious Mr. Pitt. To elucidate this observation of that great and observant man, we humbly conceive, nay, we know it did import something like this,—that out of a pure and disinterested love of their art, they nobly instructed the rising generation of artists, with the hope of seeing the British school the first existing body of talent in the world:—a consummation which some of the founders of the Royal Academy had the felicity to live to see. But, did it occur to that great statesman, overwhelmed as he was with the duties of his office, that the veteran artists were teaching those who were to be their rivals in fame, and who might be cherished by the smiles of those patrons, who might, perchance, forget their former protégées, when in the vale of life.

In universities, colleges, and schools, the veteran professor has emoluments: in the national school of arts, he has none.

Royal and noble patrons! this is worthy the consideration of that munificent spirit which gave birth to your *British Institution*. You have wisdom, and you have influence. It is therefore humbly suggested, whether an appeal, first, to our sovereign for his royal sanction, and if that were obtained, whether, secondly, an appeal might not be made to the Parliament, through your means, for a grant out of the national purse, of the sum of 2000l.

per annum, to dispose of in honourable pensions to the royal academicians, as follows:—

To bestow on the ten senior royal academicians, each the annual sum of 200l. as a mark of his Majesty's and the country's approbation for their disinterested zeal in their capacities of preceptors in the national school of art.—Each vacancy by death to be filled by seniority.

SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE School of Painting which has been open for the last six weeks, at the British Institution, Pall Mall, virtually closed on Saturday last; when certain of the students, wishing for the advantage of one more day, to re-consider the last touches of their various works, they penned an address to Mr. Young, the presiding officer, respectfully requesting his attendance at the gallery on Monday. It was signed by all the students, when one of the number was deputed to present it to that gentleman, who, with his usual kindness and devotion to their welfare, readily granted their request. Monday, in the gallery, was not an idle day.

On Wednesday, the directors of the British Gallery, and a select few, visited the rooms, to inspect the copies made from the pictures which his Majesty, and other patrons of the art, had spared from their collections, as examples for study.

We never felt more sensibly, what is due to the noble directors for their patriotic exertions, than on the opening of the School of Painting this season; for there the works of our illustrious countrymen were set up as the objects of study. This argues good taste. Under such unprejudiced, such well-directed auspices, the timid have nothing to fear, whilst the aspiring have every thing to hope.

THE STUDENTS, AND THE PICTURES WHICH THEY HAVE COPIED.

NORTH ROOM.

THE VISION OF ST. JEROME, painted by Parmegiano. This magnificent picture has lately been purchased by the Directors as an exemplar for the students. Small copies have been made by Messrs. Corbett and Novice.

THE CAPTIVE, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This splendid example of colouring and effect, a head on a three-quarter canvas, may be pronounced almost *inimitable*, having, in an extraordinary

degree, that peculiar quality, denominated *texture*, which, when wrought with the magic of an original hand, as displayed in this picture, is more difficult of imitation than even much higher qualities in art.

The *Captive* has been copied, the same size as the original, by Messrs. Drummond, jun. Porter, Fairland, Wright, Seaforth, Pyne, Macartan, Johnson, Thomas, Graham and Davis.

On smaller dimensions, by Messrs. Childe, Onion, Green, Pidding, Webster, Pasmore, and Sargeant. By Miss Kearsley, in oil; Miss Drummond, in crayons; and the Misses Sharpe and Kendrick, in miniature.

DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT, by Sir J. Reynolds. We well remember the day when this picture was first hung on the walls of this Institution, then opened by that English worthy, old Alderman Boydell, as the Shakspeare Gallery; for which the spirited projector paid Sir Joshua 500 guineas. Who then could have divined, that within forty years, this splendid specimen of his art should have returned to the same spot, converted to a School of Painting, as an object of study for those then not born? A group of ingenious youths, filled with admiration of his talents, and venerating his name.

Copies from this picture have been made by Messrs. Salter, Sarjeant, Wright, Onion, Bridges, Davis, Elton, Johnson, Middleton, Fowler, Hayter, and by Miss Drummond, all of which are much smaller than the original.

PORTRAIT OF MISS GWATKIN, by Sir J. Reynolds. Never were innocence, and infantine sweetness, united with greater truth, nor with a simplicity of expression superior to what we contemplate in this picture. It has been studied with attention by Messrs. Shepperson, Smart, Pyne, Markes, Fowler, Cunliffe, Drummond, sen., Solomon, and Sarjeant; these have painted their copies the size of the picture.

Smaller copies have been made by Messrs. Green, Rochard, Harriott, Pidding and Davis. Misses Kearsley and Leslie have copied it in oil. Miss Drummond in crayons, each the original size; and the Misses Mascall, Adams, Jones, and M. A. Sharpe, in miniature.

THE SLEEPING GIRL, by Sir J. Reynolds. We are informed, that when this brilliant specimen of the English School was placed against the wall of the great room in the Royal Academy, that the members who were present at the hanging of the

pictures, exclaimed, "Who will venture to be placed near that sun of art? Nothing can be seen after beholding it! Certainly it is only short of magic."

This composition has been copied, on the same size, by Messrs. Green, Markes, Faulkner, Pyne, Shepperson, Smart, Cunliffe, Seaforth, Porter, Williams, Gill, Johnson, Say, Hartley, Graham, Briggs, and Leahy.

In small by Messrs. Ross, Fowler and Webster. By Miss Mascall in oil, the full size; and by the Misses M. A. Sharpe, Jones and Ross, in miniature.

MOTHER AND CHILD, by Sir J. Reynolds. Copied the same size by Messrs. Wright, Simpson, Say, Onion, Wilkin, Sharland and Howard.

In small by Messrs. Shepperson, Scanlan, Salter, and Fairland.

By Miss Kearsley in oil, size of the original, and in miniature by the Misses Sharpe, Hayter, Blanchard, Thomson, and by Mrs. Norris.

CHILD'S HEAD, by Sir J. Reynolds. The copies from this fine study of a head, all the same size, are by Messrs. Gill, Say, Fairland, Scanlan, Macartan, Brough, Pyne, and Smith. Miss Kearsley has copied it also on the same size.

SNAKE IN THE GRASS, by Sir J. Reynolds. Copied on the same size by Messrs. Harriot, Porter, Sargeant, Hobday, Hastings, Pidding, and Howard.

In small by Messrs. Webster, Williams, Solomon, Fowler, Shepperson, Scanlan and Pasmore.

By Miss Beaumont, same size in oil. Misses L. Sharpe, Kearsley, Ross, and by Mrs. Morris in miniature.

PAULO VERONESE. Messrs. J. Hayter and Davies, have made small studies from this picture.

THE GREAT RUBENS, *Juno and Argus*. Messrs. Faulkner, and Ross, have copied parts of this picture. Miss Portis has made a copy of the head of Cupid.

THE CLAUDE. This celebrated landscape, the property of the Earl of Egremont, has been studied by Colonel Gravatt, Messrs. Andrews and Bradley, all on a diminished scale.

Miss Gouldsmith, has also made a study from the same.

LANDSCAPE by CUYP. Copied the same size by Messrs. Childe, Reinagle, Clater, Turner, Wilson, and by Messrs. Pasmore, Sargeant, and Rochard, in small.

Miss Beaumont has made a copy, the size of the original.

LANDSCAPE by RUYSDAEL. Copied by Messrs. Scanlan, Rochard, Hastings, Clint, Wilson and Andrews.

ARCAS and CALISTO, by Nicola Poussin. Copied by Messrs. Reinagle, Tudor, Brough, Elton, Davies, on various sizes.

VANDEVELDE.—A sea-piece. Copied by Major Downes, Messrs. Reinagle, Clint, Fowler, Childe, Hastings, and by Mr. Williams, in small.

We cannot dismiss this subject, without offering a few observations on the general character of this last opening and closing of the School of Painting. First, then, we have been much gratified in hearing that the students have generally been most exemplary in their industry, gentlemanly and accommodating to each other, and have manifested, amidst a becoming emulation for individual superiority, a generous feeling towards each other, as regards the mutual improvement of the school.

Among the many copies which we noticed, having the general contour of the originals, those which appeared to approach nearest to their prototypes were, First, a small copy of *Cardinal Beaufort*, by Mr. Wright, which is rich in tone, and free in execution. Mr. Salter, too, has been successful in his effort from the same picture.

The copy from *Miss Gwatkin*, which we should choose, is that by Mr. Shepperson. From the miniature copies, we should select Miss M. A. Sharpe's.

From the *Sleeping Girl*, we should prefer the copies of Messrs. Green and Faulkner, and the miniature by Miss M. A. Sharpe.

From among the copies of the *Mother and Child*, we should select those by Messrs. Say and Wright, and from the miniatures, that by Miss Sharpe.

Mr. Porter's copy of the *Snake in the Grass*, Mrs. Beaumont's copy in oil from the same, and Miss L. Sharpe's miniature, we hold in preference; though many of the copies of this and the other pictures are highly creditable to the talents of their respective imitators; and we shall add a few more names to those who appear to have been thus successful, in our next, meaning to visit this interesting exhibition of promising talent, on the day this little analysis will be in the press.

Miss Portis, and Messrs. Faulkner and Ross, have made some clever studies from Rubens's *Juno and Argus*, as have Major Downes and Mr. Clint from a small Poussin. Miss Gouldsmith, whose original talent for landscape is not unknown to the world of taste, has made a pleasing study from

Claude. Indeed, the ladies generally have exhibited both taste and talent in their various studies, as their miniatures do plainly testify.

* The Royal Academy has of late added a School of Painting for the students, which we shall notice in a future number.

OLD ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS BURIED THEREIN.

OLD STONE the sculptor.—There was a marble monument at the west end of this church, near the door, to the lasting memory of Nicholas Stone, Esq. Master-mason to his Majesty.

"In his life-time esteem'd for his knowledge in sculpture and architecture, which his works in many parts do testify; and though made for others, will prove a Monument of his Fame. He departed this Life on the 24. August. 1647. aged 61. and lyeth buried near the pulpit in this Church."

This monument was adorned with his *best* finely carved in profile, with several tools used in sculpture, a square, compasses, &c. His son, also a sculptor, was buried in the same grave the succeeding month, September 17, and his wife the following November, the 19th, 1647.

This old English sculptor was born at Woodbury near Exeter, in 1586, and coming to London, lived for some time with Isaac James. He then went to Holland, and married the daughter of Peter de Keyser, for whom he worked at his profession as a carver in stone. He returned to England, and was engaged in the building of the Banqueting House, Whitehall. We may presume the sculptured scrolls, and other ornaments in stone, were his work. In the reign of King Charles I. he obtained the patent appointment of Master Mason and Architect of the King's Works at Windsor Castle, &c.; for which, saith the document, "*we do give him the wages and fee of twelve pence by the day.*"

Mr. Walpole relates the following interesting sketch of this ingenious family, which, as it relates to the state of the arts in the time of Charles, the patron of men of genius, we shall copy at length.

"Stone had three sons, Henry, Nicholas, and John. The two eldest were sent to Italy to study; the youngest was educated at Oxford, being designed for a clergyman; but in the civil war he entered into the army on the king's side. During

lived some years, and I conclude, applied to the arts, as we shall find him, after his engaged in his father's business.

Nicholas, the second son, was of a promising and while abroad, modelled after the ancients, that his works have been mistaken for the best Italian masters. Mr. Bird, the statue of the Laocoon, and Bernini's Apollo, and a Terra-cotta, by this Nicholas Stone; and Vertue saw a book with many of his drawings of palaces, churches, and other buildings in Italy. He returned to England in 1642, and died the next year as his father.

John, the eldest son, who erected the monument, his father, mother, and brother, carried on in conjunction with John, the business of statuary after his father's death; though Henry added chiefly to painting, and was an expert imitator of Vandyck and the Italian masters. He was generally known by the name of *Old Stone*, in order to distinguish him from his brother

who wrote a book,—a thin folio, entitled, *Part of the Art of Painting*, taken mostly from the ancients. Vertue, who saw this book, is uncertain whether the two former parts were by Stone, or by some other author.

Stone, the painter, continued to reside in the same premises, which had been his father's; a house, garden, and work-yard, situate in

whether 'twas
But thy too early
There was not
Nor could thy
If not preserve
Thy name's a
The Parian marble

“ ‘ John Stone, 1
erected this monument.

“ The last work of
artists was laid in to
tuate their memory
the monumental in
the times,

“ ‘ June, 1699.—For

Th
In memory of whom it
repaired this monument.

In this memorable
Paul Vansomer, a painter
works were scarcely
a townsman of that
Antwerp, and came
1606, about twenty
He practised in England
ing which period he
his queen, and married
distinguished person
with extensive patronage

This able success
the age of forty-five,

which, to the eternal disgrace of Oliver Cromwell and the Parliament, were sold to foreigners, by commissioners appointed to that unpatriotic service, and the choicest works of Raffaele, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and other great masters, went abroad to enrich the cabinets of the enemies of their country.

This ingenious foreigner was much attached to his royal patron; and being an excellent musician, composed the music to the masques written by Ben Jonson, and performed before the king and queen, in the house of Lord Hay, in 1617; for which masque he also painted the scenes.

He was employed many years after, says Walpole, in a very different and more melancholy manner,—in a vocal composition for a funeral hymn on his royal master, written by Thomas Pierce.

Like most men of former times, who professed the arts, old Nicholas had a turn for humour, he having inscribed on one of his etchings, in his own language, “*Done in my youthful age of seventy-four.*” He died at the age of 78, and was buried at St. Martin’s in the Fields, November 4, 1646.

Laniere published a drawing-book, all the subjects of which were engraved by himself. Sander-son says of Master Laniere, that he was the first who passed off copies of pictures by the great masters, for originals, by tempering his colours with soot, and then by rolling them up, he made them crackle, and contract an air of antiquity.

Another artist who practised here a short time before the death of Vandyck, whose style of painting he imitated with felicity, evinced great devotion to the manes of the unfortunate king of England. This was Weesop, who left England in the year 1649, declaring “*he would never stay in a country where they cut off their king’s head, and were not ashamed of the action.*” John Weesop, supposed to be his son, was buried in St. Martin’s, in 1652.

William, the son of Adrian Hanneman, an esteemed portrait painter in the reign of King Charles I. was buried in this church in 1641.

Another ancient artist, Nicholas Lyzard, who had been in the service of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and who was serjeant-painter to Queen Elizabeth. He had a pension for life of ten pounds a year, the same as had been granted to his predecessors, John Brown and Andrew Wright. Lyzard was an historical painter, and presented his royal mistress, according to the custom of the times, with a new year’s gift, of a *table*, (picture,) painted with the history of Ahasuerus, for which her Majesty

gave him *one guilt creuse and cover*. He died in her Majesty’s service, anno. 1570.

In the register of St. Martin’s is this entry, “*April 5, buried Nicholas Lyzard, serjeant-painter unto the Queen’s Majestie.*”

The last on the present list of artists, whose venerable bones were laid in this consecrated repository of old English worthies, is Nicholas Hilliard, limner, jeweller and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards to King James I. He was perhaps the best miniature painter that had appeared, though greatly inferior to his pupil, Isaac Oliver, and his successors, Samuel Cooper and others, whose works are found in the cabinets of our collectors.

“The want of an able instructor,” he says, “directed me to the study of Holbein, whose manner of limning I have ever imitated and hold him the best.”

Hilliard was one of the sons of the high sheriff of Devonshire, and apprenticed to a goldsmith and jeweller. “His portrait,” says Mr. Walpole, “*done by himself at the age of thirteen*, was in the cabinet of the Earl of Oxford.” He was still young when he drew Mary Queen of Scots. Queen Elizabeth frequently sat to him. Was it not when sitting to this artist she desired to have her countenance represented without dark shadows, observing, “there are no shadows in the human face?”

Hilliard resided in the parish of St. Martin, and there he died, January 7, 1619, and was buried in the old church.

To these is added another memorable in his way, whose monument in this church was a record of one who had seen of the world much more than his neighbours.

“To the memory of that renowned traveller, Mr. Edward Fane, son of Sir Francis Fane.

“Who journeyed five times into Spain, four times into Italy, thrice into France, twice into Turkey, where at Aleppo he resided six years. He visited Jerusalem and the Holy Land, Tripoly, Zidon, Acres, Joppa, Nazareth, Galilee, the river Jordan, the Dead Sea, Bethlem, and other places. He served a volunteer in the three days against the Dutch fleet, Anno. 1666; and now, after many dangers past, both by Sea and Land, at the foot of this Pillar, lays down his Pilgrim’s-staff, in hope of a Heavenly Jerusalem, in the 37. year of his age, 15. December, 1679.”

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. II.

THE CIBBER FAMILY.—Colley Cibber, enthroned by the great satirist, Mr. Pope, in that

mock regal chair, which had been filled by the poet Theobald, may be said to have had Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. For Caius Gabriel Cibber, a native of Holstein, and a sculptor, flourished in England before the Restoration, and here he died.

Old Caius Gabriel married an English lady, of an ancient and respectable family, the Colleys of Rutlandshire. Hence, on the maternal side, Colley Cibber was great grandson of Sir Antony Colley, who sunk an estate from £3000 per annum to an exact tithe of that sum, in his loyalty to King Charles the First. But the Colleys were high sheriffs and members of Parliament from the time of King Charles's *great grandfather*, in the maternal line,—even in the days of our seventh Henry.

Old Gabriel Cibber resided in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, and there his son Colley was born. This parish from age to age, has continued to be identified with artists, wits and players.

Old Caius Gabriel has left a name. His sculptured figures of the melancholic and raving maniac, so long conspicuous on Bedlam Gates, are records of his skill in art—which sculptured figures Mister Alexander Pope was pleased to designate, 'Master Colley's brazen brainless brothers.'

"Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monro would take her down,
Where o'er the gales, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."

POPE'S *Dunciad*.

He also sculptured the *basso-relievos*, on the base of that magnificent column, the London Monument, which the same satirical poet likeneth unto a *bully* and a *liar*.

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall Bully lifts its head and lies."

POPE'S *Sir Baalam*.

It is fitting these things be told, to show with what a grace your learned poets were wont to rail, at *men* and *things*, and call each other names.

Colley was designed by Old Caius Gabriel for the army—for physic, church, or law, and what else beside, we are not told. The fates did will it otherwise, and so it was decreed, that he should strut his hour upon the stage, and be a poet, and wear the laureat's crown: that laurel wreath, time out of mind, that hath gained its wearer many a bitter foe, and never a friend. "He that obtains the

butt of sack, is an arrant fool, that does not drink it up himself," said Quin.

Never was mortal, who did no one harm, so cruelly rated, or so wantonly abused, as poor Colley Cibber. "*The butt of dunces, and the butt of wits.*" No dunce himself, forsooth, though pointed at as the King of Dunces, in that roguish work, the *Dunciad*. Full thirty years was he baited by Pope, but every one had a fling at him. It was happy for Colley, however, that he was invulnerable. Scarcely a month elapsed but out came a lampoon upon the laureat, all of which he carefully collected, and frequently read for the amusement of his compeers, at Button's, Jack's or Tom's, at the Devil and the Rainbow, and other taverns, the daily or the nightly resort of physicians, quacks, poets, critics, artists, priests and players. Thus the skilful Cibber, like an eastern juggler, regardless of their stings, played with the serpent wits.

How different with David Garrick. A giant in his art, a pigmy in his fears. "You players are thin-skinned gentry," said Beau Nash to this incomparable actor. "Perhaps so," replied Garrick, "for the very private virtues of he or she, who walks the stage, such is Christian charity, are all ascribed to *acting*."

These two worthies claim the respect of posterity. Cibber reformed the *drama*, and Garrick reformed the *stage*. Indeed, Cibber's green room could boast actors, gentlemen of private worth; and actresses, ladies whose manners and whose conduct gained them the esteem of the noblest of their sex.

Betterton, the far-famed hero of the ancient school, was more fortunate than any another genius of the histrionic art. Malice tipp'd no poisoned shafts for him, he went through life exempt from that snarling censure, which so commonly is found lurking at the heels of merit. Hence the wits dubbed him "*Infalible Tom*:" which designation was the theme of a ballad sung about the streets, in merry King Charles's days.

Mr. Pope was a great admirer of Betterton, and painted his portrait, which is reported to be in the collection of the Earl of Mansfield.

Garrick, doubtless, was sensible to the slightest scratch of the satiric rod. But as honest Tom Davies said of his friend and patron, Davy: "If his sensibility was really a fault, it was of the amiable kind."

Poor Colley was unfortunate with his family. Theophilus, his son, a player and a poet, was radi-

cally bad. He was unprincipled as a manager, a fomentor of schisms as an orator, and a notorious impostor. He married the beautiful, the accomplished, the innocent sister of Augustus Arne, the composer, and *used her like a Turk*. This lady whilst Miss Arne, was held to be one of the sweetest singers that had been heard—she became the finest tragic actress of her time: superior, as it was said, to the celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, so highly reputed on the continent.

This unhappy alliance was fraught with evil. The abandoned Theophilus sedulously sought to destroy the virtue of his wife, and ministered to his own dishonour. He involved a gentleman into an illicit interview with Mrs. Cibber, and brought an action to recover pecuniary compensation for the pretended injury, laying the damages at five thousand pounds. The jury, satisfied on the clearest evidence of the monstrous iniquity of the plaintiff, awarded him ten pounds costs. The unhappy victim of his vice, separated herself from her husband, and he being engaged to perform at Dublin, was shipwrecked on his passage, and drowned, in 1757, the same winter that his father died.

Goldsmith and others, who knew the miscreant, observed, that he fortunately escaped hanging; by being drowned, for he was the epitome of imposition from his birth. Astrology, which lets its votaries into strange secrets, whispered that the villainy of his life was the consequence of his being born on the 26th November, 1703, the day of the memorable storm!

Theophilus Cibber was a writer for the stage, and strange as it may appear, wrote the *Lover*, which play he dedicated to his wife! Among other subjects, he produced a dramatic piece, built upon Hogarth's celebrated series of pictures, entitled the *Harlot's Progress*. Those who had tolerated the *Beggars' Opera*, a drama of bad taste, from the pen of a good man, would not, however, endure the indecent composition of a presuming reprobate. The *Harlot's Progress* was deservedly hissed off the stage.

Cibber had a sister. It is not known what planet presided at her birth, though she was the counter-part of her brother Theophilus. She went by the name of Mrs. Charke, and was celebrated for many eccentricities. Her feats were extraordinary, and her occupations multifarious. She was a match for the best with a fencing foil, was a good shot; she would ride a race against a jockey, and curry a horse with any groom. She was a fiddler,

an actress, a shopkeeper, a sausage-seller, a valet de chambre, alehouse-keeper, and the manager of a puppet-show. Now in affluence, next in indigence, and then set up again, says my authority, by a subscription raised by harlots. Thus she lived upon her wits and stratagems; dying impenitent, as it is feared, despised, and soon forgot. Mrs. Charke wrote three pieces for the stage. *The Carnival*, *The Art of Management*, and *Tit for Tat*.

Mrs. Cibber, the wife of the laureat, appears to have been a respectable lady; she was the daughter of Mathias Shore, the King's serjeant trumpeter, and a fine singer, being a pupil of Henry Purcell, the British Orpheus. It was the sweetness of her voice, and her graceful accompaniments on the harpsichord, that won the heart of the player.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA.—The production of this witty opera, in which almost every song is an epigram, is neither creditable to the morality nor the principles of Mr. Gay. It was written in spleen, and abetted by disloyalty. The poet Gay was a disappointed courtier.

In every age, the mass of the people have enjoyed the squibs which wits let off against their rulers; for the pride of the human heart is ever impatient of rule. The success of the *Beggars' Opera* mainly depended on two points,—the hatred of one party against the Italian Opera, and the hatred of another party against the court. The ridicule of sing-song, united with operatical acting, was complete. The satire against the court was too bitter—too witty—not to be felt. It was received with applause.

Pope, it is said, had a hand in many of the songs,—particularly in the satirical parts which lashed the court. This great poet was a Jacobite.

The introductory song of Peachum, which is too coarse for representation, beginning,

“Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,”

had a much weaker termination as Gay left it, until touched up by the pen of Pope. The two last lines running thus:

“And there's many arrive to be great,
By a trade not more honest than mine.”

This was not bitter enough for the bard of Twickenham; so he took the pen, and dipping it in his blacker ink, wrote,

“And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.”

The finishing satire in the song, after Macheath is taken, was wholly an addition of Mr. Pope's:—

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn trees!

But gold from law can take out the sting;
And if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn trees!"

The common adage of, "*Too much of a good thing*," was verified in the *Sequel* to the Beggars' Opera, which Gay wrote, encouraged by his friend Pope. Indeed, it is said by a contemporary of these great wits, "that we are fully persuaded POLLY," for that was the title of this new opera, "has as many lines of Mr. Pope's as of Mr. Gay's."

This piece, still more daring in its philippics upon the court, the two wits had prepared for the coming season; but they had, to quote another homely saying, "reckoned without their host." It was doubtless a notable joke, but the Lord Chamberlain was not disposed to laugh; so he prohibited its appearance on the stage.

As this opera, which was put in print, is not to be met with on every table, and as it happens to be open upon our desk—the quarto edition of 1729—I shall offer a few specimens of the songs. Note,—the airs, like those of the Beggars' Opera, were selections principally from old native Scotch, Irish, or English ballads.

AIR I.—*The Disappointed Widow.*

"The manners of the great affect;
Stint not your pleasure:
If conscience had their genius checkt,
How got they treasure?"

The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone;
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do in London."

The scene of this Opera, it should be observed, is laid in the West Indies.

AIR IV.—*Succeheart, think upon me.*

"My conscience is of courtly mould,
Fit for highest station;
Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,
Proof against temptation?"

Trapes says, "And what of that? Can I in conscience expect to be equally rich with those who betray and ruin provinces and countries? In

troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation," &c. and then sings,

"In pimps and politicians
The genius is the same;
Both raise their own conditions
On others' guilt and shame:

With a tongue well tipt with lies,
Each the want of parts supplies,
And with a heart that's all disguise,
Keeps his schemes unknown.

Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempter's part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most mischief in their heart.

Each a secret commerce drives,
First corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbour's vices thrives
For they are all his own."

The following is no less funny than true, with allowance:—

AIR XII.—*Cheshire Rounds.*

"When kings by their buffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.

Thus with man and wife,
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing."

AIR XXVI.—*Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods.*

"I hate those coward tribes,
Who by mean sneaking bribes,
By tricks and disguise,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur rise.

Like heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The sword your cause supports;
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the spawn
Who practise the frauds of courts."

MR. NICHOLSON'S PROCESS FOR PAINTING
IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Continued from p. 41.)

THE commencement of this article being abruptly curtailed in the last number, we beg to renew it with no farther preface, than to recommend the

following passages from the work, to the particular attention of the amateur, as the author is entirely master of the subject of which he treats, reserving to ourselves the privilege of offering a few observations.

To comprehend the true import of the technical terms of art, is often found so perplexing a task, that treatises on science are not unfrequently thrown aside by the student, in disgust, even at the first onset. It is, therefore, incumbent on the writer of a preceptive work, to explain their meaning with the utmost clearness. This Mr. Nicholson has kept in view throughout his book of instruction, which conveys much scientific information, in language sufficiently plain to meet the comprehension of even beginners in the practice, without the aid of a teacher. For instance, the term *keeping*, he thus explains:—

“By *KEEPING*, is meant the due proportion of light, shadow, and colour over the whole picture. If any object in it, by having too great, or not sufficient strength, appears to come forward, or to recede too much, it is said to be ‘out of keeping.’”

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE, “is the art of giving due diminution of light, shadow, and colour of objects, according to their distance, and the medium through which they are seen: the gradation throughout the picture being taken from the highest lights, in regard to strength and colour. The principal lights may be of any degree of brightness, but the gradation must be according to the scale chosen, as the musician may choose his key, but having done so, he must keep to that and its relatives. Thus the picture is said to be wrought from a high, or a low tone, according to that of the principal lights; if those are low, the rest of the picture must have its depth of shadow and colour regulated accordingly.”

This quality, so well defined by Mr. Nicholson, is much more easily produced in water-colour painting, than in oil-painting, the aerial perspective being often created on paper by the judicious application of a flat camel-hair tool, dipped in water, and passed over the sky and the distant scenery, which at once subdues the abrupt edges of mountains, &c. and blends the offskip to the extent of the horizon into the sky. In oil-painting, to imitate these atmospheric effects with equal success, is often the result of many hours’ labour, with those who are masters of the material, even with the most able professors.

We shall proceed with Mr. Nicholson’s elucidation

of these characteristic terms of his art, and follow with his instructive observations on their application.

CHIARO SCURO, “is an Italian compound, simply signifying light and shade, but is used in a more extended sense to denote the artificial distribution of light and dark in a picture, so as to produce the best effect of the whole together, whether the light be incidental, and such as the objects naturally receive, or caused by local colours that are bright and luminous in themselves, in opposition to the browns, and other dark colours, whether local or representing shadow; the opposition being not only of light and shadow, but also that of light-coloured objects contrasted with dark ones, by an arrangement of such local colours as will extend the breadth of light, or keep down those parts of the picture that require to be obscured.

“The works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, with those of many other Flemish and English artists, abound in excellent examples of *chiaro-scuro*, which are preserved in the prints from them. This is not the case with regard to many of those from the old masters: the early engravers having given the light and dark of nearly the same tone, whatever the local colour of the object may be. The modern engravers have greatly improved this part of their art, by expressing in their prints the relative strength of the light and shadow, according to the brightness or obscurity of the local tints, so as to produce the general tone of the picture.

“It may be proper to remark, that very little of the principle of the *chiaro-scuro* can be found in any work of art produced before the time when Giorgione, Titian, and Corregio flourished. From the Venetian it was derived to the Flemish school, by Rubens, Vandyck, &c.: and in this country, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Barrett, and Gainsborough, with many others, have, like the Flemings, carried the principle and practice to a greater degree of perfection than was ever attained by the Venetian painters. It is therefore needless to seek abroad, or in the works of the old masters, for information in *chiaro-scuro*, which may be better obtained from the moderns, and at home.”

ACCIDENTS.—“An accident in painting is an obstruction of the light, by the interposition of clouds, &c. in such a manner that it strikes partially, and in sudden gleams, as it is frequently observed to do in nature; these must be accounted for in the management of the sky; and whether caused by

such clouds as are in the picture, or are supposed to be beyond its limits, the effect should appear probable.

"The works of Gaspar Poussin contain examples of great excellence in this part of the art: a comparison between the prints from his works, and those from Claude, which being without colour, will shew the superiority of the former, to the tame and almost insipid gradation of the latter, who, depending upon colouring, in which he greatly excelled, never ventured to introduce, and probably did not feel, those almost electrical effects caused by the skilful management of sudden bursts of light, as treated by Gaspar Poussin, Rembrandt, Rubens, Wilson, and other great masters."

To these critical observations of Mr. Nicholson's, we may add, that the humid atmosphere of England causes an endless variety of effects on scenes even of little extent; such, indeed, as rarely occur in Italy, and other regions of a drier temperature and purer air. The Poussins, Salvator, and others, who studied in Italy, have generally been indebted to stormy skies for their incidental lights; whilst here, objects are thrown into obscurity by mists and vapours; and the bursts of sunshine that occur, as these are partially dispersed, afford that display of mysterious light, shadow, and vapour, which the English artists imitate with so much felicity. It is to the observance of these effects, and the ready means afforded by the improvements in the use of water-colours, to embody them, that we owe certain landscapes,—compositions of the English school, which combine more poetic sentiment, and picturesque expression, than are to be found in the works of the ancient masters.

MURDER OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN THE TOWER.

[From Rastell's Chronicle.]

"But of the maner of the dethe of this yonge kynge and of his brother, there were dyvers opynions. But the most comyn opynion was that they were smoldery'd betwene two fetherbeddes, and that in the doyng the yonger brother escaped from under the fetherbeddes, and crept under the bedstede; and there lay naked awhyle, tyll that they had smouldery'd the yong kynge, so that he was surely dede. And afteryt, one of them toke his brother from under the bedstede and hylde his face

downe to the grounde with his one hande, and with the other hande cut his throte holle a sonder with a dagger. It is a mervayle that any man coude have so harde a harte to do so cruell a dede; save onely, that necessity compelled them; for they were so charged by the duke the protectour, that if they shewed not to hym the bodyes of bothe those chylderne dede on the morowe after they were so comaunded; that than they themselfe shulde be put to dethe. Wherefore they that were comaunded to do it were compelled to fullfyll the protectour's wyll. And after that the bodyes of these ii chylderne as the opynion ranne, were bothe closed in a great hevy cheste, and by the meanes of one that was secrete with the protectour; they were put in a shyppe goynge to Flaunders; and whan the shyppe was in the black depes this man threwe both those dede bodyes so closed in the cheste over the hatch-es into the see, and yet none of the maryners nor none in the shyppe, save onely the sayd man, wylt what thyng it was that was there so inclosed; which sayenge dyvers men conjectured to be trewe, because that the bones of the sayd chylderne coude never be founde buryed nother in the Towre nor in no other place."

"Another opynion there is that they whiche had the charge to put them to dethe caused one to cry so sodaynly treason, treason, wherewith the chylderne beyngs aferde desyred to knowe what was best for them to do. And than they bad them hyde themselfe in a great cheste that no man shulde fynde them, and if any body came into the chambre, they wolde say they were not there, and accordynge as they counselly'd them, they crepte bothe into the cheste, which anon after they locked. And than they buryed that cheste in a great pytte under a steyce, which cheste was after cast into the blacke depes, as is before saydt"

DIRECTIONS FOR MOUNTING DRAWINGS.

[From Mr. Nicholson's Treatise.]

To prepare the mount, provide a strong and smooth board of sufficient dimensions, then take three sheets of drawing paper, a little larger than the intended mount; and wet them by a sponge on both sides; if they are rolled up in that state, and remain so a few minutes, the moisture will be imbibed more equally. Then take one of the sheets, lay it on the board flat, turn up the edge of each

the breadth of an inch, paste over this
it down again, pressing it closely to

t sheet should be less than the first, by
an-inch on each side, and being laid in
on the first (which is fast to the board
edges) turn up one half of it, cover it
equally spread, and lay it down gra-
as to drive the air before it without leav-
s, which it would be difficult to get rid
raising the sheet again; the other half
t is then to be raised, pasted over, and
n the like manner. The paper is to be
alves, after being laid in its place, with
an equal distance from those of the first
use it would be difficult to lay it so, if
over at once, or to shift it, when not in
place. The third sheet may be made a
an the second, and being laid in its
ld be turned up and pasted like the other.
why the upper papers are directed to
the first is, that the first, being but of
ss, may become dry and firmly fixed to
efore the contraction of the whole can
otherwise they will fly off or break at

best not to draw the papers too tight,
o allow as much liberty as may be con-
the mount will contract strongly in dry-
sheets are stretched to their full extent,
may break, or the board may warp in
hich it should be allowed to do slowly,
exposure to the sun or fire.

ry, the drawing being cut to its size,
iced with its face downward on a sheet
per; on which being held firmly by one
back is to be covered with the paste,
oiding any movement of the drawing,
of it should be smeared; this should
equally, and as the drawing should not
the mount, until the paste has softened
t may be worked across in different di-
spread it and keep it equally moist: in
e minutes according to the strength and
f the drawing paper, it may be laid with
side to the mount; a clean sheet of pa-
e laid over it, which will prevent it from
ed by the rubbing necessary to fix it. If
up the paper from the face of the draw-
bubbles appear, the end nearest to them
sed up, to allow them to escape, as they
ily be got out by any other means. If

a couple of straight pieces of wood be provided
somewhat longer than the breadth of the drawing
and covered with baize or flannel, by holding down
with one of these, and passing over the paper on
the face of the drawing, the air will be driven out
before it better than it can be done with the hand.

Care should be taken that the edges lay close,
which they will not do readily if the drawing be
done on strong paper, or be put on the mount be-
fore it is softened sufficiently by the paste.

The whole should remain a few days in this
state, or as long as may be convenient: when quite
dry, it may be taken from the board, by cutting it
round just within the pasted edges of the first sheet,
when the whole will come from the board. It will
still contract a little when at liberty, however dry
it may seem to be, and will warp unless kept in a
portfolio for some time after, or placed under some
flat surface that will press upon the whole; then
the further contraction that may take place will be
equal, and it will continue flat.

CLEOBULUS' RIDDLE OF THE YEAR.—There is
a father that hath twice six sons, and they have
thirty daughters a-piece,—party-coloured,—having
one cheek white, and the other black; and they
never see one another's face, nor live above twenty-
four hours.

Two young men carried eggs; and as they trav-
elled by the way, at last the one said to the other,
“If thou give me one of thy eggs, I shall have as
many as thou;” to whom the other replied, “But
if thou give me one of thine, I shall have twice as
many as thou.” Now I would ask, How many
did each of these carry?

OF THE FOLLY AND JESTES OF SCHOLARS.—
One meeting a physician, prayed him he would
not be angry because he was not yet sick.

Another foolish scholar, hearing a crow would
live an hundred years, went and bought one, to
try the conclusion.

Another wanting money, sold his books, and
then wrote to his father to be of good cheer, for
that now he lived by his learning.

A CARDINAL, on a time, for his exceeding
pomp and pride, was rebuked by the French king,
and told, it was not their manner of old to be so.
“So,” quoth the Cardinal, “in times past, kings
were shepherds and keepers of cattle.”

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By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. I.

TURNER AND GIRTIN.—The efforts which had been made in the water-colour department of landscape and topographical painting, before the appearance of William Mallard Turner and Thomas Girtin, amounted to little more than to produce correct views of abbeys, castles, ancient towns, and noblemen's seats. These subjects, however, were handled with no mean skill by Paul Sandby, whose memory is regarded with veneration by the present school, who have raised so fine a superstructure upon the foundation which he laid.

Michael Angelo Rooker must also be named with respect, as having contributed to the improvement of this art. He had an excellent eye for the picturesque. Many of his representations of ancient remains are drawn with that truth and characteristic detail, which, whatever might be wanting to complete his works, touching their general effect, are yet sufficiently interesting to hold a due rank in the portfolio of the connoisseur. The views of the colleges on the Oxford Almanac, which were drawn and engraved by this artist, alone would remain sufficient testimony of his abilities. He was the son of Edward Rooker, also an artist in the same walk, who placed Michael Angelo under the tuition of Paul Sandby.

Thomas Hearne, another ingenious artist, whose talent in the topographical department fairly includes him amongst the founders of our school of water-colour painting, was much admired in his day; and we still recur to his beautiful and chaste drawings with delight. Nothing can be more faithful to their prototypes than some of the abbey-gates and castellated towers—existing remains of ancient architecture—which he made the subjects for his pencil. The mouldering walls; the remnants of carved porches; the elegant windows, with their mutilated columns, are represented in his small drawings, with a pictorial charm, that, we believe, has contributed greatly to that rage for topographical collecting, which has of late so much enriched the cabinets of our nobility and gentry, and others who have acquired a taste for such elegant pursuits.

John Cozens, of respected memory, is another

who helped to found a British school for this modern art. His drawings, however, have a different, and perhaps more original—at least a more poetic character—than any of the works of the preceding worthies. His compositions embraced the vastness of nature, in her grand combinations of mountains, woods, and lakes, and struck out a style of effect that has been said to be the precursor to the ultimate superiority of water-colour painting, which was reserved for Turner and Girtin to attain.

It should be observed, that this is rather said in justice to the talent of Cozens, than to lessen the merits of these two superior artists, to whose works Cozens's, as regards the term *paintings*, bear no comparison,—his being at most little more than merely tinted chiaro-scuro, similar to mezzo-tinto prints thinly washed with colours.

Thus we have briefly named those few ingenious men, whose efforts, from about the middle of the last century at farthest, have produced works in water-colours, worthy the name of art. All that had been done in this material by Pillement, Chatelain, and others, in the early part of the century, being principally pasticos, or compositions from Italian, Flemish, and Dutch prints, hatched in black chalk, and tinted; or drawings with penned outlines, shadowed with Indian ink, and washed with thin colour. We shall, however, reserve a more particular notice of these humble labourers in the uncultured era of taste, to a future number of these essays, and offer our observations on the respective merits of Turner and Girtin.

Among the worst reflections that can be cast upon a civilized age, is that of its having neglected to pay due regard to the talents of contemporaneous genius. The approaches to excellence in any art, are generally too slow and steadily progressive, to excite much admiration in him who takes an unusual stride. Indeed, the pursuits of genius are little regarded by the great mass of society: hence it remains for the enlightened few, the wealthy, and the learned, to seek for merit, and to reward it when it is found.

Happily this reproach cannot be fixed upon the generation that witnessed the progress of these two artists, whose pursuits, whilst youths, were so congenial as to the end, yet so dissimilar in practice. They each struck out a new path, leading to the same goal.

Turner was well grounded in perspective, under Malton. Girtin became an adept in the same science, under the tuition of Dayes. Each left his preceptor in art an immeasurable distance behind.

Dr. Munro, long known as an amateur artist, and great collector of drawings, was in no small degree instrumental to the advancement of these youths, particularly to Turner. The Doctor's collection, which contained some of the choicest works of Cozens and Hearne, was open to them; and they, with a laudable spirit of competition, and an ardent love of their profession, availed themselves of the advantage. Many copies made by Messrs. Girtin and Turner, under the roof of Dr. Munro, whilst considerably under age, were so admirable for freedom and correctness, that they were not unfrequently preferred to the originals from which they had been taken.

Thus, having acquired a knowledge of the executive department of drawing, our youthful artists, like Claude, the Poussins, and the illustrious landscape painters of old, sought nature in those recesses where she loves to hold communion with her votaries, whether painter or poet, and copied her in her native beauty.

It should be observed, that the term, studying from *nature*, in the sense with which it is applied to this art, implies the drawing or painting of animate and inanimate objects, whether natural or artificial, from the objects themselves, in contradistinction to copying them from the works of other artists, from memory, or from description. And herein consists the main difference between painting and poetry. To paint from nature, the artist must not only have an accurate knowledge of the form, but some acquaintance with the structure of the object represented. Not so with the poet. To describe a storm at sea, the poet carries the imagination of his reader up mighty waves in his labouring bark, and hurries it down again into a fearful abyss of waters: yet, however finely he paints his description, he may not have seen a ship, or have been within sight of rocks or waves.

The painter, however, must not only have witnessed the ocean in its rage, and the vessel borne upon its foaming surface, but have studied the colour, form, and texture of the liquid element, and know the structure of the mighty piece of moving architecture that awfully rolls along.

Turner's commencement from nature, was the depicting scenes whose principal features were

remains of ancient architecture. We remember his earliest topographical drawings: these had all the correctness of Hearne, with an endeavour to superadd that which his prototype did not attempt,—the representation of local colour. His first efforts, though somewhat crude, gave presage of his superior feeling; for every stone, and brick, and tile on his buildings were varied in their respective tints. He had already, to use the phrase of a departed artist, learned to read nature.

Girtin was proceeding with the same observant eye to nature, and equally attentive to that captivating quality, local colour. These two aspiring geniuses, emulous without envy, were developing new properties in the material with which they wrought their elegant imitations of nature, and raising the practice of water colours, which had hitherto procured no higher title for the best works of its professors, than tinted drawings, to the rank and character of paintings in water colours. Thus these two distinguished artists, improving rapidly, as by inspiration, whilst young men, achieved the honour of founding that English school, as it now stands recorded, the admiration of all nations.

It might be supposed that similarity of study, at their commencement, and the apparent affinity of feeling for their art, would have led these young painters to practice in a similar style. On the contrary, such is original talent, nothing can be less like than the drawings of Turner and Girtin. We do not court comparisons, but their works are frequently as remote, in general character, as Salvator Rosa, and Claude de Lorraine.

But here we must again compare the pursuits of our artists, and that with painful recollections of Thomas Girtin. His contemporary, Turner, continued to pursue his art with that philosophic spirit, which becomes the great and good, whilst his ingenious friend sunk into habits, which genius only renders more pitiable, and by self-indulgence, lost his energies in the ratio of his declining health. He died, alas! at that early age, which had only afforded him the power of showing, that had he lived, and been discreet, we might have boasted, instead of one incomparable genius in this walk, the two greatest landscape painters in the world.

Girtin made his drawings, with but few exceptions, on cartridge paper. He chose this material, as his aim was to procure a bold and striking chiaro-scuro, with splendour of colour, and without attention to detail. Some of his happiest productions display these qualities, united with magnifi-

cent effect. Certain of his topographical views, are treated with an originality of feeling that cannot fail to captivate the artist and the connoisseur. Many of his works, however, betray a carelessness of execution, and an inattention to proportions and to form, which requires something of prejudice in favour of originality, to tolerate or endure.

His mountainous scenery was oftentimes treated with grandeur of effect, obviously assuring us that he had been an attentive observer of those sublime appearances, created by storms and vapours, which occur in those elevated regions. He was one of those daring imitators of nature, who ventured to represent a mass of mountains, dark, and darker still as they receded into the distance, a figure of painting which none but the most poetic mind would presume to introduce in a composition. The flatness and freshness with which he described the vallies, extending to the basis of their surrounding heights, he imitated with a felicity that perhaps has never been exceeded. The distant herds, too, which he introduced grazing on these plains, were so near to what we have seen, when a gleam of light has penetrated a parting cloud, so many gems, glittering on the verdant meads.

This artist prepared his drawings on the same principle which had hitherto been confined to painting in oil, namely, laying in the object upon his paper, with the local colour, and shadowing the same with the individual tint of its own shadow. Previous to the practice of Turner and Girtin, drawings were shadowed first entirely through, whatever their component parts—houses, castles, trees, mountains, fore-grounds, middle-grounds, and distances, all with black or grey, and these objects were afterwards stained, or tinted, enriched and finished, as is now the custom to colour prints. It was this new practice, introduced by these distinguished artists, that acquired for designs in water-colours upon paper, the title of paintings: a designation which many works of the existing school decidedly merit, as we lately beheld in the Exhibition of the Painters in Water Colours, where pictures of this class were displayed in gorgeous frames, bearing out in effect against the mass of glittering gold, as powerfully as pictures in oil.

We beg, however, in saying thus much to the credit of this new art, to observe, that we confine ourselves to the landscape and topographical department; for there are subjects for imitation, in the vast scope of painting, which to represent with due force, and that local truth which they demand,

extends far beyond that scale, which water-colours can ever be expected to reach. The splendour and depth of Reynolds, could only be obtained by the materials with which he wrought.

Girtin's admirers tolerated a defect in his drawings, which proves how much allowance the liberal connoisseur will make for the sake of genius. The paper which he most admired was only to be had of a stationer at Charing Cross; this was cartridge, with slight wire marks, and folded like foolscap or post. It commonly happened that the part which had been folded, when put on the stretching frame, would sink into spots in a line, entirely across the centre of the sky; so that where the crease had been, the colour was so many degrees of a darker blue than the general tone of the sky. This unsightly accident was not only overlooked, but in some instances really admired, inasmuch, that it was taken for a sign of originality, and in the transfer of his drawings from one collector to another, bore a premium, according to that indubitable mark.

We shall offer some observations on the method of study, and the process for colouring, as practised by these distinguished artists, in our next number.

THE MUSICIAN'S SCRAP BOOK.

PAINTERS WHO HAVE BEEN MUSICIANS.

FIRST on the list we shall place that renowned Italian, *Salvator Rosa*, whose daring genius seemed to outstrip nature, even in her wildest mood;—whose rocks and mountains, woods and raging torrents, proclaim him the Michael Angelo of landscape.

This great painter, it appears, was one of the best musical composers of the seventeenth century; for which information we are indebted to the research of Dr. Burney, who, whilst pursuing his enquiries at Rome, for his inestimable History of Music, discovered some manuscript music and poetry of *Salvator's* composing, and written in his own hand. Several airs and cantatas, set by *Carissimi*, *Cesti*, and *Pasqualini*, were composed for the poetry of this painter. But eight entire cantatas were written, set, and transcribed by himself. The book which contained these extra records of his genius, was purchased of his great-granddaughter, who inhabited the house in which her illustrious ancestor the painter lived and died.

"The music of these eight pieces of Salvator's," says this esteemed critic, "is not only admirable for a *Dilettante*, but in point of melody, superior to that of most of the masters of his time." He ascribes to Salvator the merit of that moving bass, which Corelli, after the death of the painter, introduced in his glorious works,—a style worthy the gigantic mind of this romantic artist. The following, from a cantata, is offered as a specimen of his poetry. After promising eternal constancy to his mistress, he says,

*"E se la natura avara,
Del suo mortal tesoro,
Da questa crin mai ti rubasse l'oro,
Povero, ma contento,
Le vedro bianco
E l'amero d'argento."*

Salvator, who was a cynic and a satirist, affected unaccountable contempt for the style of performing sacred music among his contemporaries. He thus ridicules the choristers:—

*"Who blushes not to hear a hireling band,
At times appointed to subdue the heart;
Profane the temple with sol-fa in hand,
When tears repentant from each eye should start?*

*What scandal 'tis within the sacred wall,
To hear them grunt the vespers, bark the mass;
The Gloria, credo, Paternoster bawl,
With the vile fury of a braying ass!*

*And still more scandalous, in such a place,
We see infatuate Christians list'ning round,
Instead of supplicating God for grace,
To tenor, base, and subtilties of sound.*

*And while such trivial talents are display'd,
In howls and squeaks, which wound the pious ear;
No sacred word is with the sound convey'd,
To purify the soul, or heart to cheer.*

*Like drunken Bacchanals they shameless roar,
Till with their noise and jargon all are weary;
And in the Sanctuary they God adore,
Sing to a vile Chaconne the Miserere."*

Martin Luther held the science in holy reverence. "Music," says this champion of reformation, "is one of the most beautiful and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy. By music, many tribulations and evil thoughts are driven away. It is one of the best arts; the notes give life to the text. It expelleth melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind. By means of music the heart is comforted, and settles again to peace. It is said by Virgil,

'Tu Calpeas inflare leves, ego dicere verbum.'

Sing thou the notes, and I will sing the words.

"Music is one-half of discipline, and a school-mistress that makes men more gentle and meek,—more modest, and more intelligent. Music is a gift of God, and nearly allied to theology. I would not for a great deal be destitute of the small skill in music which I have. I am glad," adds he, "that God has bereaved the country clowns of such a great gift and comfort, as that they neither hear nor regard music."

Nicholas Lanieri, noticed in our last number among the worthies interred in Old St. Martin's Church, was not only a painter and engraver, but a composer of music.

In the Music School at Oxford is a portrait of Lanieri, with a pallet and pencils in his hand. He painted for King Charles I. a composition of Mary, Christ, and Joseph.

He was employed by James I.; and it is recorded that the Duke of Buckingham once gave this painter 500*l.* in gold, because he could not get out of King James what Lanieri deserved. On another occasion, he presented him with 300*l.* in gold.

Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian sculptor, and the most celebrated chaser on record, if we are to believe his own account, was the finest player upon the flute of all his contemporaries, and doubtless would have challenged Orpheus himself to a trial of skill, had he met him at Florence with a flute in his hand.

Teniers, we may presume, was a musician, as he has painted himself playing in concert, upon a *bass viol*.

Gainsborough wanted only perseverance to become a musician, being allowed by his sober friends,—professors of music, to have an aptitude for all instruments; although his scientific friend, our favourite, Jackson of Exeter, wrote so freely upon what he was pleased to consider our painter's foible. The account is, however, so playful, that we shall transcribe it, moreover as it is from the pen of a renowned musician, who was himself an amateur of painting, and an exhibitor of a pleasing landscape composition in the Royal Academy Exhibition in Pall Mall, 1772. Mr. Jackson says,

"Gainsborough's profession was painting,—music was his amusement. Yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

"When I first knew him, he lived at Bath,

where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very instrument* which had given him so much pleasure; but seemed surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini.

"He had scarcely recovered this shock, (for it was a great one to him,) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba:—the violin was hung on the willows. Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased; and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths, 'from morn till dewy eve.' Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object,—Fischer's hautboy! The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a performer on the harp at Bath:—the performer was soon left harpless.

"In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes; he scorned to take the first step; the second was, of course, out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable."

OLD ENGLISH MUSIC.

THE earliest book of catches and canons, rounds and glees, that was printed in England, was published by William Barley, and sold at the *Spread Eagle*, at the north doore of St. Paule's, 1609, entitled, "*Pamelia Musicks Miscellanie; or, Mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays, Catches, &c.*" It is recorded as a curious coincidence, that the beautiful vane of gilt copper, in the form of an eagle, upon the lofty spire of old St. Paul's, was blown down in a storm, and falling upon this sign of the eagle, it beat it down.

The words to some of these madrigals and catches are of much older date than the music. We find in Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and even in authors before their time, scraps of ballads which they have quoted as old and popular ditties, of which we have now no other record. There is a homely simplicity in the following, which seems congenial to the habits of our forefathers:—

CATCH IN FIVE PARTS.

Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la—la, sol, fa, mi, re,
Hey down-a-down, a-down, sing you three, after me.
And follow me my lads, and we will merry be,
Fa, la, la—fa, la, la.

Well sung before, hold fast be-time,
Take heed you miss not, nor break your time:
For if thou miss the base a note,
There's ne'er a man can sing a jot.

A ROUND FOR FIVE VOICES.

White wine and sugar, is good drink for me,
For so said Parson PRATT,
But GOUGH said nay to that,
For he lov'd Malm-sey.

A ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

To Portsmouth, to Portsmouth,
It is a gallant town;
And there we'll have a quart of wine,
With a nutmeg, down diddle down.

The gallant ship the Mermaid,
The Lion hanging stout,
Did make us all to spend there,
Our sixteen pence all out.

SONG ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED AT AGINCOURT, Anno. 1415.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Owre Kyng went forth to Norman-dy,
With Grace and myxt of Chy-val-ry;
The God for hym wrouxt marv'-lus-ly,
Where-fore Eng-lande may call and cry,

Deo gratias!

He sette a sege, the sothe to say,
To Harfue toune, with royal array,
That toune he wan, and made a fry,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl many a day.

Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely,
In Agincourt felde faust manly,
Thorowe grace of God most mysty,
We had bothe felde, and victory.

Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre Kyng with all his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
He spared for drede of Leste, no most,
Till he come to Agincourt coste.

Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and earlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were ledde into Lundone,
With joye, and morth, and grete ransone.

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God be save owre kyng,
His peple, and all his well wyllinge;
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endyng,
That we with morth may safely synge,
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

AN ESSAY ON COMIC PAINTING.

BY THE FACETIOUS CAPT. GROSE.

VARIOUS have been the opinions respecting the cause of laughter; I mean that species arising from the contemplation of some ludicrous idea or object presented to the mental or corporeal eye. Mr. Hobbes attributed it to a supposed consciousness of superiority in the laughter to the subject laughed at. Hutcheson seems to think, that it is occasioned by a contrast or opposition of dignity and meanness; and Mr. Beattie says, "That quality in things, which makes them provoke that pleasing emotion of sentiment, whereof laughter is the external sign, is an uncommon mixture of relation and contrariety, exhibited or supposed to be united in the same assemblage. And again, (adds he,) if it be asked whether such a mixture will always provoke laughter; my answer is, it will always, or for the most part, excite the risible emotion, unless when the perception of it is attended with some emotion of greater authority."

This system clearly points out a very simple though general rule, applicable to all compositions of the ludicrous kind, in painting—a rule comprised in these few words: let the employments and properties, or qualities, of all the objects be incompatible; that is, let every person and thing represented be employed in that office or business, for which, by age, size, profession, construction, or some other accident, they are totally unfit; and if the persons ridiculed are also guilty of any trifling breach of morality or propriety, the effect will be the more complete, and well stand the test of criticism. I say trifling, for great crimes excite indignation, and tend to make us groan rather than laugh. Thus a cowardly soldier, a deaf musician, a bandy-legged dancing-master, a corpulent or gouty running footman, an antiquated fop or coquette, a methodist in a drunken, riotous, "modern midnight conversation," a drunken justice making a riot, or a tailor on a managed horse, are all ludicrous objects; and if the methodist has his pocket picked, or is stripped, the justice is drawn with a broken head, and the tailor appears just falling off into the kennel, we consider it as a kind of poetical justice, or due punishment, for their acting out of their proper spheres: though in representing these kinds of accidents, care should be taken to shew that the sufferers are not greatly hurt, otherwise it ceases to

become ridiculous; as few persons will laugh at a broken arm, or a fractured skull: this is an oversight of which the managers of our theatres are sometimes guilty in their pantomimical representations; where, among the tricks put upon the Doctor and Pierrot by Harlequin, I have seen such a bloody head given to the clown, by a supposed kick of the statue of a horse, that many of the spectators, particularly those of the fair sex, have expressed great horror at the sight.

Of all the different artists who have attempted this style of painting, *Hogarth* and *Coppel* seem to have been the most successful; the works of the first seem to stand unrivalled for invention, expression and diversity of characters. The ludicrous performances of *Coppel* are confined to the history of *Don Quixote*. Most of the Dutch painters, in this walk of painting, have mistaken indecency, nastiness, and brutality, for wit and humour.

On examining divers of *Hogarth's* designs, we find he strongly adopted the principle here laid down. For example, let us consider the prison scene in the *Rake's Progress*. How incompatible is it for a man who professes wings and the art of flying, to be detained within the walls of a gaol; and equally contradictory is the idea of one suffering for the non-payment of his own debts, who has the secret of discharging those of the nation!

In the *Four Times of the Day*, what can be more truly consonant with the scene near Islington, where, in the sultry heat of summer, a number of fat citizens are crowded together in a small room, by the side of a dusty road smoaking their pipes, in order to enjoy the refreshment of country air? In the *Gate of Calais*, how finely does the fat friar's person and enthusiastic admiration of the huge surloin, mark that sensuality so incompatible with his profession; the fundamental principles of which dictate abstinence and mortification? In that admirable and comic print, the *Enraged Musician*, the humour lies solely in the incompatible situation of the son of *Apollo*, whose ear, trained to melodious and harmonic sounds, is thereby rendered extremely unfit to bear the tintamarre, or confusion of discordant noises, with which the painter has so ludicrously and ingeniously surrounded him.

The picture of *Grown Gentlemen* learning to Dance, painted by *Collet*, was well conceived; and though infinitely short of *Hogarth's* execution, had a very pleasing effect, both on the canvas and on the stage, where it was introduced into a panto-

mime. In this piece, every person was, by form, or age, totally unfit for the part he was acting.

In addition to the rule here mentioned, there are other inferior considerations not unworthy the notice of an artist; contrast alone will sometimes produce a ludicrous effect, although nothing marvellous exists separately in either of the subjects:—for instance, suppose two men, both well made, one very tall, and the other extremely short, were to walk down a street together, I will answer for it, they would not escape the jokes of the *mobility*, although alone either of them might have passed unnoticed. Another kind of laughable contrast, is that vulgarly styled a *Woman and her Husband*: this is a large masculine woman, and a small effeminate man; but the ridicule here chiefly arises from the incompatibility; the man seeming more likely to receive protection from the woman, than to be able to afford it to her.

Anachronisms have likewise a very laughable effect. King Solomon in all his glory, delineated in a tye or bag wig, laced cravat, long ruffles, and a full dressed suit, will always cause a smile; as would also the siege of Jerusalem, wherein the emperor Titus and his aide-de-camp should be represented in the fore-ground, dressed in great wigs and jack boots,—their horses decorated with laced furniture, holsters, and pistols; in the distance a view of the town, amidst the fire of cannons and mortars. Our theatrical representations afford plenty of these ridiculous absurdities,—where we frequently see the chamber of Cleopatra furnished with a table clock and a harpsichord, or a piano-forte, or the hall of Marc Antony with a large chimney garnished with muskets, blunderbusses, fowling-pieces, &c. and a picture of the taking of Portobello, by the brave Admiral Vernon.

Nothing affords greater scope for ludicrous representations, than the universal rage with which particular fashions of dress are followed by persons of all ranks, ages, sizes, and makes, without the least attention to their figures or stations. Habilliments also, not ridiculous in themselves, become so by being worn by improper persons, or at improper places. Thus, though the full-bottomed wig adds dignity to a venerable judge, we should laugh at it on the head of a boyish counsel; and though a tye-wig lends gravity to the appearance of a counsellor or physician, it contributes greatly to the ludicrous equipment of a mountebank, a little chimney-sweeper dancing round the May-day Garland, or one of the candidates for the

borough of Garrat in the procession to that election: a high head, and a large hoop, worn in a stage coach, or a full dressed suit and a sword at a horse-race, are equally objects of ridicule.

Respectable characters, unworthily employed, are objects for the ludicrous pencil. Such would be a lord mayor or an alderman in his gold chain, dancing a hornpipe, or a sergeant-at-law in his coif, band, and spectacles, standing up at a reel or cotillion. Employments accidentally improper may make a character ridiculous, and that for those very circumstances which, in another situation, render it respectable. Thus, a military or naval officer dancing a minuet with a wooden leg, exhibits a truly ludicrous appearance;—consider the same person walking or standing, and his wooden leg makes him an object of respect, as a sufferer in the cause of his country.

Besides these general subjects, there are others which, like the stage tricks, will always ensure the suffrages of the vulgar; among them are national jokes,—as, an Irishman on horseback, carrying a heavy portmanteau on his head, to ease his horse of its weight; a Welchman with his goat, leek, hay boots, and long pedigree; a Scotchman with his scrubbing-post, and a meagre Frenchman in his laced jacket and bag, having long ruffles to his sleeves, without a shirt. Of this kind are professional allusions:—a physician and apothecary are lawful game, by prescription; a tailor by trade; and a mayor, alderman, or churchwarden, *ex officio*.

Vehicles, signs, utensils, and other inanimate accompaniments, may be made auxiliaries to ludicrous pictures, with great success; for example, a heavy, overloaded stage-coach, dragged by four miserable jades, and dignified by the title of the Flying Coach; the stocks serving as a prop or support to a drunken constable; a mis-spelt board or sign over the gate of an academy.

Injudicious representations of sublime or serious subjects, have often unintentionally been productive of pictures highly ridiculous; of this a striking instance occurs in a history of the Bible, adorned with plates, in one of which the following text of the 7th chapter of St. Matthew, verse the 3d, is illustrated:—“And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?” The state of these two men is thus delineated by the artist:—one of them has in his eye a complete castle, with a moat and its appurtenances; and from the eye of

the other projects a large beam, like the girder of a house.

We meet with an instance of this sort of unintentionally ridiculous composition, in the Military State of the Ottoman Empire, written by the Count de Marsigli, Member of the Royal Academies of Paris and Montpellier, and of the Royal Society of London.

That gentleman, desirous of conveying the idea that he had thoroughly investigated his subject, by the common metaphor of having sifted it to the bottom, his artist has endeavoured, in a vignette, literally to express it by delineating that operation; and has represented the Count in a full dressed coat, hat, and feather, tye-wig, and jack-boots, shaking through a small sieve, supported by a triangle, little Turkish soldiers of all denominations, many of whom appear on the ground in a confused heap,—camels, horses, and their riders,—cannons and cannon-balls, all tumbling promiscuously one over the other. On the other side of the picture are some soldiers and periwigged officers, looking on as at an ordinary occurrence.

To conclude the instances of these accidentally ludicrous pictures, I shall just mention one which a gentleman of veracity assured me he saw at the *Exposition des Tableaux* at Paris. The subject was the death of the late dauphin, which the painter had treated in the manner following:—on a field bed, decorated with all those fluttering ornaments of which the French are so peculiarly fond, lay the dauphin, pale and emaciated; by it stood the dauphiness weeping over him, in the affected attitude of an opera dancer. She was attended by her loving children; and in the clouds, hovering over them, was the Duke of Burgundy, their deceased son, and two embryos, the product of as many miscarriages; the angel duke was quite naked, except that the order of the Saint Esprit was thrown across his shoulders.

MR. NICHOLSON'S PROCESS FOR PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

MR. NICHOLSON ON COLOURING.

"THE methods of practice in colouring are so various, that excepting those who are mere copyists, there is scarcely a person to be found who has not in his manner of working something peculiar to himself; the particulars of which it is so difficult to explain verbally, that the attempt would be useless, and tend rather to perplex than inform such as are

but little beyond the commencement of their practice, for whose use this work is intended. Little more than general rules can be laid down, the rest must depend on readiness of observation, and a continual endeavour to derive advantage from failure, by investigation of its cause. This appears to me the only way in which improvement can be gained beyond the rudiments of the art. Of professional men, there is scarcely an instance of one, who has arrived at any considerable degree of eminence, but by being taught from unsuccessful experiments more than was ever communicated to him by the instructions of a master.

"Progress in art is made by degrees almost imperceptible to the learner, who does not perceive his own advancement but by reference to his former productions; as the practical musician discovers his, by the ability acquired to execute with facility what he was not at a former period capable of performing. In every art, the knowledge and practice of which are to be acquired by an almost infinite number of acts, the progression can hardly be felt without this comparison. The failure of those who do not advance, is caused more by attempting to do what they are not prepared for, than by every other obstruction put together. He who without sufficient preparation thinks he will make a drawing as by a receipt from this or any other book, will find himself greatly disappointed. All the rules and directions that can be given are helps, as crutches are to a man who can command the use of some of his limbs, but quite useless to him who is paralyzed in them all.

"Very few learners acquire the power of drawing correctly, considering the outline as only a preparatory step, which they feel no more interest or pleasure in preparing, than in straining the paper. In their impatience to get forward to the use of colour, which they imagine will set all right, they leave something undone in every operation, which is never supplied in the next, and nothing at last is done as it should be, or so well as it might, by one who can restrain his impatience so far as not to attempt what is altogether beyond his present powers. It is somewhat extraordinary, that very few can conceive the necessity of regular progression in the art of painting, yet all can readily perceive it in that of music, and see the absurdity of giving to a beginner as a first lesson, a difficult composition of Cramer or Haydn. A royal road to the art is so eagerly desired, that a professor who will engage to impart the whole of its practice in a few lessons, will be sure to find pupils among those who do not know that he undertakes what is impossible to perform, and that it is not in the power of any man to communicate to them what they are not prepared to learn.

"Notwithstanding an acquaintance with the productions of art has been within a few years so widely diffused, the art itself is so little known, that many people continue to imagine that it consists in certain secrets which may be purchased, and in a short time applied to practice.

"It is the interest of such as profess to have secrets they would dispose of, that they should continue to think so; and to those who would undeceive them, the task is not easy, since the few difficulties that are obvious to them, and of which they usually complain, are those of mixing and distinguishing the tints; the least they have to encounter.

"Many previous trials and experiments should be made before the learner can be capable of, or should attempt to put colour on his drawing; in doing which, as form is required, he must first gain something of the power to pro-

duce it. He ought not to make on his picture experiments, the result of which he should previously have ascertained; this is seldom attended to sufficiently by a learner. In his eagerness to proceed to picture-making, it is difficult to convince him of the advantage he would gain by washing many papers, only as trials to lay the colour equally, or in form; instead of which, he will begin on the paper, and presently finds that he cannot do what he intended, and what the colour will, if it may be so extended into forms directed by chance.

There are certain difficulties in the management of colours which must be surmounted, and methods of painting in manual operation to be acquired before the learner can hope to make any progress. He who without method will begin to make his efforts at random, and hardly knowing what he intends to do, must necessarily fail; for though many parts of a work of art may in some measure be subject to accidents, of which advantage may be taken by a master, yet the whole can never be produced by chance, or be formed by a combination of such accidents.

"The first of these experienced by a beginner, is spreading a breadth of any colour with any equal strength of tint; and of laying it so as to produce the desired or intended form. I shall offer a few observations, by which those who have not the aid of a master, may be assisted in their endeavour to overcome them. Until that is done, it will be in vain to proceed; for how can he execute any thing of what is required in a picture, who cannot govern his materials as he intends, or prevent his colour from taking such forms as result only from chance?

"In the first operation, that of making an equal wash with any colour, the following precautions are to be used:—

"1. The colour must be mixed of an equal tint, and in a sufficient quantity to cover the given space, so as not to require any alteration during the operation.

"In these trials, India Ink or Sepia, may be substituted for colour.

"2. It should be diluted until it is sufficiently fluid to flow freely from the pencil, and to be distributed readily upon the paper; in doing which, a large pencil is to be preferred, as it will contain more of the colour, and keep it more equally moist, than a smaller one will do.

"3. The paper should be held with a moderate degree of inclination, by placing the drawing-board on the lap, with the upper part leaning against the easel, or a table, then beginning at the upper part, and descending, the colour will run downward, and settle equally.

"4. In order that it may do so, the pencil ought not to be used with too much haste, or be carried over the paper faster than the colour will follow it,—the readiness to do which will depend upon the inclination of the surface.

"The learner will soon discover, that to cause this equality, it is requisite that the whole of the space covered should be equally wetted with the colour as possible. In his first attempts, he will probably continue to drive it until the pencil is exhausted, and by neglecting too long to supply it, the part where the addition is made, will be unequal, in consequence of its being more wet than that it was joined to.

"The attraction between parts of the same or of different colours, according to their different degrees of moisture, being the principal cause of that inequality of tint the learner finds it difficult to avoid, he ought to observe how it acts, and use the means to prevent its recurrence. He may ob-

serve, that in a breadth of colour, if from delay in spreading it, or any other cause, one part is beginning to dry, while another in contact with it continues quite wet, the drier part will attract the more fluid colour, until it is prevented, by too great a degree of dryness, from conducting it farther. Where it stops, a streak will be formed of unequal tint, and darker than any other part of the space. For this reason, the colour should not be unnecessarily worked about by the pencil, in a space already covered with it, as it will by that means be continued wet there, when the edges and extreme parts are beginning to dry. This should be carefully attended to, being that which renders the practice of painting in water-colours in some respects more difficult than painting in oil,—the latter allowing time enough for every operation.

"When it is required to lay the colour so as to produce certain forms, these should be well considered, to avoid any alteration, if possible, during the operation. For the reasons before assigned, the colour should be spread as speedily as possible, and without needless alteration of the form, or attempt to rectify what is carelessly done, by a touch or dash equally careless, and at random. When the form is expressed, the sooner it is left the better; working upon it longer than while the colour continues sufficiently fluid to spread freely, will cause muddiness and inequality of tint. Any required alteration may be best made after the part has been dried, with the same tint, extending it carefully into the desired form. This should be done with little colour in the pencil, and neatly joined to the part to which it is added; the least touch of the colour over what was done before, will form a dark place, making the additional part appear as a patch, which should be carefully avoided.

"A gradation of tint, or what is called "softening off," may be made in extending the colour, by touching upon its edge with the pencil and water only: by keeping in readiness another large and clean pencil to apply the water, the operation will be facilitated; this will attract the colour, and cause it to descend and spread upon the part so wetted. In some cases, where forms less determined or made out may be desired, as in clouds, the undefined reflections of objects from water, &c., a space more than sufficient to receive such forms may be first washed over with water only; while this continues quite wet, the required forms may be laid in, and the colour will spread itself in every direction if the drawing be placed horizontally; or it may be made to descend by giving it a little inclination. If it do not take as much of the form as may be desired, it should be assisted, and led into it by a few touches of the pencil."

MY GREAT UNCLE ZACHARY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

SCRAP IX.

THE following is a specimen of the frauds practised by the schismatical clergy, during the civil wars, for the purpose of encouraging the people to confidence in their rebellion against King Charles the First. Thus prayed *George Swathe*, minister of Denham in Suffolk,—

"O my good Lord God, I praise thee for dis-

covering, the last week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great armies about *York*,—one of the malignant party about the king,—the other party, parliament and professors; and the better side should have help from heaven against the worst; about or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at *York* had raised up a sconce against *Hull*, intending to plant fifteen pieces against *Hull*; against which fort, Sir *John Hotham*, keeper of *Hull*, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers cavaliers in it. Lord, I praise thee for discovering this victory at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching; but when she prayed to be established in faith in thee, then presently thou didst by this vision strongly possess her soul, that thyne and our enemies should be overcome."

SWIFT'S PROMETHEUS.—Those who have beheld the stage spectre of *Frankenstein*, may derive some little amusement by a comparison with it and the animated images of *Prometheus*, described by that original wit, the Dean of *St. Patrick*. I will give it verbatim, as it is entered in the *Scrap Book*.

"There is an old heathen story, that *Prometheus*, who was a potter of Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments,—each his department, and how judiciously he assigned each of them his work, according to his natural capacities and talents, so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty. In one chamber you might see a *leg-shaper*, in another a *skull-roller*, in a third an *arm-stretcher*, in the fourth a *gut-winder*; for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art, such as, *knuckle-turner*, *tooth-grinder*, *rib-cooper*, *muscle-maker*, *tendon-drawer*, *paunch-blower*, *vein-brancher*, and such like. But *Prometheus* himself made the eyes, the ears, and the heart, which, because of their nice and intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a *master workman*. Besides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining the several parts together, according to the best symmetry and proportion. The statues are now upon their legs. Life, the

chief ingredient, is wanting. *Prometheus* takes a *ferula* in his hand, (a reed in the *Island Chios*, having an old pith,) steals up the back stairs to *Apollo's* lodging, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the sun; so down he creeps upon his tiptoes to his warehouse, and in a few minutes, by the application of the flame to the nostrils of his clay images, sets them all a-stalking and staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing. They looked so like the latter end of a *Lord Mayor's Feast*, he could not bear the sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them passions, or life would be an insipid thing; and so, from the superabundance of those qualities in other animals, he culls out enough for his purpose, which he tempered and blended so well before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought can conceive."

A GOOD SHOT.—If we are to receive *Shakespeare's* authority for a fact, we must acknowledge that the famed *Douglas*, the *Scot*, was as good a marksman with a pistol bullet, as any of your modern gamesters. Prince *Henry*, in speaking of his gallant enemy, says, "He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying." Our sagacious critic *Johnson* considers this a poetical anachronism. He says pistols were not then known.

Prince *Rupert's* skill in firing at a mark, we have, however, recorded on the evidence of eye witnesses, of whom King *Charles I.* was one. Prince *Rupert* being at *Stafford*, in the time of the Civil War, while standing in the garden of Captain *Richard Sneyd*, who had taken up arms for the King, and at about sixty yards distance, made a shot at the weather-cock upon the steeple of the Collegiate Church of *Saint Mary*, with a screwed horseman's pistol, and single bullet, which pierced its tail; the bullet hole plainly appearing to all that were below; which the King presently judged to be a casualty only. Prince *Rupert*, however, immediately proved the contrary, by a second shot to the same effect. This is recorded by *Dr. Plott*, in his *History of Staffordshire*.

SIR PHILIP STAPLETON'S GROOM.—This intrepid servant, whilst attending his master on a charge, had his mare shot under him. "Presently he complained to some one of the company, that he had forgot to take off his saddle and bridle from his mare, and to bring them away with him; adding, that they were new, and that the *Cavaliers*

should not get so much by him, but he would go and fetch them. His master and his comrades endeavoured to persuade him not to adventure upon so rash an act, the *mare* lying dead close to the *grave*, who would maul him, if he came so near; and his master promised to give him another new saddle and bridle. But all this would not persuade the groom to leave his saddle and bridle to the Cavaliers, but he went to fetch them, and stayed to pull off the saddle and bridle, whilst hundreds of bullets flew about his ears; and brought them back with him, and had no hurt at all." So sayeth *Whitelock* in his *Memorials*.

BED OF HONOUR.—"I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath," saith Falstaff, "give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end."

"He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a Chattel
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he, that in the Field is slain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain;
He that is beaten may be sed
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*."

Serjeant Kite, in Farquhar's Recruiting Officer, describes this ancient bed with great humour, though with less wit than Butler. "That is a mighty large Bed," says Kite, "bigger by half than the Great Bed of *Ware*. Ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another."

BEARDS.—The high estimation which beards were held in of old, is proved by the history of the manners of every civilized region of the world. Indeed the disputes that occurred from time to time upon the mode of wearing the hair, has not unfrequently been as fatal to the contending parties, as those originating in matters of faith, or civil policy.

Baldwin, Prince of *Edessa*, pawned his beard for a great sum of money, which beard was redeemed by his father Gabriel, Prince of *Mitilene*, with a vast treasure, to prevent the ignominy which his son must have been exposed to, by the loss of that venerable characteristic of man.

The modern *fops* might well smile, on reading of the time which certain city *beaux* spent under the hands of a barber in the days of beards. One, a Mr. Richard Shute, a London merchant, in the time of Charles, says his grand-daughter, Mrs. Thomas, "was very nice in the mode of that age,

his *valet* being some hours every morning in *Starching* his *Beard*, and curling his *Whiskers*: during which time, a gentleman whom he maintained as a companion, always read to him upon some *useful* subject." Thus we may infer that *Fop* and *Fool* were not always synonymous.

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. III.

MEN WHO PLAYED FEMALE PARTS ON THE STAGE.

CURIOSITY would naturally lead to the enquiry of,—What sort of men, in personal appearance, were those who played the female characters before lady actors were permitted to appear upon the stage? The question is easier than the answer, having neither painting nor written description to guide us in the research, unless, indeed, we are to give credit to what has been said of a well-painted youthful head, from which there is a print inscribed Richard Kynaston. But admitting this to be authentic, it does but represent a lad of about fourteen or fifteen, when we know that Kynaston personated female characters when he was a man; otherwise, Davenant the manager could not have answered King Charles II. as he did, when his Majesty was so impatient for the drawing up of the curtain,—“Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the Queen is shaved.” Kynaston played the Queen.

It has been supposed that these gentlemen ladies were effeminate in appearance; but there is no proof of this. Dick Kynaston was a dissolute spark. Perhaps he was behind his time, or the barber might be in his cups, which caused the delay in the scene: but it is plain that Dick had a beard.

One may further surmise, that these male actors of female parts were selected from among the counter-tenors, and then that they spoke in *falsetto*; for there is no physical reason for supposing that women did not then, as well as now, prattle an octave higher than our gruff progenitors.

Besides Kynaston, there were four other male performers who had played the ladies. Burt was one, Clun another, to whom we can add Hart and Hammerton; so that there have been five he-she actors of celebrity whose fame has reached us.

Some of these worthies, whatever they might

have appeared in petticoats, as players, acted noble and manly parts in that real tragedy, the civil wars of King Charles, for whom they loyally took up arms. Hart had a troop of horse in that "dare devil," Prince Rupert's regiment. Burt was a cornet in the same troop, and exhibited uncommon bravery in the field.

Shattersell, another player, served two or three campaigns in the capacity of quarter-master. Mohun, a celebrated performer, had a majority in one of the king's regiments, and fought gallantly. Davenant the play-wright, player, and subsequently manager of the Duke of York's Theatre, entered the service for his royal master, and was knighted for his bravery upon the field, at the siege of Gloucester. Allen, an actor also, and of high repute, was a major in the king's army, and quarter-master-general.

Many others of the dramatic corps were said to have borne arms for their sovereign, whose names have not been recorded,—some of whom fell in the royal cause. Indeed, it was generally asserted, that of the whole profession, not one member, high or low, joined the rebels.

Of those who fell, no one was more lamented than Robinson the comedian, who, being surrounded by a strong party of the republicans, after surrendering his arms, was basely put to death by that miscreant, Colonel Harrison, who, to the eternal disgrace of religious fanaticism, justified his perfidy by a text from holy Scripture, exclaiming, "*Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!*"

JEM SPILLER.—This celebrated comedian was one of the Artists' Club, held at the Bull's Head, in Clare Market, in the beginning of which, Hogarth, Jervas the friend of Pope, Jack Laguerre, and others, painters and sculptors, were members. It was for this club that Hogarth engraved the allegory on their loving cup, or great silver tankard. The design is a sort of arabesque, in which are represented Painting and Sculpture. An impression taken from this engraving, which had accidentally been preserved, during the Hogarthian mania, sold for ten pounds. Spiller was particularly noticed for his personification of old age, although he died at the age of thirty-seven. His last performance was on the 31st of January, 1729, when he was suddenly seized by apoplexy on the stage, and being carried to his room in the theatre, remained there, and expired the following week.

Spiller was a thoughtless, merry soul, always in

difficulty, who, like too many ingenious wags of that age, shortened his life by dissipation. Hogarth engraved a ticket for his benefit, which, alluding to his circumstances with great point and wit, procured him many friends. An impression of this ticket or card fetched, at a sale a few years since, the sum of five pounds. This price for a spirited scrap of humour will not surprise, when we find that a small shop-card of the artist, inscribed simply, W. HOGARTH, *Engraver*, with an ornamental border, and the date, April ye 21st, 1720, actually obtained for its possessor, at a sale, the sum of twenty-five pounds!

TOM WALKER.—This comedian, celebrated for being the original Macheath in Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, was also a member of the Bull's Head Club, —the members being players and musicians, as well as painters. For his friend Walker, Hogarth also designed a benefit ticket, which was engraved by Simpson, who kept an engraver's shop in Russell-court, Drury-lane, an impression of which plate sold for the same sum as Jem Spiller's.

Walker is said to have thrown an easy and dissolute air into the character of Macheath, to which his successors have been strangers. Perhaps this praise may be a little over-rated, as he was not considered to rank above a second-rate actor in any other piece; though perhaps Mr. Gay, who is known to have been pretty frequent in his attendance at the theatre during the rehearsal of this opera, might have assisted in conveying his notion of the character, for he went several times to Newgate, whilst he was composing the opera.

Miss Lavinia Fenton, the first Polly in the *Beggars' Opera*, was once the talk of the town, no less in the drawing-room than the green-room; for the feeling and expression which she threw into the character, moved the tender feelings of the Duke of Bolton, who, at the end of the first season of her performing Miss Peachum, removed her to his mansion, and, on the death of his Duchess, elevated her to the same rank. Miss Fenton, as the story goes, originally sold oranges at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Hogarth painted her portrait, which was engraved, when every body procured a likeness of Miss Lavinia Fenton. She was considered a beauty.

In such repute was Spiller held as a comedian, when he was only twenty-three years of age, says one of the biographers of Hogarth, that we are told, plays were written expressly to bring him forward upon the stage. Among others, the *Comedy of*

"Woman's Revenge; or, A Match in Newgate," was written by Bullock, principally to display the comic talents of his friend Spiller. Bullock dedicated this dramatic work to him, in a strain of low humour, which pretty well marks the taste of the age. It should be observed, the player made no secret of his own infirmities, nor of the poverty consequent to his careless life.

"To my merry friend and brother Comedian, Mr. James Spiller.

"DEAR JEMMY,

"My choice of you for a patron will acquit me of those detestable characters, which most of our modern authors are obnoxious to, from their fulsome dedications—I mean a mercenary and a flatterer. My prefixing your name to these sheets will clear me of the former, and there is no fear of incurring the scandal of the latter, since the greatest encomiums which my humble pen could draw out, come far short of your just praise. I could expatiate on your many excellent virtues, your chastity, your temperance, your generosity, your exemplary piety, and your judicious and fashionable management in your conjugal affairs; but since I am so well acquainted with your aversion to reading, I shall content myself with mentioning the many obligations I have to you, particularly for your good performance in this farce, especially in your last part; I mean that of Padwell; in which you was a shining ornament to the scene in Newgate: and you must not think I flatter you, when I tell you, you have a natural impudence proper to the character, and became your fetters as well as any that ever wore them. And I am sorry I could not, without giving offence to the critics, and deviating too far from the rules of comedy, bring you to Tyburn, for the better diversion of the audience; but I hope you are satisfied with my good wishes, and will give me leave to subscribe myself,

"Your obliged

"Humble servant,

"CHRISTOPHER BULLOCK."

FRANK HAYMAN.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R. A. was the descendant from a reputable family in the West of England; he originally studied under Mr. Robert Brown, an inconsiderable painter of portraits, whose merits may be properly ascertained by two mezzo-tinto prints of children, copied from his works by Macardell.

In point of seniority, Mr. Hayman should have been placed at the head of the English School of historical painters; and the more especially, of the present Royal Academicians, of whom he may with propriety be considered as the father. It is necessary to note, that he was the first librarian of the

Royal Academy; he was appointed to this situation, with its emoluments, in consideration of his bodily infirmities, which, in the evening of his life, pressed him hardly. He died a martyr to the gout, and his death was sincerely regretted by all who had the felicity to know him.

Frank Hayman possessed all the volatility of youth, to his last hour, much sterling sense, and an agreeable, pleasant manner, which early introduced him to an intimacy with the *bon vivants* of the age in which he lived; among the rest, Fleetwood, then manager of Drury-lane Theatre, paid him particular attention; he in a manner domesticated himself with him, painted his scenes, and after his death married his widow.

Hayman seems to have modelled his manner in the old English school;—a rough, blunt sincerity bespoke the man. He possessed a large fund of good-humour; with something more than a common portion of wit; and had so much poignancy of satire in his composition, as to make his enemies afraid of his force; even *Hogarth* was so sensible of this, that he always softened down his accustomed snarlings against the ancient masters, when in the presence of Hayman, who, though denied the advantages of Italian pictorial education, uniformly paid the highest compliments to the merits of *Michael Angelo*, *Raphael*, and the rest of that illustrious group; and had he possessed those privileges which his pupil, Nathaniel Dance, enjoyed, of finishing his studies at Rome, in the classic bosom of the arts, would have done honour to the English school. To establish this assertion, we have only to recur to his embellishments of Sir Thomas Hanmer's *Shakespeare*, which he illuminated in conjunction with *Gravelot*; and though a more splendid illustration of the works of our immortal bard is now in a state of luminous progression, I do not believe that the sense of the divine poet has been more completely understood. Indeed, I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion, that his *Falstaff*, in the scene between the Prince and Poins, will stand the test of the severest criticism, as far as character and expression are involved.

Though his domestic and dramatic representations, which now decorate the boxes of Vauxhall Gardens, and the grand room, have been decried, and justly, upon the score of heaviness and inappropriate colouring, yet there are points of merit visible in them, which it would be difficult for our best living artists to surpass. The composition is generally agreeably managed; and though the

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

tremities is partially clumsy and see enough to convince us, that in of genius, though not a perfect, as an artist, what Lord Bacon her,—the reviver, if not parent, or species of historic study.

was painting his picture of the the room above-mentioned, the natured Marquis of Granby paid house in St. Martin's Lane, and at the desire of his friend Tyers, Vauxhall Gardens,) to sit to him "But, Frank," said the hero of I sit to you, I insist on having a Hayman, not understanding him, prised at the oddity of his declarations thus explained himself:—"I were one of the best boxers of yhton, and I am not altogether destitute art; but since I have been in little out of practice; therefore, of strength and skill." Hayage and gout as insuperable obst position, the Marquis replied, little difference between them;" exercise was a specific remedy;" a few rounds would give a glow at would give an animation to

yet we are so restricted in faculty, as not to enjoy a perfect equipoise between the suggestions of the fancy and the authority of the understanding.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SONNE AND TO POSTERITY.

Printed Anno 1616.

No. I.

VERTUOUS PERSONS TO BEE MADE CHOYCE OF
FOR FRIENDS.

THERE is nothing more becoming any wise man, than to make choyce of friends; for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art. Let them, therefore, bee wise and vertuous, and none of those that follow thee for gaine; but make election rather of thy betters than thy inferiours,—shunning alwayes such as are poore and needy; for if thou givest twenty gifts, and refuse to do the like but once, all that thou hast done will be lost, and such men will become thy mortall enemies. Take also especiall care that thou never trust any friend or servant with any matter that may endanger thy estate; for so shalt thou make thyself a bond-slave to him that thou trustest, and leave thyself alwayes to his mercy: And be sure of this, thou shalt never find a friend

ger, but not in the honour; and to venter a sure estate in present, in hope of a better in future, is meere madness: And great men forget such as have done them service, when they have obtained what they would, and will rather hate thee for saying, thou hast bene a meane of their advancement, than acknowledge it: I could give thee a thousand examples, and I myselfe know it, and have tasted it, in all the course of my life; when thou shalt read and observe the stories of all nations, thou shalt find innumerable examples of the like: Let thy love therefore be to the best, so long as they doe well; but take heede that thou love God, thy Country, thy Prince, and thine own Estate before all others: For the fancies of Men change, and hee that loves to-day, hateth to-morrow; but let Reason be thy Schoole-mistris, which shall ever guide thee a-right.

No. II.

ON THE CHUSING OF A WIFE.

THE next and greatest care ought to bee in choice of a Wife, and the onely danger therein is Beauty, by which all men in all Ages, wise and foolish, have been betrayed. And though I know it vaine to use Reasons or Arguments, to dissuade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witcherie; yet I cannot omit to warne thee, as of other things, which may bee thy ruine and destruction. For the present time, it is true, that every man preferres his fantasie in that appetite before all other worldly desires, leaving the care of Honour, Credit and Safety in respect thereof: But remember that though these affections doe not last, yet the bond of Marriage dureth to the end of thy life; and therefore better to be borne withall in a Mistress, than in a Wife, for when thy humour shall change, thou art yet free to chuse again, (if thou give thyself that vaine liberty.)

Remember, secondly, that if thou marry for Beauty, thou bindest thyselfe for all thy life for that, which perchance will neither last nor please thee one yeere, and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dyeth when it is attained, and affection perisheth when it is satisfied. Remember when thou wert a sucking Child, that then thou didst love thy Nurse, and that thou wert fond of her; after awhile thou didst love thy dry Nurse, and didst forget the other; after that thou didst also despise her, so will it be with thee

in thy liking in elder yeeres; and therefore, though thou canst not forbear to love, yet forbear to linke, and after awhile thou shalt finde an alteration in thyselfe, and see another farre more pleasing than the first, second or third love: Yet I wish thee above all the rest, have care thou doest not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in Children is riches, if nothing else be left them. And if thou have care of thy race of horses and other beasts, value the shape and comeliness of thy Children before alliances or riches; have care, therefore of both together, for if thou have a faire Wife and a poore one, if thine owne estate bee not great, assure thyselfe that Love abideth not with want; for she is thy companion of plenty and honour, for I never yet knew a poore Woman, exceeding faire, that was not made dishonest by one or other in the end. This *Bersheba* taught her Son *Solomon*,—Favour is deceitful, Beauty is vanity: she sayth further, that a wise woman overseeth the waies of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Have therefore evermore care, that thou be beloved of thy wife, rather than thyselfe besotted on her, and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive that she have care of thy estate, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation.

SOCRATES meeting with a box on the ear, in the market-place, quoth he, "This is the grief, that a man knows not when to come out with his helmet."

ONE, cut deep into the head in a foolish fray, came to a chirurgeon to be dressed; who, searching to see if his brains were not perished, and not easily finding them, "Oh!" quoth he, "do you think I have any brains, that so rashly entered into a brawl?"

THE father and his young son, riding both upon a horse, quoth the boy, out of his simplicity and want of room, "Father, when you are dead, I shall here ride alone."

OF THE HORSE.—" 'Tis a maxim in Farriers' Hall," saith an old writer, "that the livelier and quicker a horse is, the deeper will hee thrust his head into the water when he drinks; as the duller and slower, the more shallow."

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. II.

TURNER AND GIRTIN.—Doctor Johnson has observed, it would surprise those who were not in the habit of thinking deeply on the progress of human understanding, to be told how few, among men of talent and science, have added any thing new to the stock of general information. There is great truth in this observation; for, indeed, on reviewing what has been done in any preceding age, one is surprised to find how little has been added in the succeeding. Few invent, many imitate, and some improve. But in reverting to the winding up of a reign, when the historian having ended his relation of coronations, royal marriages, royal pageants, religious schisms, and battles, and finds a spare page to record the discoveries and improvements in arts and sciences, how short a catalogue is formed of the names of those who have added much that is new to the public stock of general information.

Bacon, Boyle and Newton, Spencer, Shakspeare and Milton, Jones, Wren and Rennie, Harvey, Sydenham and Hunter, Purcell and Arne, Reynolds, Wilson and Gainsborough, Betterton, Garrick and Barry, and a few; other illustrious men, seem to comprehend the almost entire honours of their respective arts. Thousands of good and ingenious men have followed in their paths, but who have left themselves a name like unto these?

As it relates to the Fine Arts, however, it is something to record, that the invention of painting in Water Colours, certainly one of the most elegant and interesting studies that has emanated from human ingenuity, is of English birth, of English growth, and in our soil has arrived to maturity. Hence, wrapt in agreeable reveries as to its future renown, we are willing to indulge in the amusing thought, that hereafter the graphic works wrought in this material, may become objects of connoisseurship to future collectors, and a Turner and a Girtin, a Havell and a Varley, a Christall and a Fielding, may excite as eager biddings at a sale some two centuries hence, with as much chit-chat touching their *ancient* authors, as we sometimes listen to at Christie's, on the *putting up* a Rembrandt, or a Claude!

But to turn from these reveries, and to proceed steadily:—as we are pledged to give an analysis of the different styles of the professors of this art, we shall re-commence with Messrs. Turner and Girtin.

We have lived long enough, and have, without vain egotism be it said, been observant of the progress of this art from the epoch, when the genius of these two artists dawned upon the horizon of improving taste, to the period of the last drawing that Turner added to the collection of a friend and connoisseur. We can therefore speak with the confidence of contemporary observation.

We had frequently in common with other observers of the beautiful and interesting effects of nature, as contemplated at the break of day, or at evening twilight, expressed our surprise that none of the artists who paint in water colours, should have aimed at an imitation of these pictorial appearances. When the reason, from those who were considered the most competent to speak upon the question, was, "the powers of water colours are not sufficient to represent such depths of tone; indeed the attempt would be vain and fruitless. It is in oil painting alone, that such solemn effects can be depicted." This fiat too long was received as conclusive—but who is to set bounds to the capabilities of genius and research! It was fortunate for art that these two original minded young artists could think for themselves, and having this faculty, that they were gifted with correspondent energies to act.

Girtin sketched a picturesque part of an ancient town—he drew the outline at broad day, and had purposed to colour the scene as it then appeared: but in passing near the spot, at the going down of the sun, and perceiving the buildings under the influence of twilight, had assumed so unexpected a mass of shadow, on the fading light of the sky, and that the reflexions in the water, still encreased the vastness of the mass; moreover, that the arches of a bridge opposed their distinct forms, dark also, to a bright gleam on the horizon; he was so possessed with the solemn grandeur of the composition, which had gained so much in sentiment by the change of light, that he determined to make an attempt at imitation, and by ardent application, accomplished the object. This piece was wrought with bold and masterly execution, and led to that daring style of effect which he subsequently practised with so much



SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

of his works; and which prove, than his hand, enfeebled by him to accomplish. Nothing grandeur and originality of his it and shadow, for from his habit are, clothed in her morning and he could throw either garb over compositions, at his will.

course which makes a wreck of fail to ruin the mind;—the indulgence of this extraordinary bled his mental powers, and the petitor of Turner, the thoughtless, n, by a premature death, haply, is posthumous fame from the im-

king into a mannerist. imitators, like Gainsborough; drawing with masterly precision, which the further it was cultivated it departed from correctness. This defect in taste, as we

though his works convey so agination, was considered by real awback to his merit. We proll our admiration for originality of orks which claim lasting honours he they painters. poets. architects.

texture, were multiplied by these imitators, until the superior and original intellect which had first ventured upon those incoherencies of style, was mixed up in the impression excited by the base counterfeits, until that which had astonished and delighted, was in the way of exciting less admiration than disgust.

Poor Dayes, the preceptor of Girtin, in temper, “*neither amiable nor happy*,” could never forgive his disciple, for becoming so mightily his superior in art. If a severe critique had been wanting on the defects of his style, Dayes, who had a most caustic wit, would have written it *con amore*, for the first, or the worst journal that offered. Once—it was but a short period before his envied pupil’s decease,—that he happened to call on a collector of drawings, an old drivelling *dilletante* who patronised every dashing style, and saw a smart portfolio, inscribed in gilt letters, with the name of one of Girtin’s closest imitators. “What have we here?” said Dayes. “They are some works of a pupil of your old disciple,” said the collector.—“Pray, Mr. Dayes, look at them and favor me with your opinion.” Dayes untied the portfolio, and on beholding the first subject, which was a large drawing, a mountainous scene, among the lakes in Cumberland: he exclaimed, in his emphatic manner.

no less for the incomparable works of Rembrandt. But the indulgence is ill spared by good taste, to those who, being able to draw, are nevertheless too idle, or too vain to exhibit their skill, in what we think indispensable to the perfecting of pictures of every class: upon which premises, we think nothing short of the grossest prejudice can set up the works of any painter, who, neglecting to draw with correctness and character, does not exert his talent to the utmost, to the rendering the light, shadow and colour, with all possible harmony of effect. With this measure of appreciation in our mind's eye, we cannot tolerate the blue drawings of Girtin, nor the incoherent scratchings and scrawlings of too many of the works of Gainsborough; although we may say of all those afore-named geniuses individually, as Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare, with reference to the faults in his works, and particularly of the designs of Thomas Girtin, "but he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Girtin is supposed to have been tempted to work with less regard to correctness of form, in proportion to the ease with which he produced richness of colour, on the cartridge paper, compared with the labour of executing on white paper, and to have become at length so enamoured with colouring and effect, as to consider drawing of little consequence to the general character of a picture. This error, with many of our best artists, had nearly been fatal to English art; for connoisseurs, at least patrons so mis-called, in their enthusiastic admiration of these slovenly aberrations of genius, made no ceremony of declaring, that those who were emulous of representing nature, with becoming regard to truth of form, were men of mean capacity, men without souls for art! The absurdity of which doctrine, if not originating with, was loudly echoed by dilettanti painters, who having influence in their sphere, promulgated the error, to cover their own conceit and incapacity, in their daubings, and moppings, and splashings, so much the rage for several seasons, among the fashionable circles at Bath, and even in London, the usual seat of less foppery, and better taste.

The harmony and pictorial excellence which prevails in the works of Girtin's best day, however, is a more pleasing theme to dwell upon, than his errors, either professional or moral, and we shall therefore offer few remarks on his style of painting.

Of the subjects which he chose for imitation, his wild mountain scenery, and topographical views of old towns, were the best adapted for his mode of execution, which was not sufficiently light and elegant for that beautiful style of pastoral and classic landscapes, which are so congenial to the feeling and taste of Turner. His masses were bold, broad and abrupt, his touch large, and uncontrolled, and not unfrequently too specious to admit of severe criticism. His knowledge of effect, however, was at times exhibited in so captivating a degree, that nature and not art seemed to prevail throughout the scene which he represented.

The variety of light and shadow which he spread over his picturesque buildings, the manner in which he separated the masses, and the brilliancy of certain parts, which received a partial burst of sun-shine, diffused a splendour of effect to these scenes, which no artist before had conceived. His fine taste for colour, was most evidently conspicuous in these topographical scenes. Every tint of brick, stone, plaster, timber and tile, was combined, both in broad light, medium tint, and shadow, with such admirable feeling towards general harmony, that no one of the least taste could behold his best productions in this style, without admiration and delight.

His skies were generally composed either of large masses of clouds, with partial rays of the sun, which gave variety of light and shadow, or else of a serene character, where the whole piece had a general simplicity of effect. His skies were rarely composed of many parts. The azure spaces were washed with a mixture of indigo and lake, and the shadows of the clouds with light red and indigo, Indian red and indigo, and an occasional addition of lake. The warm tone of the cartridge paper, frequently served for the lights, without tinting, acquiring additional warmth by being opposed to the cool colour of the azure, and shadow of the clouds. His skies in general were extremely luminous.

It was a great treat to see this artist at his studies, he was always accessible. When he had accomplished the laying in of his sky, he would proceed with great facility in the general arrangement of his tints, on the buildings, trees, water, and other objects. Every colour appeared to be placed with a most judicious perception to effecting a general union, or harmony.

His light stone tints, were put in with thin washes of Roman ochre, the same mixed with

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

in spaces, free from the warm with grey, composed of light brighter still, with ultramarine e brick buildings with Roman lake, and a mixture of Roman ligo, or Roman ochre, madder ; also with burnt sienna and ler brown and Roman ochre, and their combinations. For finish—which came the nearest to the the local colour and form were presented with particular force t brown, and Cologne-earth were se tints, which gave depth and that raised the scale of effect iminution of harmony,—on the ess of effect was increased from th, by neutralizing the previous wing them into their respective roper keeping.

he frequently introduced in his ll the varieties of autumnal hues, corresponding harmony to the hibited on his buildings. The rations were composed of gamad burnt sienna, occasionally yellow lake, brown pink, and

masterpiece of graphic humour was meant to personate; some affirming it to resemble one celebrated performer, and some another. The countenance plainly bespeaks him a foreigner.

Hogarth's advertisement for this print appeared in the London Daily Post, 1740 :—" Shortly will be published, a new print called the *Provoked Musician*, designed and engraved by William Hogarth; being a companion to a print representing a *Distressed Poet*."

We cannot but lament that our inimitable painter had not fulfilled the whole of his proposal, and given us another genius in art, in distress; for the advertisement proceeded to say, " To which will be added a third, on *Painting*, which will complete the set."

It would be vain to conjecture how Hogarth would have treated the subject; for who would presume to attempt invention in his walk? That he would have contrived miseries and perplexities enough to surround the easel of his hero, no one can doubt, and we may reasonably presume they would not have been wanting in point; for who had been more annoyed by pretended connoisseurs, quacks, and picture-dealers, than he?

It is probable that Hogarth had no one particularly in view for his *Distressed Musician*; for with

ing under the musician's window. A man with a barrow full of onions came up to the player, and sat on the edge of his barrow, and said to the man, 'If you will play the *Black Joke*, I will give you this onion.' The man played it. When he had so done, the man again desired him to play some other tune, and then he would give him another onion.

" 'This,' said Festin, 'highly angered me; I cried out, Z—ds, Sir, stop here. This fellow is ridiculing my profession: he is playing on the hautboy for onions.' Being intimate with Mr. Hogarth, he mentioned the circumstance to him; which, as he said, was the origin of *The Enraged Musician*. The fact may be depended upon," says Mr. Nichols. "Mr. Festin was himself the enraged performer;" adding, "the story is here told just as he related it to a clergyman."

Dr. Burney, who was contemporary with Hogarth, has left us a very different account of the origin of this most humorous composition,—ascribing the circumstances to a piece of the lively painter's waggyery. "The violinist *Castrucci*, who was more than half mad," says the Doctor, "is represented in one of Hogarth's prints, as *The Enraged Musician*; this painter having sufficient *polissonnerie*, previous to making the drawing, to have his house beset by all the noisy street instruments he could collect together,—whose clamorous performance brought him to the window, in all the agonies of auricular torture."

This *Castrucci* was a celebrated performer on the violin, and leader of the band at the Opera. He was a pupil of the famous Corelli, and one of the best players of his master's concertos. Hickford's great room in Brewer-street, known of late years as the Westminster Forum, was originally built as a concert-room. In the year 1731, at a concert held there, by advertisement, it was announced, among other performances, that Signor *Castrucci* would play the first and eighth concertos of Corelli, and several of his own compositions,—particularly a *solo*, in which he engaged to execute "twenty-four notes with one bow."

We may suppose the musical wags were apt to play upon the feelings of this *genus irritabile*, for the following day the advertisement was burlesqued, and a solo promised, not by the first, but the last violin of *Goodman's-fields*,—a theatre of a low cast,—in which the performer would execute twenty-five notes, with one bow.

Poor *Castrucci* at length met a formidable rival

in *Clegg*, and was obliged to yield the palm to his superiority. *Clegg*, however, practised so incessantly, that he lost his reason, and being confined in Bedlam, he there occasionally played upon his violin; where, as we may naturally suppose, the unhappy musician was said to have drawn crowds of auditors. In these days, when things so commonly tended to the *outré*, and Bedlam was open to all who hunted for strange sights, it cannot be doubted that thousands would flock to hear a maniac playing upon the fiddle.

PSALM SINGING.—The Puritans, amidst their general hatred for the elegant arts, indulged a particular spleen against church-music, as it had been practised in the cathedrals, under the auspices of every prince and pious prelate, from age to age, to the time of their own enlightened sovereign, Charles the First. These tasteless schismatics held music, in its true sense, sacred as well as secular, as an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and substituted that illiterate style of hymning, which still prevails in certain crowded conventicles, where he and she who sing the loudest, are held to be the best performers.

Prynne, who had his ears cropped upon the pillory, for his audacious invectives against good taste, in his warfare with the church, compares the choir service to the "bleating of brute beasts." He says the choristers bellow the tenor as if they were oxen,—bark a counterpoint like a kennel of hounds,—roar a treble as if they were bulls, and grunt out a bass like a parcel of hogs. What could be expected of a fanatical age, which prohibited the use of our liturgy, to make way for the prayers of mock inspiration, out of the mouths of cobblers and tinkers?

It was the custom of these fighting saints to sing a hymn before they went into battle. They sometimes sang a stave or two, when they were beaten by the Cavaliers; to which Cotton, in his *Travestie of Homer*, compares the howling of Queen Dido's domestics, when they discovered that she had hanged herself.

"Even like unto the dismal yowl,
When trisful dogs at midnight howl;
Or like the dirges that through nose,
Hum'd out to damp their *Pagan* foes,
When holy *Roundheads* go to battle,
With such a yell did Carthage rattle."

On one occasion of these thanksgivings and singing, after a defeat,—“Lord,” says Mr.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

these audacious saints are so
or one beating, bestow many
them, for they deserve all thy

of Sternhold's version of a por-
was published in 1549, with
uch Psalms of David as Thomas
come of the King's Majestie's
Lyfe Tym drawe into Englishe
year 1562, another edition was
ed to the Common Prayer Book,
Psalter, with tunes pricked to
taken from the German com-
rated Old Hundredth was com-
rather,—the solemn grandeur of
great veneration by Handel.

had the following title :—"The
salms, collected into English by
Hopkins, and others; conferrd
with apte Notes to sing them

taste is necessary, to aid the
ng the deplorable state which
ve arrived at during the period of
. One of the first edicts of the
r the death of the king, was that
all church-organs. It might be
the republicans. at this period.

speaking organ, which cost, as I am credibly in-
formed, a thousand pounds.

" This organ, I say, when the psalm was set before
the sermon, being let out into all its fulness of
stops, together with the quire, began the psalm.

" But when the vast concurring unity of the
whole congregational chorus came, as I may say,
thundering in, even so as it made the very ground
shake under us; Oh! the unutterable ravishing
soul's delight! in the which I was so transported
and wrapt up in high contemplations, that there
was no room left in my whole man, viz, body,
soul, and spirit, for any thing below divine and
heavenly raptures: nor could there possibly be
any thing on earth to which that very singing
might be truly compared, except the right appre-
hensions or conceivings of that glorious and
miraculous quire, mentioned in Scripture at the
dedication of the Temple, of which you may read in
the 2 Chron. chap. 5 to the end; but more particu-
larly eminent in the two last verses of that chapter,
when king Solomon, the wisest of men, had congre-
gated the most glorious quire, that ever was known
in all the world: And at their singing of psalms,
praises, or thanksgivings, the glory of the Lord
came down amongst them, as there you may read,
****. But still further that I may endeavour to
make this something more lively apprehended or

markable, and well worth noting, which was, that in all the whole time of the siege there was not any one person, that I could hear of, did in the church receive the least harm by any of their devilish cannon shot; and I verily believe there were constantly many more than a thousand persons at that service every Sunday during the whole time of that siege." *

* The period of this event was in the year 1664, when York was closely besieged for the space of eleven weeks. There were three armies acting against it,—the Scotch, the Northern, and the Southern, commanded by the Earl of Leven—the old Ferdinando—Lord Fairfax, and the Earl of Manchester. Oliver Cromwell then was engaged in the siege, under the old Lord Fairfax, as was also his future son-in-law, then Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Fairfax.

MR. JOHN VARLEY

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF FIGURES, &c. IN THE COMPOSITION OF LANDSCAPE.

THE landscape painter should be familiar with general principles, as the execution of his figures must depend more on broad and obvious, than on subtle or refined distinctions. Every figure in his work must not only generally speak for itself, but frequently terminate a vigorously relieved mass of light and shade, where some such description of form must have existed, even if a block of wood or stone had been substituted for them. A large picture of cattle or figures may exhibit a group of objects intersecting each other, sufficiently relieved, yet little varied in colour; but if seen as in a landscape, small, and at a distance, they must appear distinct, and expressive of their principal characters, though seen in their first flat tint; or if intercepting each other, they must then be relieved by contrast; in which case, a white animal will relieve against one which is dark or red, by which each will have relief in its clear and distinct shape. The figures best suited to a scene, are those which generally would be suggested by the view of such a place, or of themselves might suggest such a scene.

Pursuing our former observations on unity of subject, we may here observe, that no object has, perhaps, been more frequently praised and censured in its turn, than the Gothic spire. In reconciling these extremes, it must be observed, that this object, when viewed from within an ancient town or city, or near the suburbs, where it groups with the gables of antiquated mansions, with their varied

and ornamented wooden pinnacles, over which they rise, partially obscured in smoke and misty grandeur,—relieved and backed by sober, neutral, and greyish clouds, their importance is principally evident; they are enlarged by the imagination, and act as a crown and finish to the whole, but please less if the upper lines of the towers on which they stand are not visible; and in this case, they gain more by being seen geometrically than perspectively,—as great objects, like the heroes of the drama, approach the audience with unbending solemnity, and measured step, while the playful variety of action is thrown on the minor characters. The spire also, seen as one grand object, rising over its rich western front, ornamented with pinnacles and smaller spires; the tower on which it stands, seen at its upper parts, these then make one consistent mass, and do less mischief to the grandeur and solemnity of the whole, than thus seen behind the broader masses of the buildings: but when seen as an object in a landscape, the spire should be humble and diminutive, bending in with age, and belonging to a village; its form best corresponding with the objects beside simple and quiet river scenes, such as frequently occur in pictures of the Flemish Masters; accompanied with rustic cottages, pollard willows, elder trees, and bending rushes; the yellowish or warmish green parts of distant meadows, relieved with lightish cattle, or figures in white shirts or frocks, and the skies principally composed of clouds, such as may belong to fine weather: this choice being prevalent in fine works, composed of neutral tint and a little purple; remarking, that as neutral tint is no colour, grey must be composed of neutral and a little blue; and to make a pearly grey a little lake must be added; this will serve for a shade to the darker parts of the sky, which may be more neutral, if in great masses. Small spires, adapted to these kind of subjects, may help to form the most agreeable pictures belonging to the pastoral class; but if there be one object more than another repugnant to the eye of taste, it is the view of a lofty spire, seen from fields and other places moderately distant from town; for as the awfulness and sublimity of attitude is admitted to owe much to lines which rise directly up towards the skies, these spires not only destroy, by comparison, the magnitude of all the trees, and other objects, with which it cannot harmonize, (but instead of supporting the equal dignity of a tower, which only terminates its career while soaring,) appears

like a slender giant, who has out-
 , and is propped up with a fool's

the representation of trees, it
 that the great difficulty attending
 necessity there is for the applica-
 knowledge and rules of art, which
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 m. Even industry and ability
 e exerted, before any thing like
 ical character of execution can
 ded the student has only to rely
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 rly performances of established
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 ly to nature in the first instance,
 rather apt to imitate the infancy
 of art; as it is not the number
 e quantity, but variety in their
 ces, depths, and colours; for as
 mation to be gained by viewing
 sizes and reigns than a thousand
 date and impression, so will a
 eds and leaves appear more nu-
 eat quantity of the same kind.
 principle is one of the reasons
 hich are so much laboured, give
 npleasure to an experienced eye:

of leaves, and by attending principally to the masses,
 execute the leaves with the looseness of character
 observable at a small distance in nature.

MR. NICHOLSON'S PROCESS FOR PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

Of the Advantages and supposed Imperfection of Painting in Water-Colours.

“THE methods and expedients employed in paint-
 ing are so numerous, that the possibility of disco-
 vering any system, by which every advantage may
 be gained, and every inconvenience and defect
 avoided, may be doubted. Every method pos-
 sessing its peculiar advantages, it becomes a subject
 of considerable interest, to discover whether, and
 how far, the perfections of each may be united.
 The imitation of nature being the object of the art-
 ist, that ought to be preferred by which it best can
 be attained. To arrive at any reasonable conclu-
 sion, these advantages should at least be under-
 stood, which, so far as painting with water-colours
 is concerned, is by no means the case. Few
 people are aware of the degree of perfection to
 which it may be carried; and being under the in-
 fluence of some prejudice respecting it, an attempt

parison between such works as probably may never be equalled, and those in an art still in its progress; the possibility of perfecting which ought rather to be ascertained and promoted by encouragement, than unfairly represented and opposed, as it has sometimes been by those who were but poorly qualified to appreciate its properties.

"In the production of the artist, truth of imitation, and the permanence of the work, may be assumed as the principal considerations. In the first, paintings in water-colours have in some respects an advantage of works in oil; and in the last, the difference is not such as the public have been led to believe.

"It is generally allowed that the distances of landscape may be executed in water-colours with more truth and clearness than in oil. The latter is supposed to be capable of producing greater force and depth; but this is not proved, as many pictures have been painted with water-colours, in which the depth and force are as great as oil-colour can or ought to exhibit.

"In the practice of painting with water-colours, the scale is more simple than that in oil-painting; white being quite unnecessary in the former; black is by no means indispensable in either; the full depth of obscurity, so far as it can be expressed by colour, may be as well, if not better, gained without it.

"The most perfect imitation of nature is that seen in the Camera Obscura; the only imperfection of which, if that can be deemed an imperfection, by which the effect of nature is heightened, arises from the increased opposition of light and shadow. The latter, by reflecting less than the former, has more depth than appears in nature; yet notwithstanding the supposed incapacity of water-colours to express that depth, this representation always appears as a finished picture done in such colours, rather than like a painting in oil."

The truth of this observation of Mr. Nicholson's cannot be too strongly pressed upon the attention of those who having been led to suppose that nothing short of the depth, force, and extensive scale of colours prepared in oil, can enable a painter to make a faithful copy of a real scene in nature, are deterred from attempting the same object with the more limited capacities of water colours. This erroneous prejudice has long been too prevalent, for although, as has been observed before, we feel no hesitation in granting, that there are subjects which oil painting alone can render with all their attributes of gran-

deur, local colour, texture, &c.; yet with landscape composition, the matter is widely different.

"We have, during the late season for studying landscape in the open air, repeatedly proved by the camera-obscura, that all the fine combinations, of fore-ground, middle ground and distance,—houses, trees, sky and water—all that constitute the finest subjects in landscape, as seen under the effects of morning, noon and evening, or under the influence of those incidental lights, which constitute the most poetic sentiments in pictures of this class, when viewed by the optical aid of this interesting machine, are so truly of the character of a water colour painting, that were it not for the motion of the trees, and other moving objects, the most accurate observation might be deceived, and proclaim the scenes to be the work of water colours upon paper. This experiment is so easily proved, that we particularly recommend those, who may doubt the affinity of the real scene, to the graphic imitation, to make the trial; and we pledge ourselves for the result—namely, that it will convince, that no species of painting, when applied by the hand of a skilful master, could be compared with this for rendering an accurate representation of a real scene.

"The advantage of oil painting, on the other hand, is considerable; especially by the use of what is technically called glazing, which consists in spreading a transparent colour upon another, prepared as a ground to receive it, producing by that means a greater degree of brilliancy and richness, than can be given by solid and opaque colour. This was, till of late, called a trick by many who would not follow or admit any method but that which they called fair painting. It may be considered as a proof of the increased and diffused knowledge of art, that we hear no such nonsense now—every expedient being considered allowable by which the artist can best accomplish the intended effect.

"The objections usually urged against the use of water colours is their supposed want of permanency. If this be advanced at the present day, it must be by those who take their opinion on trust, or have not observed any thing but such slight performances as were done formerly, and called washed or stained drawings: those being thinly tinted, and generally with vegetable colours, could not be expected to remain; but to maintain from thence that all water colours must be very fugitive, proves nothing but ignorance of the present practice, and of what it may be extended to.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY

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 mation to be gained by viewing
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 principle is one of the
 hich are so much labour
 pleasure to an experienced

of leaves, and by
 execute the leav
 observable at a

MR. NICHOLSON'S STAGE SCRAP BOOK.
 No. IV.

OF THE HISTORY OF SCENE PAINTING.
 Of the...—How often in the indul-
 agreeable reveries, that transport
 back to the "days of yore," have
 with numberless others, sat in our
 and wished that the enlightened of
 what honours posterity had paid
 that Milton had beheld his neg-
 poem, adorned by the united talents
 and engraver, and in splendid type, richly
 morocco and gold, placed in a thousand
 series; that Handel could have listened to his
 compositions, performed by six hundred skil-
 mens, under the ancient roof, that protects
 dust; and that Shakspeare could have
 his dramatic histories performed with all the
 odour of costume and scenic aid, as exhibited
 Covent Garden and Drury Lane.
 Shakspeare must have felt how much more his
 wrought scenes would have impressed his
 his scene have been got up in a

SUNSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

advised to perform its ingenious
with water, and will go out, as long
England were shall acknowledge the
second native landscape painter, and
a tramp of beef.

idea, another low-ground, the very
of Lambert, designed the scenes for
Black-Jane. Blackwood the man-
the Phant, were inseparables, until
now: when Blackwood's widow be-
of her husband's worthy colleague,
Wrayman, leaving him in possession
from his property.

one of the Italian Opera was in its
to Squares, Popera and Parinelli
and to join that renowned musical
Amiconi, the painter, was of the
musician played into each other's
it was conditioned, that Amiconi
e scenes for the great theatre in the
he assisted occasionally at the scena-
a Garden, and in conjunction with
red the ceiling, and the proscenium

(concluded in the next Number.)

MR. WILSON.

childhood, he was rendered unfit for the station;
when the king allowed him an annuity from his
privy purse, with which he retired into Montgo-
meryshire, and there terminated a being, unpropo-
sitions, though honoured, and miserable, though
virtuous.

“His choice of nature was singular and admirable:
in his more finished pictures, he united the force
and fire of Salvator Rosa, with the delicacy of
Claude Lorraine; and it was his peculiar excellence
to have less of that ruinous tendency, which is
called manner, in the distribution of objects, than
any other landscape painter of the age. His breadth
have an aptitude and force above all rivalry: his
vision was less jaundiced by prejudices, and he
viewed his scenery and figures more cunningly and
deeply than his competitors. It has been objected
to him, that he was slovenly, inasmuch as he
painted more for effect than precision; and to
become grand, forgot or disdained the littlenesses of
the art. He conceived his subject, even with as
much dignity as *Claude*, though he failed to equal
him in the harmony and mellowness of his tints.
His pencilling was decisive, and though rough, had
many captivations. He was mighty and charming
though negligent. He possessed a bold and impe-
tuous genius. When he committed his thoughts to
the canvas, he made other artists look on him as a

served the office of Mayor, anno 1439, and left his dutiful apprentice a handsome legacy, in token of his affection and esteem.

The first book printed at an English Press, was a Treatise on the Game of Chess, by Caxton, dated 1474. This ancient worthy having some knowledge of the modern languages, translated from the French. The following is the proeme to his prose translation of *Virgil's Æneis*, of which he speaks as a book scarcely known!

"After dyverse Werkes, made, translated, and achiened, hauing noo werke in hand I sitting in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys, happened that to my hande came a lytel booke in Frenshe, whyche late was translated oute of latyn by some clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerke *Vyrgyle*) which booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete *Troie*, *Eneas* departed berynge his old fader *Anchoris* upon his sholders, his lytel son *Iolas* on his hande. His wyfe wyth moche other people followyng, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle chystorye of his aduantures that he had er he cam to his achieument of the conquest of ytalie as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In which booke I had grete playyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in frenshe Whych I neuer saw to fore lyke. ne none so playsaunt ne no so well ordred. whiche booke as me seemed sholde be moche requysyte to noble men to see as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yeres passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* with other werkes, made and lerned dayly in scolis specially in ytalie and other Places whiche hystorye the said *Vyrgyle* made in metre. And whan I had aduysed me in this sayd booke. I *delybered and concluded* to translate it into englyshe. and fortwhyth tokę a penne and ynk and wrote leef or tweyne, which I ouersawe again to correct it, and whan I sawe the fayre and straunge termes therein, I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylmen whiche late blamed me sayeing that in my translacyons I had ouer curyous termes whiche could not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse olde and homely termes in my translacyons. And fayne wolde I satysfy every man, and so to do toke an olde booke and redde therein, and certaynly the englyshe was so rude and brood that I coude not well vnderstande it. And also my lorde *Abbot of Westmynster* ded do shewe to me late certayne

euydences wryton in olde englyshe for to reduce it in our englyshe now vsed, and certaynly it was wryton in suche wise that it was more lyke to dutche than englyshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be onderstoden, and certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vsed spoken when I was borne, for we englyshemen, ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone. whiche is neuer stedfaste, but ever wauerynge, wexynge one season, and wayneth and dyscreaseth another season. And that comyn englyshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another. In so much that in my dayes happened that certayn marchants were in a ship in Tamysse for to have sayled over the see into Zeland, and for lacke of wynde thei tarried at ferland, and wente to land to refreshe them. And one of them named *Sheffelde* a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete, and specyally he axed after eggys. And the goodwyf answered, that she cude speke no frenshe. And the marchant was anggy. for he also cude speke no frenshe, but wolde have had eggys, and she vnderstode him not, and then at last another sayd he wolde have eyren, then the goodwyf sayd that she understode hym wel. Loo what shold a man in these days now wryte, eggys or eyren, certaynly it is hard to playse every man, by cause of diuersite and change of langage. For these dayes every man that is in ony reputacyon in his contre, will vter his comynycacyon and maters in suche maners and termes, that few men shall vnderstonde them, and some honest and grete clerks have ben wyth and desyred me to wryte the most curious termes that I coude finde, and thus betwene playn rude, and curyous I stand abashed. but in my judgmente, the comyn terms that be daili vsed ben lighter to be vnderstoden than the olde and auncient englyshe, And for as moche as this present booke is not for a rude *uplondishman* to laboure therein, ne red it, but onely for a clerke and a noble gentylman, that feleth and vnderstondeth in faytes of armes, in loue, and in noble chivalrye. Therefore, in a mean bytwene bothe, I haue translated and reduced this sayd booke into our englyshe, not ouer rude ne curyous, but in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden, by goddys grace, accordynge to my cople. And yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit, and fyndeth suche termes that he cannot vnderstonde, late hym goo rede and lerne *Vyrgyle*, or the pystles of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall see and vnderstonde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar and informer. For this booke is not for

every rude and unconnyng man to see, but to clerkys and very gentylemen, that vnderstande gentylnes and scyence. Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lyttle treatys, to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. For I knowleche my self ignorant of connyng to empyse on me so hie and noble a werke. But I praye *Mr. John Skelton*, late created poete laureate to the vnyversyte of *Oxonfored*, to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke. And t'addresse and expowne whereas shall be founde faulte to them that shall require it. For hym I knowe for suffycient to expowne and englyshe euery diffyculte that is therein, For he hath late translated the epystles of *Tulle*, and the booke of *Dyodorus Syculus*, and diuerse other werkes, out of latyn in to englyshe. not in rude and olde langage, but in *polyshe and ornate termes*, craftely, as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tulle*, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me unknown: and also he hath redde the IX muses, and vnderstande theyr musicall scyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye him and suche other to correcte, adde, or mynyshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte, For I haue but folowed my cople in frenshe as nygh as me is possyble, And yf any worde be sayd therein well, I am glad, and yf otherwyse, I submytte my sayd booke to theyr correctyon, Whiche booke I presente vnto the hye born my to *comynge* naturall and souerayn lord *Arthur*, by the grace of God Prvnce of *Walys*, Duke of *Corneywall*, and Erle of *Chester*, first bygotten son and heyer vnto our most dradde natrall and souerayn lorde and most chrysten kynge of *Englande* and of *Fraunce*, and lord of *Irelande*, byseeching his noble grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moste humble subget and seruant, And I shall praye unto Almyghty God for his prosperous increasyng in vertue, wysedom, and humanyte, that he may be egal with the most renommed of alle his noble progenytours. And so to lyue in this present lyf, that after this transitorye lyf he and we alle may come to euerlastynge lyf in heuen. Amen."

At the conclusion of the book,—

"Here fynyshe the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled by *Vyrgyle*, which hath ben translated out of latyn in to *frenshe* reduced in to *englyshe* by me *Willm. Caxton*, the xxij daye of *Junyn*, the yere of our lorde M iij Clxxx. The fythe yere of the regne of Kyng *Henry* the seuenth."

MISCELLANEA.

HAUNTED HOUSE AT ATHENS.

FEW reminiscences are revived with more fondness than those stories which excited our interest in the days of our youth. Who, when a school-boy, and the books laid on the shelf until the coming morn, whilst squeezing in before the winter fire, has not read his own alarm as in a mirror, in the scared countenance of a school-fellow, when some juvenile Aubrey, or Antony a-Wood, sitting in the midst, has entertained them with the circumstantial story of a GHOST? Verily, we love to hear these idle tales, even in our old age.

William of Malsbury has given us a notable history of the Old Woman of Berkley. She was a witch. Mr. Southey has put it into verse, and a most picturesque tale it is. The English Chronicles afford us some few tales of wonder; but the Scottish chroniclers leave our old historians far behind in their delectable histories of witches, warlocks, weird sisters, and the like, and treat of ghosts of the living as well as the dead.

Now there are certain associations touching these matters, which to us grey-beards are every thing; namely, the attributes of haunted houses, and of ghosts, which are purely national. A classic ghost in armour, and with a truncheon, is too epic—too much out of our sphere, to excite terror. That monstrous apparition which made an appointment with Brutus, to meet him at Philippi, would not walk in a village, nor disturb the family of a yeoman. There is not a school-boy, who, having read that magnificent tale, that would fear to meet Cæsar in crossing the church-yard: not so with some shabby-looking old ghost, who had hidden a pot of money; nor with some old lady who was never seen, but only heard, by the rustling of her silken gown and hood.

These were our confined notions as to English and Scottish ghosts; but lately looking over some curious scraps, we found the following free translation of one of *Pliny's* Letters, which, as it relates to a ghost so like our own, and being seen in the classic city of Athens, we shall offer it to our readers as a literary curiosity.

Letters out of Pliny, Lib 7. Epist. 27.

[TO SURA.]

You and I are both at leisure,—you to teach, and I to be informed. I have for a long while earnestly desired to know, whether there are any

such things, in reality, as spectres, or whether they are only the result of a fearful imagination. For my part, I am inclined to believe the former, by what happened, as I have been told the story, to Curtius Rufus. He was walking up and down a portico, towards the evening, when the shape of a woman appeared to him, but much bigger than the life, and much more beautiful. This unexpected sight strangely surprised him,—when the phantom told him she was Afric, and came on purpose to tell him his fortune; adding, that he was going to Rome, where he should be advanced to the greatest honours; that he should return back to this province in quality of governor, and there die. Every thing exactly happened as the spectre foretold. The story goes, that as he was sailing for Carthage, and coming out of the ship, the very same figure met him upon the shore; upon which he felt sick; and remembering what it had formerly told him, gave over all hopes of recovery, before the physicians thought his case dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much stranger, so it is more terrible than the other.—There was a large and stately house at Athens, but untenanted, by reason of the ill name it lay under; for in the depth of the night you might hear a noise like that of the dragging of chains, which at first seemed to be farther off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: at last a ghost appeared in the shape of an old man, lean and meagre, with a long beard, and the hair of his head matted; it had fetters about its legs, and manacles on its hands, which it shook and rattled.

These strange noises disturbed the neighbourhood so, that few or none could sleep for them; some fell sick with watching so long, and their fears increasing, died soon after; for though the spectre was not visible in the day, yet their memory still represented it to their eyes, and one fear began another: for this reason, no one would dwell in the house, but it stood empty, and was left wholly to the ghost to play its midnight frolics in; however, there was a bill put over the door, to signify that the house was to be let or sold, if by chance they could meet with a chapman who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happened that one Athenodorus, a philosopher, coming to Athens, read the bill, enquired after the rent, and suspecting there was something extraordinary in the matter, because it was to be had so cheap, he informs himself, of the neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole business. He was so far from

being discouraged by it, that it made him more eager to strike a bargain.

When it began to grow dark, he ordered a bed to be made for him in a room that faced the street. He called for paper, ink, and candle, and ordered all his servants to withdraw. He employed his mind, his eyes, his hands, in writing, lest his imagination, having nothing to employ it, might be at leisure to create visions and spectres. About the former part of the night, the scene continued quiet enough; at last he heard the rattling of iron, and shaking of chains. Our philosopher did not so much as lift up his eyes to see what was the matter, nor left off writing, but endeavoured all he could to neglect it; the noise still increasing, and moving nearer, so that sometimes it appeared to be within, and sometimes without the room, at last Athenodorus looked behind him, and saw it just as the neighbours had described it to him. It stood still and beckoned with its finger, like a man that calls to another. He, on the other side, makes a sign with his hand that it should tarry a little for him, and falls a-writing again. All this while the spectre rattled his chains over his head as he writ; and he, looking behind him, found that it beckoned to him as before; so he took up his candle in his hand, and followed it. The ghost walked leisurely along, as if its chains did hinder it; after that it turned into the court-yard, and immediately vanished under ground. Our philosopher took some leaves and herbs, that he might know the place again. The next day he goes to the magistrates of the town, and advised them to dig in the place where this happened; which they accordingly did, and found a parcel of bones wrapped about with iron chains, formerly belonging to a body, which time and the earth together had putrefied. These relics were publicly buried; after which the house was haunted no more. I am inclined to believe this story, having had it so confidently affirmed to me. I earnestly entreat you to bestow a little consideration, to inform me better upon this point. 'Tis a subject worthy of your deepest enquiry; though I confess I am not worthy to have you to communicate your learned thoughts to me. Although you can plead on both sides, and manage an argument either pro or con, as the custom of the gentlemen at the bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that talent here, but fairly to determine the point, because I would not be dismissed uncertain, or left in suspense, since this is my reason for giving you this trouble. Farewell.

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. III.

TURNER AND CLAUDE DE LORRAINE.

THERE is a modern work in the libraries of almost every enlightened connoisseur, entitled *Liber Veritatis*, which contains engravings in imitation, as near as may be, of sketches of landscape compositions, made by the greatly renowned Claude de Lorraine, certainly one of the closest imitators of nature, as she exhibited herself in the beautiful and classic regions of Italy, the land so prolific of scenes, immortalized by painter and by poet.

This voluminous work, so many years in the press, and published in parts, was eagerly sought by all the cognoscenti, and proof impressions were carefully placed in the port-folio as graphic treasures, too sacred to be handled by rude hands.

We have seen, too, during the publication of the latter volume of these designs of Claude, a work issuing from the press, also in parts, somewhat similar in its general character, from the designs of a native landscape painter, W. M. Turner, entitled *Liber Studiorum*, which we believe is not to be found in the portfolios of so many of these collectors of works of taste. Although, with all our veneration for the name of Claude, and our admiration of his rare talent as a landscape-painter, we feel no hesitation in saying, that the merits of one work, touching the higher properties of art, bear but little proportion to the other, and that the titles might well be changed, to Turner's *Liber Veritatis*, and Claude's *Liber Studiorum*.

This opinion will doubtless startle many a lover of *vertù*, if such deigned to peruse our humble lucubrations; but candour would not refuse to examine this, as well as many other matters which we shall presume to offer, in our essays upon the fine arts, rather than pronounce the hasty judgment too common with those who are willing to believe that the moderns must of necessity be inferior to those, who of old have deservedly acquired a name.

The *Liber Veritatis* contains fac-similies, as near as the art of engraving could make them, of sketches of landscapes and sea-pieces, by Claude, being a collection of memoranda of subjects which he had

painted, or studies from which he intended to paint, with, perhaps, loose hints for future composition.

That the voluminous work was published, is a circumstance at which the true lover of art cannot be displeased, as every scrap which so illustrious a painter thought worthy of preservation, has a claim upon the protection of posterity. But when it is found that this or any other work is upheld, upon the general reputation of the name of its author, rather than its real intrinsic merit, it behoves the candid critic to question its pretensions.

This celebrated work is often injudiciously recommended to the amateur student in landscape, by learned connoisseurs, as an exemplar of light, shadow, and composition. It has moreover been resorted to, and that most erroneously, by certain teachers of drawing, as a store for subjects to lay before their pupils.

The paintings of this great artist, for colour, general harmony, truth of aerial perspective, and purity of execution, are as near perfection as art has yet been known to proceed in the imitation of scenes in nature, as viewed under the influence of a clear atmosphere, and serene sky, such as Italy so frequently affords, and which this judicious painter almost invariably chose for the objects of his imitation. Claude's great excellence lay in exhibiting the elegant pastoral. The grand epic style he rarely attempted, and when he did, he failed. The bold features of composition form no part of his general attention; hence, these sketches, whether touching form, light, and shadow, or the leading principles of composition, abstracted of colour, and harmony, are the worst exemplars that can be laid before the student, who would desire to improve himself in the art of designing landscape. Indeed we feel no hesitation in saying, that the work, with few exceptions, is a collection of scraps, some from nature, and some from the imagination, forming a series of scattered compositions, which are deficient in sound principles, and puerile in design.

Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, on the contrary, we should recommend to teach those very properties in art, of which this work of Claude's is so deficient. The designs of Turner are classed under the heads Epic, Pastoral, Marine, &c.; a division not merely in the titles, but maintained with due discrimination of their separate characters, and upon principles that are obviously the result of this artist's

great knowledge of composition, as it embraces all that can be represented in one colour, namely, form, light and shadow, proportion, fitness, and general effect. This work, which is an honour to the British school, we would, with deference to all the real admirers of what is excellent in ancient art, hold up, in preference to any that has appeared, as the best preceptive book of studies for the amateur of landscape, that ever issued from the press.

He that makes the ingenious labours of the ancients the theme for praise, is not liable to the imputation of partiality, and few are disposed to question his pretensions on the score of judgment, for the living are sufficiently prejudiced in favour of the works of the illustrious dead. We are aware of the difficulty of speaking with justice and candour of the works of our contemporaries; first, lest our judgment may be called in question; secondly, whether our honesty may not be suspected; for praise may be construed into flattery, and censure into malice.

In our analysis of the contemporary English school of art, however, we shall offer our opinions without fear, as we profess the main object of these papers to be, to do justice to the merits of our artists; an object that we most devoutly wish was equally pursued by those whose means of serving the interests of art are so greatly superior to our own. But, alas! the curse of British art is too frequently to be traced to the malignant and unpatriotic spirit of the British press!

The genius and original feeling displayed in Turner's paintings in water-colours, however, we may venture to praise; for the whole world of taste have assented to the honours which he has earned by his achievements in this new art. Happily, there are no ancients to put in competition with the moderns in this department, and all Europe has acknowledged the merits of this branch of the existing English school.

There is one subject for regret which we could fervently desire to see no longer continued, namely, that clause in the constitution of the government of the British Institution, which precludes the admission of works in water-colours, for exhibition in their spacious apartments: unless, indeed, it could be proved that the principles of composition, including all the attributes of expression, drawing, grouping, light, shadow, and harmony of colouring, were beyond the capacity of the material in which the professor wrought.

We have but to refer the recollection of the connoisseur to some of the works of this artist; his evening effect on his view of Caernarvon Castle for one, and then to ask, whether the highest sentiment of painting, as applied to landscape composition, was ever displayed by any master, of any school, with more felicity? We recollect that the general opinion of the learned, regarding this work of art, was, that it combined all the properties that could be united in a picturesque description of such a scene.

Hitherto, the topographical style of painting had been chiefly addressed to the antiquary, rather as a matter of curiosity than art. In this country, at least, architectural representations were viewed as subjects which did not afford sufficient scope for the display of much talent. Turner and Girtin, however, discovered in this pursuit, capacities which had escaped the most ingenious of their predecessors, and so nearly at the same period, that it would be difficult to determine which of the two were endowed with the highest gifts. But the period arrived, when the superiority was manifest in Turner, who superadded to as great a knowledge of effect as that possessed by his ingenious compeer, greater accuracy of drawing, and more elegant execution, which enabled him to accomplish all that could be desired, and laid a solid foundation whereon to build his future fame.

Some of the interior views of our cathedrals, abbeys, chapter-houses, and chapels, as well as other remains of ancient architecture, which Turner for several years exhibited in the Royal Academy, displayed such original feeling for the treatment of these subjects, such beauty of detail, variety of tones, elegant touch, breadth of effect, and general harmony, that they surprised the artists themselves, who were the first to express their admiration of such a new species of art, and the loudest in their encomiums upon his genius and taste.

Having said thus much in praise of this contemporary artist, we venture to offer a few observations upon the general character of the British school of painting, under the hope that we may contribute our humble efforts to the removal of an error touching the subject, which originated in presumption and ignorance, and has become so general a prejudice with the public.

Every friend to native talent, and all who prefer originality of style, as applied to an imitative art, nature being the prototype, to a servile and obsequious submission to the manner of this or that

school, at the will of those who, under the title of cognoscenti, or connoisseurs, assume to themselves the dictatorship in all matters of taste, would do well to uphold our artists in their laudable desire to form an English school. Could this object of their best exertions be fairly understood by the nation at large, the good sense which is manifested on all other occasions, would be exerted on this, and the painters would be rescued not only from the interference of our fashionable controllers of *virtù*, but from the persecutions of the press. Then would a prejudice, so fatal to the reputation of our Royal Academy, be removed, and the works of our contemporary painters be compared with nature as viewed face to face, and not through the medium of this particular manner, or that particular school.

ON THE SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES

OF

THE PAINTERS OF SCOTLAND OVER THE PAINTERS OF ENGLAND.

AMONG the many enlightened nations of the world, we could not name any, ancient or modern, wherein the people have not uniformly manifested feelings of national pride, in the enumeration of their artists and their arts, saving and excepting one, and that is England.

How this indifference to the genius and talent of our countrymen, professors of painting, sculpture and architecture, has originated, is worthy of enquiry. We cannot ascribe it to the prevailing spirit of commerce, to politics, or war, for, in other countries famed for these, the arts have been cherished, and the professors honoured.

In England we must seek some other cause, and trace it perhaps to that national bad taste, which provides for every company some perverted patriot, the gratuitous advocate for the professed enemies of the country. Should our enquiries extend further, might we not discover the main spring of this bad taste, to have its source in the English Press? Not so with those, our worthy fellow subjects, on the other side the Tweed. The Scottish press is governed by too just a sense of what is due to national pride, is managed with too much sagacity, and upheld with too noble a feeling of public virtue, to decry the rising energies of their schools of art, either in praise of ancient or modern schools. Their journalists, on the contrary, seem emulous in seeking who shall stand foremost to offer the helping hand to the genius of their soil, whe-

ther in painting, architecture or any other art. The gifts bestowed by genius on Scotia, was not casting pearl before swine!

The Scot is eloquent in the praises of a Stuart, or an Adam; he points to the capital, and proudly exclaims, behold—the modern Athens!

Far different in the capital of England. The most magnificent street in the world is planned, the press forewarns the projector of hasty ruin. The street is nevertheless completed. The press teems with letters and paragraphs, to censure its length and breadth, and to burlesque its architecture. It becomes the fashion to write and talk the new improvements into ruin. Labour'd treatises upon anachronisms in art, and false proportions, are written by men, verily, who know not a column from a pilaster, nor an arcade from a colonnade, to prove that architecture like painting on glass, is a lost art!

Wilkie, Raeburn, Naismith, are ever the theme with their applauding countrymen. What if Lawrence, Phillippo, Beechey, Owen, Thompson, or Turner, Calcott, Constable, Stothard, Howard, Mulready—What if the veterans in art, Fuseli, and Northcote, or the great Reynolds, Wilson, or Hogarth, had been natives of Scotland; or what if Scotia could boast a rising painter, whose talent in the loftier region of art could compete with our genius Hilton! Should we read in the contemporary journals of the north, the national exhibition being at Edinburgh instead of London, that the joint exertions of so many worthy compeers, the ingenious restorers of an ancient and noble art, from its ruins, the meritorious labour of only half a century too, were entitled to no other reward, than the laughter, the scorn, and contempt of their age!

Yet, so it is: the annual works of these able artists cannot rescue the national exhibition from the tyranny and injustice of the press, which lets loose with remorseless vengeance the curs of criticism to blast their rising fame, to hunt them down, and to call the public, the English public, to join in the sport!

Surely no other country can be found, wherein the writers wage such unprovoked and merciless war upon the painters, architects and sculptors, their countrymen and compeers; and this is the more strange, for certainly the graphic genii, hitherto full oft of late, lent their wings to poetry, to help many a heavy muse in her flight, that must have crawled but for the sisterly aid of painting, whom she thus ungratefully vilifies.

We are led to these observations, from the perusal of some recent unjust animadversions on the painters of the present day, which betray as much ignorance of the habits of the artists, as of the arts. And we most devoutly wish, that the public would bear in mind, that among the numberless paragraphs, letters, and critiques, which are so constantly published, against the professors of the English school, there is not one in twenty written by a person competent to give a critical opinion upon the subject against which they so confidently declaim.

The arrogance with which certain among the literati stalk forth into the world of taste, and the unprincipled assumption with which they pronounce direful judgment upon painting, architecture and sculpture, would make these self elected judges blush, and hide their faces with shame, would truth, with supernatural voice, proclaim to the ears of the whole people, what she could disclose, that they were hirelings of the press, and that they had no real animosity against artists or arts, that they cared not for either, but that they wrote for bread.

The mischief, however, rests not alone with those : the honours due to such scandal are divided with certain popular authors, who spontaneously assail the interests of those ingenious professors, their compeers ; when candour, did they possess that virtue, would oblige them to allow this negative reason at least, for their forbearance—namely, that painting, architecture and sculpture, can boast professors, estimated at the lowest scale of merit on their side, name for name, and talent for talent, with the English writers of the nineteenth century ; and to end with architecture, a science so generally abused by the press, and so little understood by those whose pens defame its scientific and truly enlightened professors, we have only to add, that the old Athenian builders would hail the professors of one art, whilst the Greek scribes would laugh at the ignorance of their satirical revilers. Surely it is strange, passing strange, and unnatural, that literature should make war upon the arts !

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. V.

(Continued from p. 90).

SCENE PAINTERS.

WHETHER the *Moralities*, *Mysteries* and *Interludes*, the precursors of the regular English drama,

were exhibited with the aid of painted scenes, we are not informed, although from certain ancient documents, we find that these exhibitions were not wanting in splendid and appropriate costume, and that the machinery of dragons, and other monsters, were occasionally introduced to assist in rendering them more amusing to the spectators. But admitting that some of these ancient pieces might have been performed in chambers decorated with a painted scene, we may venture to suppose the merit of such paintings to have been even inferior to the acting, or they would have been noticed by those minute chroniclers, who appear to have dwelt with so much pleasure upon the pageants and public spectacles of former times.

Inigo Jones may therefore be considered the father of scene-painting in England ; and it is reasonable to suppose, from his acknowledged talents, that the little stage which he prepared for the private theatre at Whitehall, could not be wanting in scenery, machinery, and decorations, that would be admired even in these days.

Mr. Walpole, with reference to these elegant masques, observes,—“ During the prosperous state of the king's affairs, the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements ; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall,—in its time the most polite court in Europe. Ben Jonson was the poet ; Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations ; Lanieri and Ferrabosco composed the symphonies ; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes.

“ These pieces, which originated in the reign of James the First, were sometimes composed by command of the King, in compliment to the nuptials of certain nobility of his court,—a custom productive of much good, by encouraging marriage among the young nobility,—the best security for that dignified and virtuous conduct which regulated the households of our great families of old, and rendered the neighbourhood of a palace or a noble seat desirable in proportion to the virtues of their noble possessors.”

On occasion of the marriage of Robert Earl of Essex with the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, a *Hymenæi*, or solemnities of a masque, was performed at court on Twelfth-night 1606. In this piece, which was written by Jonson, Mas-

ter Alphonso Ferrabosco sung; Master Thomas Giles made and taught the dances.

That this great English architect designed these romantic and chaste amusements with taste, we may infer from the encomiums of his compeers; for the masque presented on the creation of Henry Prince of Wales, June 5, 1610, which was written by Daniel, induced the author to make known, "that the machinery, and contrivance and ornaments of the scenes, made the most conspicuous part of the entertainment." This masque was entitled the *Queen's Wake*.

Three years subsequent to this period, on the marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine and the Princess Elizabeth, a masque was performed at Whitehall, composed by Chapman, a dramatic writer of eminence, and contemporary of Shakespeare. The merit of our first scene-painter, for his share in the getting up of the piece, is thus set forth,—“Invented and fashioned by our kingdom's most artfull and ingenious Architect, Inigo Jones.” This superb exhibition was provided in compliment to the royal pair, at the expence of the gentlemen of the societies of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, at the cost of 2400*l.* and performed at court.

It should be observed, that these masques were introduced into England by the queen of James I. We therefore, on reverting to our last number, must place the introduction of scene-painting in England, to the reign of the royal father of Charles I. however much the art might have been improved under the reign of this sovereign.

Nicholas Laniere was also a scene-painter in this age. Ben Jonson composed a masque for the entertainment of the French ambassador, which was prepared for representation by this artist,—“The whole after the Italian manner, stylo recitativo, by Master Nicholas Laniere, who ordered and made bothe scenes and music.” This was performed at the house of Lord Hay, in 1617.

Another of our earliest scene-painters is mentioned by an old author. This is Robert Aggas, or Augustus. He was a good landscape-painter, both in oil and distemper, and was skilled in architecture, in which he painted several scenes for the theatre in Dorset Gardens. A landscape of his own painting he presented to the company of Painter Stainers, which is in their hall, Little Trinity Lane. Aggas died in 1679.

Thomas Dall, a native of Denmark, painted some admired scenes for the Covent Garden

theatre. Hogarth painted a camp scene for the private theatre of Dr. Hoadley, Dean of Winchester. Richards, the secretary to the Royal Academy, was many years principal scene-painter to Covent Garden Theatre. His coadjutors were Messrs. Bowles and Carver. Michael Angelo Rooker was principal scene-painter to Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. Walmsey, French, and the younger Catton, were also scene-painters,—the latter only occasionally. Hodges, the pupil of Wilson, was appointed scene-painter to the Italian Opera-house, held at the Pantheon after the fire of the old King's Theatre in the Haymarket. Signor Novosielsky, the architect who rebuilt this theatre, was also scene-painter to the new and splendid stage; and De Louthembourg, though last, yet greatest of the ingenious corps, was scene-painter to Drury-lane Theatre, during the management of Garrick.

It has been asserted by some writers, that no scenes had been painted for the stage of any public theatre, until after the restoration, when Sir William Davenant and Killebrew went to Paris expressly to procure scene-painters, machinists, &c. to prepare those splendid spectacles for his theatre in Blackfriars, which for a time drew the public attention from Drury-lane theatre, and superseded the regular drama.

But this assertion is disproved by the announcement of *The Temple of Love*, in 1634, performed at the theatre in Blackfriars, which says, “This Masque, for the invention, variety of scenes, apparitions, and richness of habits, was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that had been done in England.”

The severity of the reigning powers of the usurpation, against stage performances, appears to have been diminished, as the Protector grew older in his government; for in 1656, we find that Davenant got possession of Rutland House, at the upper end of Aldersgate-street, whence he announced “A Spectacle by Declamation,—the Siege of Rhodes,”—“Made a Representation by the Art of Perspective in Scenes, and the Story sung in Recitative Music.”

Indeed, Oliver Cromwell was not so destitute of taste as the chiefs of the various prevailing factions, either political or religious, although he yielded to the suggestions of those men whose contracted notions he secretly despised, on points that it was neither prudent nor safe to dispute. He was not indifferent to the power of music, retaining an organ when these noble instruments were ordered

to be destroyed or pulled to pieces by public proclamation, and employing an organist, no doubt to the annoyance of many saints, visitants at Whitehall. But for him, the cartoons of Raffaele would have taken their departure from England. He purchased them of the commissioners appointed for the sale of the king's collection.

FEMALE PERFORMERS.

IN one of the patents granted to Sir W. Davenant, in the time of Charles II. it appears that there was a clause, from which we must date the introduction of females as performers on the public stage:—"That whereas the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

Burt, Clun, Hart, and Hammerton, who had hitherto supported the female parts in the drama, having played the heroes on the field of battle, might well give place to the fair. Kynaston, the other who played female parts, was not of the corps of heroes, being, at the period of the civil wars, too young to take up arms. He became a celebrated actor, however, of men's parts, personating some of the leading heroes in the best dramatic pieces, with great applause.

The advantage derived to the drama by this admission in favour of the ladies, was great indeed, as might easily be foreseen. An interest was thrown into scenes of tenderness, which was pure and genuine,—exciting in the audience feelings very different to what had been experienced before. For in some passages, the more the actor displayed his skill in the discrimination of the female character, the less was the applause; and nothing short of the allowance of custom, nor could even that, prevent the manly feelings of an audience from occasionally revolting at the representation of scenes even of the purest sentiment, and of the strictest moral tendency. There can be no reason for doubting, but that the aforementioned actors must have felt relieved, from this odious department of their profession devolving upon the sex; and we may farther, in respect to their memory, suppose they were the first to hail the appearance of the ladies on the stage in *propria personæ*. Who in this age can fully conceive the delight of the first audience, at the exhibition of a dramatic piece, graced by the genuine attractions of delicacy and female beauty.

It is a curious coincidence, that the two greatest tragedians at this period should happen to unite in husband and wife. Betterton, and his fair lady, who was one of the two female performers who first appeared upon the stage, were acknowledged the greatest, to the end of their days. This lady, whose name was *Saunders*, and *Mrs. Davenport*, being the first names recorded on the annals of acting.

These were succeeded by other ladies of celebrity, of the names of Davies, Long, Gibbs, Norris, Holden, and Jennings. The celebrated Eleanor Gwynn, too, was one of the early female performers, whose reputation was injurious to the profession of her compeers,—many of them no less beautiful than she, though estimable for those virtues, without which wit loseth its charm, and beauty is nought but shame.

THE ADELPHI.

PERHAPS there is no architectural curiosity in London, of equal interest, so little known as the extraordinary vaults beneath the Adelphi Buildings—and thousands pass its Durham-yard entrance in the Strand, which by the bye is immediately under the Institution of the Society of Arts, without knowing that they are so near to an object that would, by many, be thought worthy of particular notice, if a shilling was charged for the privilege of inspection. These vaults are the substructure of the whole Adelphi, and upon which it is supported in a similar way to those portions of the city of Paris which are above the Catacombs, except that the latter is a mere excavation producing caverns, whilst the former is a noble work of art—exhibiting the ingenuity of the architect, and the boldness of his enterprize.

This immense building-speculation was erected about the year 1770 by Robert, John, George, and William Adam; and each name is given to a street in these buildings called, from the Greek "*Adelphi*," or the Brothers, and the vaulted avenues beneath and which lead to the river side, were also named in correspondence with them. Robert Adam, the elder brother, had visited Palmyra and Balbec, the remains of celebrated cities in the deserts of the east, and had thence acquired a peculiarity of style in architecture, and which he displayed in the ornamental portions of these buildings; to this manner he manifested a decided preference, introducing an exuberance of delicate ornament in

all his after works and which were very considerable—in fact he exhibited no small portion of zeal in furthering any good object that had engaged his feelings, and amongst them was his attempt to import and benefit the lower order of his countrymen—North Britons.

When he commenced this extensive building, he sent to Scotland for ship loads of them, patronizing all the robust sons of the Land-of-Cakes that were willing to rise, by shouldering the hod and mounting the ladder; and to the horror and mortification of the legitimates in that way—the Pats and the Murphies, who time out of mind had monopolized the honors of both—shoals of them arrived and were duly entered at their posts. But it was soon perceived that these laborious honors were not in accordance with their natural habits, for *Saundy* was thought to be too long pondering on the ponderosity of the burthen before it arrived at his shoulder, and too often making *abstract calculations* on the *steps* he was to take before it could arrive at its destination at the ladder top. The Adams' were good calculators too, and moreover gifted with a sort of national philosophy; so considering that the change of habit was perhaps too sudden for these candidates for London employment, they hastily sent back to Scotland for eleven Scotch agricultural accompaniments called Bag-pipers, and who were invoiced as the *longest and soundest winded blowers* that had been exported since the Union. Months after their arrival they were to be heard in and about the buildings, from the barges of bricks that were unloading, to the middle and topmast scaffold: and below, the vanits were made to ring with the nasal sound, long before an echo had taken possession of their recesses and intricacies: this evidently revived the drooping spirits of these meditative labourers; but it was eventually discovered that the Adams' had successfully bribed the DRONES to play in *quicker time* than had ever been practised in fair Scotia. From that moment the PIPER had lost his charm, the lofty ladder and the towering scaffold were despised, and the Saundies having had ample opportunity to *look about them*, relinquished, as they significantly called it, the CURSE OF ADAM, for *less labour and more pay*.

They were succeeded by the rejoicing Irish, who always labour cheerfully if treated kindly, and in this instance they were more than usually industrious; for, said a shrewd "Paddy" to his companions on the first Saturday night of their employ-

ment, "My darlings" said he to a bivouac of them—"these Scotch plodders, bodder them all, have a mind that we should do as much as themselves, and so, though they have taken away their bag-pipes, by the powers they have '*elegantly*' left us their FIDDLE."

J. B. P.

A TREATISE ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING,

AND

EFFECT IN WATER COLOURS, &c.

By David Cox.

HAVING professed to make our little Miscellany the organ of information upon the principles of painting in water-colours, and feeling desirous of rebutting the charge of partiality and favouritism, by pursuing the original plan which we purposed at setting forth our first number, namely,—to say something of every work of merit,—we offer to the amateur of landscape the following useful and very judicious observations of Mr. David Cox. These are prefixed to a folio work of instruction, which contains several progressive lessons, designed so compatibly with the precepts they are meant to illustrate, that they cannot fail, if diligently copied, to improve those for whose information the work was designed.

"The principal art of landscape-painting," says Mr. Cox, "consists in conveying to the mind the most forcible effect which can be produced from the various classes of scenery; which possesses the power of exciting an interest superior to that resulting from any other effect; and which can only be obtained by a most judicious selection of particular tints, and a skilful arrangement and application of them to difference in time, seasons, and situation. This is the grand principle upon which pictorial excellence hinges; as many pleasing objects, the combination of which renders a piece perfect, are frequently passed over by an observer, because the whole of the composition is not under the influence of a suitable effect. Thus, a cottage or a village scene requires a soft and simple admixture of tones calculated to produce pleasure without astonishment; awakening all the delightful sensations of the bosom, without trenching on the nobler provinces of feeling. On the contrary, the structures of greatness and antiquity should be marked by a character of awful sublimity, suited to the dignity of the subject: indenting on the mind a reverential and permanent impression, and giving at once a corresponding and unequivocal grandeur to the picture. In the language of the pencil, as well as of the pen, sublime ideas are expressed by lofty and obscure images; such as in pictures, objects of fine majestic forms, lofty towers, mountains, lakes margined with stately trees, rugged rocks, and clouds rolling their shadowy forms in broad masses over the scene, much depends upon the classification of the objects, which

should wear a magnificent uniformity, and much on the colouring, the tones of which should be deep and impressive.

"In the selection of a subject from nature, the student should ever keep in view the principal object which induced him to make the sketch; whether it be mountains, castles, groups of trees, corn field, river scene, or any other object, the prominence of this leading feature in the piece should be duly supported throughout; the character of the picture should be derived from it; every other object introduced should be subservient to it; and the attraction of the one should be the attraction of the whole. The union of too great a variety of parts, tends to destroy, or at least to weaken the predominance of that which ought to be the principal in the composition, and which the student, when he comes to the colouring, should be careful to characterize, by throwing upon it the strongest light. In his attention to this rule, however, the student must be particular not to fall into the opposite extreme, by suffering the leading object of his composition so fully to engross his attention, as to render him neglectful of the inferior parts. Because they are not to be exalted into principals, it does not follow that they are to be degraded into superfluities.

"All the lights in a picture should be composed of warm tints, except they fall on a glossy or reflective surface,—such as laurel leaves, glazed utensils, &c. which should be cool, and the lights small, to give them a sparkling appearance; but care must be taken not to introduce a cold colour in the principal light, which, as already mentioned, should be thrown upon the leading feature of a picture, as it conduces to destroy the breadth that should be preserved; while, on the contrary, the opposition or proximity of a cool to a warm colour, assists greatly in giving brilliancy to the lights. If the picture, for instance, should have a cool sky, the landscape ought to be principally composed of warm tints; as contrast of this description tends to the essential improvement of the general effect.

"All objects which are not in character with the scenes should be most carefully avoided, as the introduction of any unnecessary object is sure to be attended with injurious consequences. This must prove the necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with, and obtaining a proper feeling of the subject. The picture should be complete and perfect in the mind, before it is even traced upon the canvas. Such force and expression should be displayed, as would render the effect, at the first glance, intelligible to the observer. Merely to paint, is not enough; for where no interest is felt, nothing can be more natural than that none should be conveyed.

"Finally, it may be observed, that it is only by a due attention to each distinct part, and by a skillful combination of all, that the whole can be effective and delightful."

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. III.

JOHN HINGSTON, a scholar of Orlando Gibbons, was organist to Oliver Cromwell, who, as it is said, had some affection for music and musicians. Hingston was first in the service of Charles I., but for a pension of one hundred pounds a year, he went over to Cromwell, and instructed his daughters in

music. He bred up under him two boys, whom he taught to sing with him, Deering's Latin songs, which Cromwell greatly delighted to hear, and had often performed before him at the Cock-pit, at Whitehall. He had concerts at his own house, at which Cromwell would often be present. In one of these musical entertainments, Sir Roger L'Estrange happens to be a performer, and Sir Roger, not leaving the room upon Cromwell's coming into it, the Cavaliers gave him the name of Oliver's fiddler; but in a pamphlet entitled "Truth and Loyalty, vindicated, Lond. 1662," he clears himself from the imputation which this reproachful appellation was intended to fix on him, and relates the story in the words following:—

"Concerning the story of the fiddle, this I suppose might be the rise of it. Being in St. James's Park, I heard an organ touched in a little low room of one Mr. Hingston; I went in, and found a private company of five or six persons, they desired me to take up a viole and bear a part, I did so, and that a part too, not much to advance the reputation of my cunning. By and by, without the least colour of a design or expectation, in comes Cromwell. He found us playing, and as I remember, so he left us."

Hingston, was Dr. Blow's first master, though the inscription on Blow's monument takes no notice of it, but says, that he was brought up under Dr. Christopher Gibbons. He had a nephew named Peter, educated under Purcell, and who was organist of Ipswich, and an eminent teacher of music there and in that neighbourhood. A picture of John Hingston is in the music school, Oxon.

There are many particulars related of Cromwell, which shew that he was a lover of music; indeed, Anthony Wood expressly asserts it in his *Life of Himself*, page 139, and as a proof of it, relates the following story; "A. W. had some acquaintance with James Quin, M.A. one of the senior students of Christ Church, and had several times heard him sing with great admiration. His voice was a bass, and he had a great command of it; 'twas very strong, and exceeding troulous, but he wanted skill, and could scarce sing in consort. He had been turned out of his student's place by the visitors, but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved musick, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental musick well. He heard him sing with very great delight, liquor'd him with sack, and in conclusion

said, 'Mr. Quin, you have done very well, what shall I do for you?' To which Quin made answer, with great compliments, of which he had command, with a great grace, 'That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place, which he did accordingly, and so kept it to his dying day.'"

Cromwell was also fond of the music of the organ, as appears from the following remarkable anecdote. "In the grand rebellion, when the organ at Magdalen Colledge, in Oxford, among others was taken down, Cromwell ordered it to be carefully conveyed to Hampton-Court, where it was placed in the great gallery; and one of Cromwell's favourite amusements was to be entertained with this instrument at leisure hours. It continued there till the Restoration, when it was returned to its original owners, and was the same that remained in the choir of that Colledge, till within these last thirty years."

It is known that the order for pulling down the organs from the cathedrals and churches was put in force with so much zeal by the puritans, and that musical meetings were so entirely discouraged, that scarcely an organ remained entire at the time of the Restoration. The author of *Mercurius Rusticus*, in his account of the spoliations of the cathedrals and parish churches, relates that the cathedral of St. Paul and Westminster Abbey were converted into barracks for the parliamentary troops, and that the table of the holy altar in the choir of the Abbey, was surrounded by soldiers drinking and smoking tobacco. Moreover, that these mock saints, wrapping one of their comrades in the surplice of a chorister, chased him round the chapels and cloisters at the game of hunting the hare. They pulled down the great organ, and went about Westminster, some fellows bearing the large pipes on their shoulders, whilst others blew into them, making a trumpeting, and afterwards sold them to the publicans for pots of ale.

On the re-establishment of church government, the king, being an amateur of cathedral music, great exertions were made to procure an organ; but such was the difficulty attending the agents employed in the search, that detached parts of that noble instrument, such as had accidentally been preserved, were sought, and purchased at great prices, and of these, with the addition of such parts as were wanting, the organ-builder was obliged to patch up this grand accompaniment to the choir.

England then afforded a field for the ingenious

skilled in the art of organ-building, and agents were dispatched abroad to invite foreigners to come over, who were promised due encouragement by the government, and the heads of the church. Indeed, the principal inhabitants of certain parishes were equally emulous to have a good instrument set up in their respective churches. One of the most famed, who became a candidate for English patronage, was the celebrated mechanic, known by the designation of Father Smith, of whom we shall speak in a future Number. One other circumstance, however, relating to this subject, we think deserving of notice.

The church of St. Bennet was destroyed by the memorable fire of 1666, and re-built in the year 1673. A great benefactor to this pious undertaking, was a Mr. Holman, who, being a parishioner, although a *Roman Catholic*, gave 1000*l.* towards the new church. On which occasion, says my authority, "he gave also the deal, and would have presented the parish with an organ, but the *Goths* refused the same as appears, because they dreaded the charge of keeping it in repair, and maintaining an organist.—But others say, that the refusal was owing to their want of esteem for the melodious harmony which that instrument promotes in congregation."

HUMOUROUS ACCOUNT OF A COMMON FIDDLER.

A poor fiddler is a man and fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together, (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer than to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two, and yet he begs too, only not in the downright for God's sake, but with a shrugging God bless you, and his face is more pin'd than the blind man's. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring John Dory. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis sometimes mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas, and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the Inn, whom he torments next morning with his

art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to them than a new jacket, especially if indelicate, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A country wedding and Whitsun ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk and in the stocks.

OPINIONS ON PORTRAITS.

WHEN Martin Luther was shewn a portrait of Erasmus, the ascetic reformer observed, "Were I to look like this picture, I should be the greatest knave in the world!" So much for prejudice.

Physiognomists observe in the visage of Erasmus, the strongest indications of good sense, wit, and benignity.

Luther was implacable in his resentment, and bitter in his sarcasm; ardent and sincere in his great work of Reformation, he would keep no terms with those who would not go the whole length of his zeal. Erasmus and the pious Augustine monk had once been friends.

The rare talents of Erasmus burst forth "when learning was emerging out of barbarism." He was one of the first who ventured to attack superstitions which he had not the courage to relinquish. His cupboard, which, to the honour of the age, was entirely filled with plate, presented to him by the most illustrious men, as an offering to his talents and private worth, excited suspicions of his too great devotion to the good things of the world, and furnished the independent spirit of Luther with subject for invective.

The mild Erasmus had said, "We must carry ourselves according to the times; and hang the cloak according to the wind."—Sentiments, however honestly meant, not likely to square with the straight forward temper of the great apostle of Protestantism.

Rubens, in his portrait of Martin Luther, introduced in the group of his celebrated picture of the Woman taken in Adultery, has given us a visage without a single trait which even the devotion of bigotry could convert into a Christian or cardinal virtue. John Calvin, too, is a prominent figure in the group, conceived in the same spirit of hatred to the reformed religion.

The mild and amiable demeanour of Melancthon and Erasmus, compared with the impatient rudeness of Luther, and the outrageous violence of Calvin, certainly afforded the Romanists ample materials to paint that contrast to physiognomical excellence, which marks the expression of these extraordinary men, joint labourers in the same meritorious work.

Luther married a *nun*. We are not informed whether she was a saint, but she must have been meek indeed to have borne with the lordly humour of this holy hermit. Yet he could be playful at times. "Patience," said he, "is necessary in most things. I must have patience with the *Pope*; I must have patience with *heretics* and *seducers*; I must have patience with *babbling courtiers*; I must have patience with my *servants*; I must have patience with my WIFE KATE!"

In allusion to this wife KATE, Erasmus says, in a letter to Melancthon, "I really thought that Luther's marriage would have softened him a little;" and, referring to his abuse, adds, "It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years, to be obliged to write to defend myself against a *savage beast* and a *furious wild boar*." Luther had openly reviled him, declaring that he was "an enemy to true religion; a picture and image of an epicure and of Lucian."—"He was stained and poisoned at Rome and at Venice with epicurism!"

Melancthon, who had also been in friendship with Luther, being himself actively engaged in the Reformation, complains of his hasty temper, and adds, that he had, when disputing with him on theology, frequently received a slap on the face.

It must be ascribed to the goodness of Heaven alone that the disciples to the new doctrine were so much better disposed towards each other than the great chiefs in this religious warfare. Never did pilgrims, bound to the same holy shrine, differ more obstinately as to the right road, or wrangle more inveterately upon the way, than did the redoubtable leaders, Martin and John; and it is all but a miracle that they had not to go to the end of their pious journey alone.

Calvin, in his egotistical spleen, insists more than once, "that if the devil has some influence with the Papists, he has quite fascinated the Lutherans; and that he cannot imagine why they attack him more violently than every other person, unless it is that Satan, of whom they are the veriest tools, instigates them more against him, as the fiend sees his labours more useful to the well-being of the church than those of Luther."

He, too, compliments himself on his forbearance, saying, "It is merely the worthlessness of the subject that has alone furnished me with all the abuse that I have given way to; and I have suppressed much more that was at my tongue's end;" adding, in the genuine spirit of party-feeling, which never can be wrong, "After all, however, I am not sorry that these stupid fellows have felt my stings!"

HENRY VIII.

How common it is to hear, among a group of visitors at a gallery of royal portraits, several at once exclaim, smiling all the while, "There stands bluff Harry Tudor."

One may venture to guess, that the straddling position of this great Fidei Defensor, with arm a-kimbo, and hat cocked on one side, was chosen by himself—standing, another Colossus, for his obsequious subjects to crawl between his legs.

"What a stern old Turk he looks! what shoulders!" say the gentlemen.

"What an old Blue-beard," exclaim the ladies. "He had half-a-dozen wives, the wretch! and cut off their heads!"

This conversation has begotten many feuds amidst parties of pleasure, who have carried on the dispute from the palace to the park, from the park to the inn, from the inn to the home, which have ended, alas! with many a curtain lecture, from times beyond the memory of man.

Amidst the multitude of inexplicable characters sketched by the pen of the historian, perhaps no one can be found compounded of greater inconsistencies than this prince.

His portrait is thus drawn by Lord Bacon:—"After the decease of that wise and fortunate king, Henry the Seventh, who died in the height of his prosperity, there followed (as useth to do when the sun setteth so extremely clear,) one of the fairest mornings of a kingdom that hath been known in this land or elsewhere,—a young king, about eighteen years of age, for stature, strength, and making, and beauty, one of the goodliest persons of his time; and though he were given to pleasure, yet he was likewise desirous of glory; so that there was a passage open to his mind for glory, by virtue.

"Neither was he unadorned by learning, though therein he came short of his brother Arthur.

"He had never the least pique, difference, or jealousy with the king his father, which might give any alteration of court or council, upon the change, but all things passed in a still.

"He was the first heir of the White and Red Rose, so that there was now no discontented party left in the kingdom, but all men's hearts turned towards him; and not only their hearts, but their eyes also, for he was the only son of the kingdom."

With his noble mien, romantic spirit, and graceful accomplishments; with coffers filled with immense treasures, and subject to no controul, it cannot excite surprise if he became extravagant and self-willed. What is squandered in waste is too often supplied again in injustice.

There is an apologetical elegance in the observation of Lord Herbert, touching the amours of the young sovereign:—"One of the liberties," says his Lordship, "which our king took at his spare time, was to love. For as recommendable parts concurred in his person, and they again were exalted in his high dignity and valour, so it must seem less strange, if amid the many *faire ladies* which lived in his court, he both gave and received temptation."

Henry, a boundless libertine in his desires, yet strangely inconsistent, played the moralist in his addresses; he could only feel an ardent passion where he wished to wed, and wedded, as it should seem, only to hate or destroy those whom he had loved.

The French king, his friend, Francis I. had a far-famed widow to dispose of,—Marie de Longueville. She was a beauty, and her King Henry had determined to wed; but the potent sovereign was just too late: she had been affianced to the Scottish king. Francis was a man of honour, and would not break his faith for all the advantages of an alliance with this more powerful king.

Henry, headlong in his determination upon matrimony, attempted to establish a market of love on the French shore. "She (Marie de Longueville) has two beautiful and lusty sisters," quoth the uxorious monarch, impatient of celibacy, for he had been a moping widower for some months; "bring them and some more ladies to Calais, that I may chuse one of them for a wife."

We are not told whether King Francis indulged his amorous humour, but certainly no bargain was struck; for not long after this, Master Hans Holbein was despatched with his painting-tools, to take

the likeness of Christiana, a Danish Princess, widow to the Duke of Milan, whom Charles the Fifth had recommended to the English king for a spouse. This spirited dame, however, feeling no inclination to sleep on his royal bosom, sarcastically excused herself, by signifying, "that *having but one head, she begged to decline the honour—had she possessed two, one would have been much at his service.*"

JOHN WILKES.

HOGARTH'S talent for catching a likeness was most remarkable; indeed, the study of his whole life was reading the human countenance; hence, he could sketch a character with a few scratches of his pen. The portrait of Mr. Wilkes may be adduced as a memorable instance of this talent, which, unfortunately for our esteemed artist, was too like, and too bitter a satire upon this "*man of the people,*" to be forgiven by the witty champion of his party, namely, the much-dreaded Charles Churchill, who took up his Herculean club in defence of his friend, the member for Middlesex, and repaid the painter in kind, by a satirical drubbing, which, if it "*broke no bones,*" went nigh to the breaking of his heart.

In testimony of the faithfulness of this resemblance of Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Nichol relates, that he was informed by a copperplate printer, that nearly *four thousand* copies of the caricature were worked off on the first impression: the informant being kept up for two or three nights on the occasion, observed, he had reason to remember it.

But a still higher testimony of the excellence of the portrait, which was etched by Hogarth, from a slight *pen and ink* sketch, made, as it appears, when the patriot was sitting unconscious of the artist's observation, may be instanced in the opinion of Mr. Wilkes himself, which at the same time exhibits a striking trait of the playful ease of that gentleman, upon a subject that few men have philosophy enough to endure—reflections upon their personal deformity.

Mr. Wilkes's observation was, long after the artist was gone to the grave,—"*I think I am every day growing more like Hogarth's portrait of me.*"

"Nearly thirty years after the publication of this print," says an intelligent friend, "I had occasion to enrol the indenture of a ward, apprenticed to a worshipful liveryman of the painter stainers, and attended at the Chamberlain's Office at Guildhall. The clerk was executing the busi-

ness, when in came Mr. Wilkes, and seated himself in the chair of office. Never till then," said he, "had I felt the full force of Hogarth's power. I could have sworn to the very letter of the resemblance, though I had never seen the prototype before."

MR. CIPRIANI.

I. B. CIPRIANI, R.A. was a native of Italy: in the earlier part of his life he quitted his native soil, and after travelling through a considerable part of Europe, settled in London, where he lived and died at a house in Hedge-lane, near Charing-Cross.

Previous to the arrival of Mr. CIPRIANI in Britain, our artists were slovenly and incorrect in their representations of the human figure: and it must be confessed, that even Sir James Thornhill, who was the most perfect Historical painter we had before that period, was very insufficient in that province of the art: but this elegant Italian introduced a style of correctness in the extremities, which has tended gradually to improve our designs, and excite a spirit of ardent emulation; he opened the door of enquiry after truth, in drawing more broadly than any man had done before him, in this country. It was, notwithstanding, the failing of Cipriani, that he made his figures more agreeably to his own ideas of human beauty, than they really are. Though it must be admitted that we are all wonderfully knit, there are few among us who are unexceptionable in their proportions: and he carried his ideas of perfection so far, as to destroy that diversity of character in his historical compositions, which is constantly apparent in every country, where poverty and disease must necessarily violate that form in men and women, which was originally instituted by nature. It is from this want of truth, that his compositions fail in making that general impression upon the minds of observers, which is, and has been, attained by men of lesser talent, with more accuracy of attention to the human visage. *La Fage*, who was bred a Surgeon, would probably have disgusted us with his affected display of anatomy, had he painted, and not made drawings. *Bonarotti*, with all his majesty of mind, was not unfrequently faulty on this head, he was too ostentatious of his knowledge of the muscles.

In the mechanical parts of the art, Mr. Cipriani was not successful, he associated his objects too artificially, and his colouring was more faulty than

his conception. It should be regretted, that he spent his time too much about trifles. The most remarkable of his performances, are the works in *chiaro oscuro*, on the walls and ceilings of the Royal Academy, and his Rape of Orithyia. He was employed by the Government to repair the fine works of *Rubens*, at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall; for which he had three thousand guineas. His design for the academic diploma will be an honorable testimonial of his knowledge, so long as the frail memorial of a print can oppose the ruin of time.

I shall not arraign Mr. Cipriani as a great genius, though he was a great master; as his imagination was less powerful than his judgment; and it should work as an high incentive to industry, in our modern students to know, that he was principally indebted for his envied reputation to his knowledge of the value of time. Every individual who wishes or expects to become eminent, must consider his TIME as the most important part of his property, it is the channel, which under a proper navigation, leads smoothly to the port of honor; it is a sort of universal patrimony, which is received by the creature from Omnipotence, in a greater or lesser portion, and they alone are wise and happy, who uniformly marshal it to the purposes of improvement and content.

MR. STUBBS.

GEORGE STUBBS, R.A. is the son of a reputable surgeon, and was born at Liverpool, in Lancashire; it is reported of him, that when a boy, he excelled exceedingly in anatomizing every order of animal, but more particularly the horse, to which subject he has since devoted himself with the highest success.

Previous to the professional emanations of this gentleman, we were so barbarized as to regard with pleasure the works of *Seymour*! thereby giving to what was bad, a sanction only due to merit. I do not believe an incapable painter would have any encouragement to maintain his pursuit, if the common perception of mankind were not so disastrously imperfect; the administration of the senses is expected to produce delight, and if that felicity can be received through a false medium, the vulgar are contented to be thus deceived, as they are never solicitous to appeal to the understanding, to analyse or justify their gross habitudes in thought and deed.

Perhaps it is not urging too much to aver, that MR. STUBBS has done his nation honor, inasmuch as he has become, by his genius and his researches, the example of Europe, in his particular department. No painter, whose works are now extant, had so complete a knowledge of the anatomy of the horse, and the models of horses, in such parts of the antique works as I have seen, are far from being rigorously true; *Le Brun*, *Rubens*, *Cuyp*, *Wouvermans* and *Redinger*, had each a strong idea of the appearance of a horse, yet none of them were accurately acquainted with their organization! I have heard some persons assert, that MR. GILPIN was equal to MR. STUBBS in this arduous study; but that is not the fact: MR. GILPIN may have more genius than MR. STUBBS, but he is certainly less studied in the proportions of that noble animal.

MISCELLANEA.

ANCIENT LINES UPON THE IMMORALITY OF DANCING.

What els is dauncing, but even a nursery,
Or els a bayte to purchase and mayntayne,
In yonge heartes the vile sinne of ribawdry,
Them setting therein, as in a deadly chayne.
And to say truth, in words cleare and playne,
Generous people have all their whole pleasure,
Their vice to norishe by this unthrifty daunce.

• • • • •

Than it in the earth no game is more damnable:
It semeth no peace, but battayle openly;
They that it use of mindes some unstable.
As man folk running with clamour, shout and cry,
What place is voide of this furious folly?
None, so that I doubt within a while
These fooles the holy church shall defile.

Of people what sort or order may we find,
Riche or poore, hye or lowe of name,
But by their foolishness and wanton minde,
Of eche sorte some are geven unto the same.
The priestes and clerkes to daunces have no shame;
The frere or monke in his frocke and cowle,
Must daunce in his doctor, leping to play the foole.

To it comes children, maydes, and wives,
And flatering yonge men to see to haue their pray,
The hande in hande great falshode oft contrives,
The old quean also this madnes will assay;
And the olde dotarde, though he scantly may,
For age and lamenes styrrer foote or hande,
Yet playeth he the foole with other in the bande.

Then leape they about, as folke past their minde,
With madnes amased reanning in compace,
He most is commended that can most lewdenes finde,

and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man,
ves a wound, which he will not suffer to be
ed, but upon condition that the song of John
be sung the while.

As it fell on a holiday,
And upon a holy tide a ;

John Dory brought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a ;
John Dory was fitted the porter was witted,
To let him in therest a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a ;
John Dory con'd well of his courtesie,
But fell downe in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merie men and for me a ;
And all the churles in merie England,
I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

Sir Nichol was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohyde a ;
And he mann'd forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side a.

Run up my boy unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spy a ;
Who, ho ; a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sailes both top and top,
The mizen and all was tride a ;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatreuer should betide a.

The roring canons then were plide,
And dub-a-dub went the drumme a .

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A pleasant kind of tale, but for one item of the veracity of which I will not vouch, is given in the Athenian Oracle, by way of accounting for the frequent use and continuance of taking it.—“When the Christians first discovered America, the devil was afraid of losing his hold of the people there, by the appearance of Christianity. He is reported to have told some Indians of his acquaintance, that he had found a way to be revenged upon the Christians for beating up his quarters, for he would teach them to take tobacco, to which, when they had once tasted it, they should become perpetual slaves.”

Ale-houses are at present licensed to deal in tobacco; but it was not so from the beginning; for so great an incentive was it thought to drunkenness, that it was strictly forbidden to be taken in ale-houses, in the time of James the First.

There is a curious collection of proclamations, prints, &c. in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries of London. In Vol. 8, lettered on the back, “Miscel. K. James I.” is an ale-house license granted by six Kentish justices of the peace, at the bottom of which the following item occurs, among other directions to the inn-holder:—

“Item—You shall not utter, nor willingly suffer to be utter'd, drunke, or taken, any tobacco within your house, Celler or other Place thereunto belonging.”

The following ironical encomium on, and serious invective against, tobacco, occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4to. Oxford, 1621, page 452. “Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent Tobacco, which goes farre beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and Philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good Vomit, I confesse, a vertuous Herbe, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly used by most men, which take it as Tinkers do Ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish and damned Tobacco, the ruine and overthrow of Body and Soule.”

In the *Apothegms of King James*, &c. 12mo. Lond. 1608, p. 4. I read as follows:—“His Majesty professed, that were he to invite the Devil to a dinner, he should have these three dishes: 1. a Pig; 2. a Poll of Ling and Mustard; and 3. a Pipe of Tobacco for digesture.”

The following quaint Thought is found in an old Collection of Epigrams:

“All dainty meats I do delie,
Which feed men fat as Swine:

He is a frugal Man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine.

He needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchen in a Box,
And roast-Meat in a Pipe.”

In the *Hymnus Tabaci* by Raphael Thorius, made English by Peter Hausted, Master of Arts, Camb. 8vo. Lond. 1651, we meet with the Strongest Invective against Tobacco:—

“Let it be damn'd to Hell, and call'd from thence,
Prosperpine's Wine, the Furies frankincense,
The Devil's addle Eggs, or else to these
A sacrifice grim Pluto to appease,
A deadly Weed, which its beginning had
From the foam Cerberus, when the Cur was mad.”

Our British Solomon, James the First, who was a great opponent of the devil, and even wrote a book against witchcraft, made a formidable one also upon this “Invention of Satan,” in a learned performance which he called a “Counterblaste to Tobacco.” It is printed in the edition of his works by Barker and Bill, London, 1616.

He concludes this *bitter blast* of his, his sulphureous invective against this transmarine weed, with the following peroration:—“Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely ground, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof! In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves, both in person and goods, and taking also thereby (look to it, ye that take snuff in profusion!) the marks and notes of vanity upon you; by the custom thereof making yourself to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned: a Custom loathsom to the eye, hateful to the Nose, harmful to the Brain, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the black stinking Fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian Smoke of the Pit that is bottomless.”

If even this small specimen of our learned Monarch's oratory, which seems well adapted to the understanding of old women, does not prevail upon them all to break in pieces their tobacco pipes and forego smoking, it will perhaps be impossible to say what can.

The subject, as his Majesty well observes, is *Smoke*, and no doubt many of his readers will think the arguments of our royal author no more than the fumes of an idle brain, and it may be added too, of an empty head!

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. IV.

HITHERTO in offering our opinions upon the practice of water-colour painting, we have confined ourselves to the landscape department, not with a view of prescribing particular limits to its powers, but because that branch of pictorial study has engaged the greatest number of amateurs as well as professors, and probably will continue so to do from a variety of circumstances, which shall be adverted to hereafter.

Were we to neglect to mention Mr. Richard Westall, whose historical and poetical compositions displayed so elegant a taste in the grouping of the human figure, whilst a young man, and the contemporary of Turner and Girtin, we should do great injustice to his merits. We have always preserved a recollection of what is due to this gentleman, as one of the founders of the British school of water-colour painting, for at the same time that these two distinguished artists were exhibiting to the world of taste, the capacities of the materials, as applied to landscape and topographical scenery, the other was no less zealously employed in trying how far they would enable him to emulate the combinations of colouring, light, shadow and brilliancy of effect, in what is considered to be a higher department, which, until his experiments proved the contrary, seemed unattainable by any process, but in colours prepared with oil. The force, clearness and powerful contrasts, which this artist united in certain paintings in water-colours, and which were exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, at the same time with the admired works of Turner and Girtin, excited no less admiration with all judges of art. Indeed, so favourably have we been impressed with the powers of his pencil, that at times we have wished he had attempted an historical subject, with the figures at least two feet in height, as a companion to some celebrated painting selected from the old masters. We should not have trembled for the consequences, though the experiment proposed had emulated the brilliancy, contrast, richness and effect of one of the best examples of the Italian, Venetian, or the Flemish school. The promise with which some former works of Mr. Westall

were pregnant, warranted the expectation of much more, we regret to say, than his subsequent performances have realized. In the high historical style of art, we still are satisfied that magnificent pictures may be wrought in water-colours, and we should hail the event with delight, if it pleased the noble and enlightened directors of the British Institution to offer a prize for an historical picture, of the largest dimensions that could be covered with one sheet of glass, to be painted in water-colours. The sum, we should venture to propose, should be a thousand guineas—not for the best, however, unless it were a picture worthy of so munificent a reward.

Aware, however, of the construction which the above reflection might admit, to the prejudice of the professional talents of Mr. Westall, we are desirous of qualifying the expression by observing, that we have understood the exertions of his genius were diverted from the high and independent pursuits which he first proposed to himself. The benevolence of his heart, yielding to the claims of family affection, urged him in the midst of his career, to labour for profit, when, but for this generous feeling, he being a single man, he might have studied for fame.

We remember some compositions of Mr. Westall, particularly of *Sappho* with her lyre, surrounded by the Muses, and *Hesiod* reciting his verses, the companion subject—which were designed with so much grace, and executed with such beautiful and masterly execution,—which indeed displayed such powers in a new style of art, as to raise an almost boundless expectation in the minds of his admirers, as to the merits of his future works.

We are confident that what has been yet done in this higher department of design, falls very short of what might reasonably be expected, if due encouragement were offered to excite the energies of the rising school. The vast range embraced by the capacities of water-colours, according to their own scale—the comparative ease of the executive means, as opposed to the difficulties of painting in oil, and other advantages peculiar to working in water-colours, afford facilities in composition, denied to any other process. Hence, could we discover an artist who could draw and design with the correctness and elegance of Raffaele, and who could

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

feeling of Correggio, we should medium for the transmission of than water-colours, as prepared of art.

the brilliancy and harmony of may be attained in water-colours, refer to certain compositions of which were exhibited four or five on, at the rooms of the *Society of Colours*. The *Fish Market*, by the collection of Mr. Wheeler, that munificent gentleman purchase of four hundred guineas, may be example. And here we may of the late President of the testimony of the merits of this we went to Gloucester Place to in question :—" Sir," said Mr. it is so well treated, in its way, complete, and the colouring and and so perfect, that it leaves one

ed, however, we may name another-colours, which has exhibited a much higher degree of excellence the *Falstaff* and *Dame Quickly* composition displaying a brilliant and harmony of colouring with

very building which you have appropriately chosen as the designation for a journal of the avowed character of your publication. I am of opinion that the malignant spirit which moved its author to this attack upon the fair fame of Sir William Chambers, will appear so obvious to your readers, that the publication of the article will serve in some measure to illustrate the justice of your strictures. It is true that this architect was not a native of England; but he was adopted here, patronized by our late venerated sovereign, an acknowledged judge of architecture, and was employed by the government. The spirit and intention of the satire is too manifest to be mistaken, being no less than to expose to universal derision the bad taste of the king, the government, and the country, who could endure to behold this structure raised on the ruins of old Somerset House. I venture to think, that this may be offered as a characteristic example of the gusto of the modern school of criticism. It is from the pen of Anthony Pasquin, and was published in a pamphlet about thirty years ago, whilst the architect was yet living. The specious introduction of terms of art, and cant of illustrious names, with which it is interlarded, however ignorant of the noble science the author was known to be, had nevertheless a mischievous influence upon public opinion: and even to this day the pre-

ed. These superb bits appear among the parts of the pile, like elegant individuals using company.*

This surprising, stupendous, and extraordinary of stones, was called into order by the magic of that pine-apple of knighthood, *Sir William* bers, at the command of the great and sapient il of this realm, in 1774. It occupies a space 0 feet in depth, and 800 in width, and is ther a most astonishing assemblage of contray objects. The entrance or Atrium is so unprate, that it looks like the narrow mouth of my, through which we grope our passage to ut stomach of national ruin. The arcade is wed from the *Strada della dora Grossa* at

At the termination of the vestibule is a large e statue of the King, who seems placed there o other purpose but to take cognizance of the and entrances of the clerks and watchmen, as kept a day-book to check their time. Beneath one of the sovereign is a putridinous pool of unt rain-water. I presume this was meant by estuary and accommodating architect, as emutic of the swinish democracy of the realm. e no doubt but the effluvia from the green l is more pestilential than that imputed by l to the lake Averno, which is reported to killed all the birds that flew over it; but as r none visit this vicinity but birds of prey, rtuous part of society are not much inclined nmiserate their delirium or their woe! The : of this monument offends my vision. It e requisite for a prime minister to be *bronzed*, ot a monarch. There is another unfortunate on to royalty: the entablatures of this vesti- are covered with cyphers, emblematic and taining to the King, Queen, and Prince of . Surely no true subject can approve of ang the characters of cyphers to such august nages! If there is any novelty or genius evin- n this sportiveness of fancy, it is so thoroughly ublican and indecent, that it should imme- y be effaced.

From what source of information, (as nature is ly out of the question,) the gentle knight has i his *Caryatides*, I know not. They are ally speaking piscatory monsters, more terrific ngenial than any *Horace* deprecated, or that entered into the perturbed imagination of ng youth. The males have long flowing hair, large crabs and lobsters creeping through

their ragged locks. This is a very delightful thought, and perfectly original, as it conveys a lively idea of marine *pediculi*. The ladies have a peculiar sort of head-dress, made up of dead salmon, lampreys, sea-weed, and other aquatic rarities, like so many distracted mermaids. Some of the masks are so peculiarly conciliatory and smiling, that I think *Earl Camden* should have borrowed one on his recent embassy to Ireland. This measure could not be reasonably resisted, as they might all be removed without any injury to the basement.

"That part of this inconsistent lapidific accumulation which is appropriated to the *polite arts*, is admitted to be unexceptionable. The principal room, dedicated to the purposes of lectureship and the annual exhibition, cannot be approached but by a spiral stair-case as high as Jacob's ladder; which, (luckily for the lecturer and the exhibitors,) turns the heads of the visitors before they can either hear or examine. In *Sir Joshua Reynolds's* presidency, the floor gave way, and sunk many inches, when *Burke* and a few more of the *illuminati* were eagerly listening to a theme they could not comprehend. The company shrieked, *Burke* prayed, and the Gods suspended the mischief. It is piteous that all these disasters had not occurred more recently, as then the erratic *Swede* might have imputed them to a partial shock from *Brothers'* predicted earthquake, and thus have covered his honour by coming in for a slice of the alarming prophecy!

"The names of the sculptors who were employed in the decoration of the exterior, are *Carlini, Wilton, Geracci, Nollekens*, and *Bacon*. I have chronicled them as sculptors, not statuaries, as neither appear to have cut a figure in this business.

"On the top of the *corps de logis*, or central part of this heterogeneous association of stones, we see a dirty black lump, which he calls a dome, and which is apparently stolen from the worst embellishments of that worst of architects, *Sir John Vanbrugh*. It furnishes me with no other idea but an inverted punch-bowl, and peradventure might be intended by *Sir William* as a durable symbol of sobriety, to operate on the senses of the clerks, to keep them from tripping in the hours of duty.

"It appears to me, from consequences, that any thing can make an *architect* as well as a *taylor*! yet a cock-sparrow in his nest would beat them all, if security is eminently essential to the continuance of the structure. This splendid Knight of Poland,

original design of Sir William Chambers, who
 uredly built them in imitation of some classic
al-holes ! In these damp, black, and comfortless
 esses, the clerks of the nation grope about like
 les, immersed in Tartarean gloom, and *stamp*,
n, *examine*, *indite*, *doze*, and *swear*, as uncon-
 ous of the revolving sun as so many miserable
 nons of romance, condemned to toil for ages in
 centre. Methinks I hear the genius of the Isle
 Portland mourn for this misapplication and pros-
 tration of its entrails !

“ The key-stones of the arches are wonderfully
 ved in alto-relievo, with colossal masks of the
 can, and the rivers of Britain, among which the
 ames looks peculiarly sulky, as not having for-
 or forgave the irruptions made upon his filthy
 mains by this saucy edifice. There was a tablet
 h the *Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen* in
 rs, upon the same occasion, but this was
 itted.

“ Some of the ornaments are so obtrusive, that
 s recommended to obliterate the ocean, and send
 billing swans to the Maids of Honour : the *Lares*
 Buckingham House ; the cornucopias to the
 or, and all the fish to Billingsgate.

“ In each corner of the quadrangular court is
 * * * * * so happily and wonderfully
 trived, as to form a charming *coup d'œil* for the
 male tenants of the establishment, * * * * *
 at a glorious contrivance for the communication
 ideas and the dispatch of business.

and an encrust
 the Antiquarian

“ At *Whitto*
Duke of Argyll
 himself, he has
 peculiar manne
 a Temple of E
 ment to *Dr. W*
 for the restorat
 was but the jo
 more than carry
 aver, that justic
 impelled him to
 but this collater
 over the extraor
 ing, which is ex
 to be equally ap
 or goddess, as v
 question ; but p
 tions, which ju
 the powers of t
 bard has phrase

“ We know what

“ Though it
 alluded to has l
 fessional endear
 of society, to a
 I sincerely ho
 although my pe

noble pavilion, such is the refined taste of the age of *George the Third*—glorious æra! and yet we have the audacity, during the commission of such absurdities, to prate of the Goths and Vandals with an unblushing scorn.

“But it may be ungenerous to form a judgment of what architecture is by what it *was*. I shall forbear to enlarge upon the beauties of Vitruvius, Mustius, Bruneleschi, or the ascribed graces of the Tuscan school. This is a wonderful kingdom, and perhaps the building should be wonderful to square with the genius of the land. The *Goût de Nations* varies even more than the clime; hence arises an apology for the seeming errors of our architectural professors. The sleek and corpulent haberdasher regards his *Gazebo* as much as *Cicero* did his *Tusculum*, or *Pliny*, his *Laurentum*; then who should wrangle upon the point of right in either dominion, when all the parties are equally happy? I will venture to declare that *Callimachus* or *Palladio* never made a hundredth part so much by their practice as *Mr. Holland*: and as nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand will be more profound in their obedience, and more sincere in their habits of respect, to the man of gold than the man of sublime merit, it naturally follows that he is the more reputable character who commands the most homage. The acquisition of knowledge is both troublesome and unproductive; and where is the man, with a sound mind, who would willingly embrace so much anxiety, when the events of each hour prove, that he is most successful who is most ignorant, and that he is most honoured who is most successful?”

We shall offer a few comments upon this attack on the architect of Somerset House, and add our opinion on the professional talent of this ingenious foreigner, in our next Number.

* Nothing can exceed the ignorance or the falsehood of this presumptuous assertion, as will be made apparent in our next Number.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS wonderful genius possessed in a peculiar manner that enthusiasm for his art, without which nothing great can ever be produced. He said that painting should be practised only by gentlemen, and would not receive as pupils any young persons who

were not either nobly born, or had been liberally educated.

Michael Angelo was a painter, a statuary, and an architect, and in each of these arts aimed always at the grand and the sublime. He had a design of executing a colossal statue of Neptune in the marble quarries of Massa Carara, that should front the Mediterranean Sea, and be seen from the vessels that were passing at a great distance.

Dante was the favourite poet of Michael Angelo, and he appears to have transfused into his works, many of his magnificent and sublime images. Angelo himself wrote verses very well. When some person put the following lines upon his celebrated figure of Night reclining upon the tomb of one of the family of Medicis, in the chapel at Florence, that bears the name of that illustrious family—

“La notte che tu vedi in se dolci atti,
Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, et ben che dormè, ha vita
Desta la sé no’l credi et parleratti.”

Night’s marble figure, stranger, which you see
Recline with so much grace and majesty,
No mortal’s feeble art will deign to own
But boasts an Angel’s hand divine alone:
Death’s awful semblance though she counterfeits,
Her pulse still quivers, and her heart still beats.
Doubts thou this, stranger? Then with accents meek,
Accost the sleeping fair, and straight she’ll speak.

Michael Angelo the next evening replied in the following lines:—

“Grato mi é il sonno, et piu l’esser di sasso,
Mentre ch’ il danno, et la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m’è grand ventura,
Pero non mi destar Deh! parla basso!”

To me how pleasant is this death-like sleep,
And dull cold marble’s senseless state to keep,
Whilst civil broils my native land confound,
And Rapine, Fury, Murder, stalk around,
How grateful not to see these horrid woes!
Hush, stranger, leave me to my lov’d repose.

Michael was in love with the celebrated Marchioness of Pescara, yet he never suffered his pleasures to interfere materially with his more serious pursuits. He was one day pressed to marriage by a friend of his, who, amongst other topics, told him that he might then have children, to whom he might leave his great works in art. “I have already,” replied he, “a wife that harasses me, that is, my art, and my works are my children.”

Michael Angelo said one day to his biographer

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Giorgio, thank God that Duke thee to be the servant of his ct and painter, whilst many of hou hast written, are doomed to r want of similar opportunities."

ie day asked, whether the copy Bacio Bandinelli, the celebrated ce, was equal to the original, e who submits to follow, is not

" He said, too, on a similar an who cannot do well for him- te a good use of what others have

' He used to say, "that oil- fit for women only, or for the t he acknowledged that Titian r.

d by some of his friends to take nce of some obscure artist, who notice by declaring himself his mously replied, "He who con- an, gains no victory over any

of an artist who painted with his es not the blockhead make use as his reply.

artist first saw the Pantheon at ect such a building," said he, it up in the air." With what

" The marble, besides, gives more trouble, (than clay or wood, and such sort of tender matters, and more easy to work,) because of its mass, that weighs several pounds, and the point of the tool, that must be sharpened incessantly at the forge. Also the artifice and the dexterity there is in knowing the grain of the marble, and in what direction it should be taken. In this respect I have seen this divine old man, at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble, in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young stone-cutters could do in three or four hours; a thing impossible to be conceived unless by one who had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity, that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble to pieces, knocking off at one stroke great pieces of marble of three or four fingers thick, so near the points that he had fixed, that if he had passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work, because that cannot be replaced in stone as it may in stucco and in clay."

The objection that some persons have made to Michael Angelo's anxiety to do better than well in his art, seem to have nearly the same weight as those which a casuist might make to the aspirations of a virtuous man after a greater degree of virtue. A great artist, no more than a man of great virtue, is

great man exhibited three crowns in one shield, with this inscription :—

"Tergemini se tollet honoribus."

Threefold in honour as in art.

In one of the pictures that decorated the chapel, in which the funeral obsequies of Michael Angelo were performed, a group of young artists was seen, who appeared to consecrate the first fruits of their studies to the genius of this great man, with this inscription :—

*"Tu pater et rerum inventor tu patria nobis,
Supeditas, præcepta tuæ rex inclyte chartæ."*

Parent and monarch of thy art,
To us thy precept still impart;
Still to thy sons instructions give,
Still in their works thy genius live.

The late President of the Royal Academy carried his veneration for this great man so far, that he used to seal his letters with his head; and in the picture which he painted of himself, for the Royal Academy, has represented himself standing near a bust of Michael Angelo.

So impressed was Sir Joshua Reynolds with the transcendent powers of Michael Angelo, that in the last speech which, unfortunately for the lovers of art, he delivered as President of the Royal Academy, he thus concludes :—"Gentlemen, I reflect not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of this truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo, Michael Angelo!"

One of the great ornaments of the present English School of Painting, who has studied the works of this sublime artist with the greatest attention, and who has imitated them with the greatest success, favours the *Compiler* of these columns with the following character of his master and his model. (It seems almost unnecessary upon this occasion to add the name of Mr. Fuseli.)

"Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter—as sculptor—as architect—he attempted, and above any other man succeeded, to unite magnificence of plan, and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were ad-

mitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child—the female—meanness—deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the '*terribilis* via' hinted at by Agostino Caracci, but perhaps as little understood by him as Vasari his blind adorer. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of M. Angelo. He has embodied sentiment in the monuments of St. Lorenzo, and in the Chapel of Sixtus traced the characteristic line of every passion that sways the human race, without descending to individual features—the face of Biagio Cesena only excepted. The fabric of St. Peter, scattered into an infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his followers, he concentrated, suspended the cupola, and to the most complex gave the air of the most simple of all edifices. Though as a sculptor he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all that went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual: whilst in painting he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind rejected all meretricious ornament. Such was Michael Angelo as an artist. Sometimes, he no doubt deviated from his principles, but it has been his fate to have had beauties and faults ascribed to him, which belonged only to his servile copyists or unskilful imitators."

Michael Angelo lived to a very great, yet very healthy old age. In the beginning of the last century, the Senator Buonarrotti caused the vault to be opened at Florence in which his body was deposited; it was found perfect, and the dress of green velvet, and even the cap and slippers in which he was buried, were entire. He appeared to have been a small well-set man, with a countenance of great severity.

THE MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. IV.

THAT grave and solemn style of music which has so long prevailed in our parish churches, wherein the whole congregation may join, originated in Saxony, and was soon after the Reformation adopted in England.

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mplicity of certain airs, as ap-
e of the Psalms, translated into
he change of the Roman into
ice, must have been particu-
the people, as the pious could
praises to God in their native

ie at this period, that many of
ide a point of having their chil-
dy, as Luther in his conversa-
t practice among his congrega-

been observed in a preceding
nly a great love for music, but
oser of simple melodies. The
studied the harmonies of these
ould sing in parts; which supe-
maintained in their churches,
ngregations, even to this day.
s art, he says, "Kings and
eserve and maintain musick, for
id rulers ought to protect good
id laws; and although private
ereunto, and love the same, yet
preserve and maintain it. We
that the good and godly kings
id singers. The base and evil
als serve thereto that we see

with the affairs of this world; it is not for the law,
neither are singers full of cares, but merry,—they
drive away sorrow and care with singing.' Luther
once had a bad harper play such a lesson as David
played. 'I am persuaded,' said he, 'if David
now arose from the dead, so would he much admire
how this art of musick is come to so great and ex-
cellent height; she never came higher than she
now is. How is it,' said Luther, 'that in carnal
things we have so many fine poems, but in spiri-
tual matters we have such cold and rotten things?'
and then he recited some German songs. 'I hold
this to be the cause, as St. Paul saith, "I see ano-
ther law resisting in my members;" these songs,'
added he, 'do not run in such sort as that of *Vita
ligno Moritur*,' which he much commended, and
said, that 'in the time of Gregory, that and the
like were composed, and were not before his time.
They were,' said he, 'fine ministers and school-
masters that made such verses and poems as those
I spake of, and afterwards also preserved them.
Marie, the loving mother of God, hath more and
fairer songs presented unto her by the Papists, than
her childe Jesus; they are used in the Advent to
sing a fair sequence, *Mittitur ad Virginem*, &c.
St. Mary was more celebrated in grammar, music,
and rhetoric than her childe Jesus. Whoso con-
temneth musick as all seducers do with them'

“HOW TO PROCURE AN ORGANIST.

“The certain way I will propose shall be this: viz. first, I will suppose you have a parish clark, and such an one as is able to set and lead a Psalm, although it be never so indifferently.

“Now this being granted, I may say that I will, or any music master will, or many more inferiours, as virginal players, or many organ makers, or the like; I say, any of those will teach such a parish clark how to pulse or strike most of our common Psalm tunes usually sung in our churches, for a trifle; viz. 20, 30, or 40 shillings, and so well that he need never bestow more cost to perform that duty sufficiently during his life.

“This, I believe, no judicious person in the art will doubt of. And then when this clark is thus well accomplished, he will be so doated upon by all the pretty ingenious children and young men in the parish, that scarcely any of them but will be begging now and then a shilling or two of their parents, to give the clark, that he may teach them to pulse a psalm-tune; the which any such child or youth will be able to do in a week or fortnight's time very well.

“And then again, each youth will be as ambitious to pulse that Psalm tune in publick to the congregation; and no doubt but shall do it sufficiently well. And thus by little and little, the parish in a short time will swarm or abound with organists, and sufficient enough for that service.

“For you must know, and I intreat you to believe me, that seriously it is one of the most easie pieces of performances in all instrumental musick, to pulse one of our Psalm tunes truly and well, after a very little shewing upon an organ.

“The clark likewise will quickly get in his money by this means; and I suppose no parent will grutch it him, but rather rejoyce in it.

“Thus may you perceive how very easily and certainly these two great difficulties may be overcome, and with nothing so much as a willing mind. Therefore, be but willingly resolved, and the work will soon be done.

“And now again, methinks, I see some of you tossing up your caps, and crying aloud, ‘We will have an organ, and an organist, too; for ’tis but laying out a little dirty money, and how can we lay it out better than in that service we offer up unto God? And who should we bestow it upon, if not upon him and his service.’

“This is very right, and an absolute good resolve; persist in it, and you will do well, and

doubtless will find much content and satisfaction in your so doing.

“For there lies linked to this an unknown and unapprehended great good benefit, which will redound certainly to all or most young children, who by this means would in their minorities be so sweetly tinctured or seasoned, as I may say; or brought into a kind of familiarity or acquaintance with the harmless innocent delights of such pure and undefilable practices, as that it would be a great means to win them to the love of virtue, and to disdain, contemn, and slight those common, gross, ill-practices which most children are incident to fall into in their ordinary and accustomed pursuits.”

The writer, with all his zeal for parish organs, was aware that there were numberless congregations, whose united means could not procure so expensive an instrument; he therefore drew up a plan for the improvement of their children, in the art of psalm-singing, which perhaps led to the custom of teaching the charity children of the parish schools, to unite their youthful voices in singing the praises and glory of their Maker.

“Wheresoever you send your children to the grammar-school, indent so with the master, that your children shall be taught one hour every day to sing, or one half day in every week at least; either by himself, or by some musick-master whom he should procure, and no doubt but if you would pay for it the business may be effected.

“For there are divers who are able to teach to sing, and many more would quickly be, if such a general course were determined upon throughout the nation.

“There would scarcely be a schoolmaster but would or might be easily able himself to do the business once in a quarter or half a-year; and in a short time every senior boy in the school will be able to do it sufficiently well.

“And this is the most certain, easie, and substantial way that can possibly be advised unto.

“And thus, as before I told, how that your organists would grow up amongst you as your corn grew in the fields; so now, if such a course as this would be taken, will your quiresters increase even into swarms like your bees in your gardens; by which means the next generation will be plentifully able to follow St. Paul's counsel, namely, to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and so sing with a grace in their hearts and voices unto the Lord, and to the setting forth of his glorious praise.”

g regulation, published by the
liament, we may perhaps trace
ustom of the clerks prompting
line by line, in the singing of
s practice, now become almost
churches remote from London,
are reluctantly admitted, is not
certain sectarians, at their reli-
bstituting, however, hymns for

turgy had been declared by an
n the House of Lords, Jan. 4,
ous ritual,' says Sir John Haw-
y published by the Assembly of
ster, to whom the Parliament
concerning religion, established
ne worship, in which no music
salm-singing, for which the fol-
njoined :—

ty of Christians to praise God
ag of Psalms together in the
lso privately in the family. In
the voice is to be audibly and
it the chief care must be to sing
, and with grace in the heart,
to the Lord. That the whole
join therein, every one that can

pation. And indeed their endeavours had been so
effectual, that when the heads of the church set
about re-establishing the cathedral service, it was
equally difficult to find instruments, performers,
books and singers, able to do the requisite duty.
For organ builders, organ players, and choirmen
having been obliged to seek new means of exist-
ence; the former became common carpenters and
joiners; and the latter, who did not enter in the
King's army, privately taught the lute, virginal,
or such miserable psalmody as was publicly
allowed.

OPINIONS ON PORTRAITS.

No. II.

HOGARTH.

ABOUT the year 1750, an idea was suggested by
Hogarth to his friends, that the profession of por-
trait-painting might be considerably benefited if
less time was required of the sitter, whose morning
hours might, in many instances, be of so much
value, as to render it inconvenient to allot so many
of them to such purposes; he, therefore, proposed
to paint a portrait in four sittings, allowing only a

paper, and whenever I differed from him, I have found reason to take shame to myself."

Miss Welch further observes, that when Mr. Hogarth advertised the sale of his pictures without reserve, her father, apprehensive of the event, mentioned his intention of bidding for them on his own account, as he knew Mr. Hogarth would not permit a fictitious bidding. To this Mr. Hogarth strenuously objected, and with great earnestness entreated him not to attempt it; "For," said he, "you are known to be my friend; I have promised to sell my pictures without reserve, and your bidding will ruin my reputation with the public, as it will be supposed I have broke my word, and that the pictures were bought in."

This and various other instances of the delicacy of Mr. Hogarth's feelings, induced Mr. Welch to dissuade him from publishing his satirical print against Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. Mr. Welch observing to his friend, "That the mind that had been accustomed for a length of years to receive only merited and uniform applause, would be ill calculated to bear a reverse from the bitter sarcasms of adversaries, whose wit and genius would enable them to retort with severity such an attack." It would have been well for the artist, perhaps, if he had taken the advice of his friend.

SIMON LORD LOVAT,

BEHEADED ON TOWER-HILL.

*Drawn from the Life, and Etched in Aquafortis,
By William Hogarth.*

HOGARTH said himself, that Lord Lovat's portrait was taken (at the *White Hart* at St. Alban's) in the attitude of relating on his fingers the number of the rebel forces.—"Such a general had so many men," &c. and remarked, that the muscles of *Lovat's* neck appeared of unusual strength,—more so than he had ever seen. When the painter entered the room, his Lordship being under the barber's hands, received his old friend with a salute, which left much of the lather on his face. The second impressions are marked, Price One Shilling. When Hogarth had finished this plate, a printseller offered ~~the~~ weight in gold for it. The impressions could not be taken off so fast as they were wanted, ~~though~~ the rolling press was at work all night for a week together. For several weeks afterwards, he is said to have received at the rate of 12l. per day.

This account, which is very circumstantial, will, however, bear a correction, as it appears that Hogarth, on discovering that Lord Lovat rested at St. Albans, on his way to London, from the north, and being desirous to obtain a likeness of him, he procured an invitation from Dr. Webster, a physician of that town, for the express purpose of being introduced to his Lordship; and it was through the means of this gentleman that the old chieftain received the painter with such particular marks of cordiality. Hogarth had not seen his Lordship before this interview.

His Lordship remained at the *White Hart* two or three days, and was under the immediate care of the Doctor, who, observes Mr. Ireland, seemed to think his patient's illness was more feigned than real.

This powerful laird, it has been observed, was one of the last chieftains that preserved the rude manners and barbarous authority of the early feudal ages. He resided in a house which would be esteemed but an indifferent one for a very private plain country gentleman in *England*; as it had, properly, only four rooms on a floor, and those not large. Here, however, he kept a sort of court, and several public tables, and had a numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence, and the place where he received company, even at dinner, was in the very same room where he lodged, and his lady's sole apartment was her bed-room, and the only provision for the lodging of the servants and retainers was a quantity of straw, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the whole inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode.

HENRY FIELDING.

WE owe the existence of the only portrait of this admired author, to a circumstance thus related by the friendly pen of Arthur Murphy, who was intimately acquainted with the parties.

"That gentleman (Fielding), had often promised to sit to his friend *Hogarth*, for whose good qualities and excellent genius he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left us in his writings many beautiful memorials of his affection. Unluckily, however, it so fell out that no picture of him was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended, that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that, too, by the very artist whom our

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all others, after *Mr. Hogarth* to try if he could bring out any from images existing in his own as he was despairing of success, rules to go by in the dimensions of the face, fortune threw the grand way. A lady, with a pair of profile, which gave the distances of his face sufficiently to restore me. Glad of an opportunity of tribute to the memory of an author, *Mr. Hogarth* caught at this sure, and worked with all the industry, till he finished that which stands at the head of this to all who have seen the original, image of the man."

On this authentic relation of *Mr. Hogarth's* account of the portrait has been one of the newspapers," says it about forty years ago.) "Mr. Hogarth said, dressed himself in a suit of plain clothes, and presented himself to the King with the features of a Quaker, however, I can assert, in this business than by urging the likeness, as a necessary ad-

The book alluded to by this libertine Earl, is "AN APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS," written by Robert Barclay, a native of Edinburgh, who published it first in Latin, at Amsterdam, in 1676, which he translated into English, and published here in 1678. This celebrated work he dedicated to King Charles II. and in the dedication stands this remarkable passage :

"There is no King in the World who can so experimentally testify of God's Providence and Goodness; neither is there any who rules so many free People, so many true Christians: which thing renders thy Government more honourable, thyself more considerable, than the accession of many nations filled with slavish and superstitious Souls.

"Thou hast tasted of Prosperity and Adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country; to be overruled as well as to rule, and sit upon the Throne, and being oppressed, thou hast Reason to know how hateful the Oppressor is both to God and Man. If after all these Warnings and Advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy Heart, but forget Him who remembered thee in thy Distress, and give thyself up to Lust and Vanity, surely great will be thy Condemnation."

"We believe," says the same author, "that there is not any modern Example of such Plainness and Courageousness of Address to any Prince in Europe, this excepted. Of this Book Mr. Pope was professedly an Admirer, which he often declared breathed forth the spirit of primitive Chris-

no abbots, the prior was principal, as the president in some Oxford foundations; and being installed priors, some voted as barons in parliament, as the priors of Canterbury and Coventry; but where the abbot was supreme, the person termed prior was subordinate, and in his absence, in mitred abbeys, by courtesy was saluted as the lord prior; there was also a sub-prior, who assisted the prior when he was resident, and acted in his stead when absent.

The greater officers under these were generally six in number, as in the monastery of Croyland, and this order prevailed in most of the larger foundations; they are thus enumerated:

1. Majister Operis, or master of the fabric, who probably looked after the buildings, and took care to keep them in good repair.

2. Eleemosynarius, or the almoner, who had the oversight of the alms of the house, which were every day distributed at the gate to the poor, and who divided the alms upon the founder's day, and at other obits and anniversaries, and in some places provided for the maintenance and education of the choristers.

3. Pitantiarius, who had the care of the pietances, which were allowances upon particular occasions, over and above the common provisions.

4. Sacrista, or the sexton, who took care of the vessels, hooks, and vestments belonging to the church; looked after and accounted for the oblations at the great altar, and other altars and images in the church, and such legacies as were given either to the fabric or utensils; he likewise provided bread and wine for the sacrament, and took care of burying the dead.

5. Camerarius, or the chamberlain, who had the chief care of the dormitory, and provided beds and bedding for the monks, razors and towels for shaving them, and part, if not all, their cloathing.

6. Cellerarius, or the cellarer, who was to procure provisions for the monks, and all strangers resorting to the convent, viz. all sorts of flesh, fish, fowl, wine, bread, corn, malt for their ale and beer, oatmeal, salt, &c. as likewise wood for firing, and all utensils for the kitchen. Fuller says, that these officers affected secular gallantry, and wore swords like lay gentlemen.

Besides these were also,

Thesaurarius, or the burser, who received all the common rents and revenues of the monastery, and paid all the common expenses.

Precentor, or the chanter, who had the chief care

of the choir service, and not only presided over the singing men, organist and choristers, but provided books for them, paid them their salaries, and repaired the organ; he had also the custody of the seal, and kept the liber diurnalis, or chapter book, and provided parchment and ink for the writers, and colours for the limners of books for the library.

Hostilarius, or hospitalarius, whose business it was to see strangers well entertained, and to provide firing, napkins, towels, and such like necessities for them.

Infirmarius, who had the care of the Infirmary, and of the sick monks who were carried thither, and was to provide them physic, and all necessities whilst living, and to wash and prepare their bodies for burial when dead.

Refectionarius, who looked after the hall, providing table cloths, napkins, towels, dishes, plates, spoons, and all other necessities for it, and even servants to attend there; he had likewise, the keeping of the cups, salt ewers, and all the silver utensils whatsoever belonging to the house, except the church plate.

There was likewise Coquinarius, Gardinarius, and Portarius, "et in cœnobiis quæ jus archiaconale in prædiis et ecclesiis suis obtinuerunt erat, monachus qui archidiaconi titulo et munere insignitus est."

The offices belonging to an abbey were generally these:—

The hall, or refectory; and adjoining thereto, the locutorium, or parlour, where leave was given for the monks to discourse, who were enjoined silence elsewhere.

Oriolum, or the oriel, was the next room, the use whereof was for monks who were rather dis-tempered than diseased, to dine therein.

Dormitorium, the dormitory where they all slept together.

Lavatorium, generally called the laundry, where the clothes of the monks were washed, and where also at a conduit they washed their hands.

Scriptorium, a room where the chartularius was busied in writing, especially in the transcribing of these books:—1. Ordinals, containing the rubric of their missal, and directory of their priests in service. 2. Consuetudinals presenting the ancient customs of their convents. 3. Troparies. 4. Collectaries, wherein the ecclesiastical collects were fairly written: this was the ordinary business of the chartularius and his assistant monks; but they

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

selves in transcribing the fathers
i recording historical events.
e scriptorium was the library,
bies was well furnished with a
anuscripts.

h larder and pantry adjoining.
rch consisted of, 1. Cloisters,
d, as appears by the solemn

2. Navis ecclesiæ, or the body
3. Gradatorium, the ascent by
mer into the choir. 4. Presby-
oir; on the right side whereof
he abbot, with his moiety of
left, that of the prior, with his;
ely chaunted the responsals in
festarium, or the vestry, where
ces, and other habiliments were
ulta, a vault, being an arched
he church, which in some abbies,
s used to enlarge their dormi-
ionks had twelves beds for their

eing an arched room betwixt the
arch and the high altar; so that
might surround the same, found-
on David's expression, "and so
ae altar, O Lord."
belonged also Cerarium, a repo-

Other buildings there were, such as vaccisterium,
the cow-house, porcarium, the swine-stye, &c.

Granges were farms at a distance, kept and
stocked by the abbey, and so called à grana-
gerendo; the overseer whereof was commonly called
the prior of the grange: these were sometimes
many miles from the monastery. In female foun-
dations of nunneries, there was a correspondency of
all the same essential officers and offices.

Besides, there were a number of inferior officers
in abbies, whose employments can only be guessed
at, by the barbarous appellations used to distin-
guish them; such were, 1. Cultonarius, cutler;
2. Cupparius; 3. Potagiarius; 4. Scutalaris aulæ;
5. Salsarius; 6. Portarius; 7. Carectarius cellerarii;
8. Pelliparius, parchment-provider. 9. Brasinarius,
maltster.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

FROM THE DIARY OF MR. GREEN.

AUGUST 9.—Drove to Dolgelley—15 miles.
[Here the writer describes the romantic scenery, as
indeed he does generally in this Welsh tour, truly
with a painter's eye.]

Strolled about the town,—a most uncouth and
extraordinary place, apparently growing in wide
disorder out of the rocks on which it stands, and

acuteness of his remarks, the originality of his sallies, the vivacity of his anecdotes and his descriptions, and the promptness and the depth he evinced on every topic that was started, however remote from the ordinary track of conversation. Such a companion would be an acquisition any where—he was inestimable here.—Had spent an evening with Lavater, who pronounced him flatly, at first view, an *incorrigible rogue*.—L. himself, something more than an enthusiast, and very near mad, fancying that he resembles Jesus Christ in the countenance, with many other such preposterous whimsies. Represented the King of Naples, with whom he had frequently conversed, as perfectly stupid, sottish, and ignorant,—literally scarcely able to write. Had twice attempted *Ætna*;—the second time successful, and saw from its summit the sun rise in all its glory; affirmed Brydone's glowing description of this gorgeous scene, however carped at, to be very correct, and not more than just. Described with great force his having heard a religious enthusiast preach his own funeral sermon, with the ghastly horrors of the "*facies hippocratica*" depicted in his aspect—a thrilling spectacle.

Music.—Euler, in his *New Theory of Music*, published in 1739, maintained, "That all the pleasure of harmony arises from the love of order in man; in consequence of which, all the agreeable sensations excited by hearing fine music, come from the perception of the relations the different sounds have to each other, as well with regard to the duration of their succession, as with regard to the frequency of the vibrations of the air, which produces them." This is surely very fantastic. How can any species of pleasure be derived from causes which are not felt as operating to produce it?

October 4.—Read the fifth book of *Cæsar's Commentaries*. He names the port from which he sailed on his expedition to England, *Itius*—probably as affording the shortest passage—*Ambleteuse*; which though now choked up, might then have furnished shelter to his galleys. Nothing can be determined from the distance, which he loosely guesses at—"30 millia passuum," but that it was somewhere between Gravelines and Boulogne. From Calais to Dover pier-head is 23 miles; from Boulogne to Folkestone 29; and midway between these ports, the two coasts approach within less than twenty miles of each other. As *Cæsar* was carried by the tide in the night, till he found in the morning Britain left *sub sinistral*, he must have

drifted beyond the south foreland. Where did *Cæsar* ford the Thames in pursuit of *Cassivellanus*? Stukely, I think, but on slender documents, fixes the place to Chertsey Bridge. I am glad he found our predecessors so impatient of submission, and could well wish to mortify Master *Cæsar's* ambition, by exhibiting to him Rome and London in their present condition.

October 5.—Perused *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Johnson's coarse censure of Lord Chesterfield, "That he taught the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master," is as unjust as it is harsh. Indeed, I have always thought the noble author of "*Letters to his Son*" hardly dealt with by the public, though to public opinion I hold the highest deference. How stands the case? Having brought up his son to a youth of learning and virtue, and consigned him to a tutor well adapted to cultivate these qualities, he naturally wishes to render him an accomplished gentleman; and for this purpose undertakes in person a task for which none surely was so well qualified as himself. I follow the order he assigns, (L. 168.) and that which his *Letters* testify he pursued. Well! but he insists eternally on such frivolous points—the *graces*—the *graces*! *Because* they were wanting, and the *only thing* wanting. Other qualities were attained, or presumed to be attained; to correct those slovenly, shy, reserved, and uncouth habits in the son, which as he advanced in life grew more conspicuous, and threatened to thwart all the parent's fondest prospects in his child, was felt, and justly felt, by the father, to become an imperious and urgent duty; and he accordingly labours at it with parental assiduity, which none but a father would have bestowed upon the subject.

Had his Lordship published these *Letters* as a regular system of education, the common objection to their contents would have had unanswerable force; viewing them, however, in their true light, as written privately and confidentially by a parent to his child, inculcating, as he naturally would, with the greatest earnestness, not what was the most *important*, but most *requisite*, it must surely be confessed there never was a popular exception more unfounded. But he—I admit it—he touches upon certain topics which a sentiment of delicacy suggests, between a father and son, had better been forborne; yet those who might hesitate to give the advice, if they are conversant with the world, and advert to circumstances, will not be disposed to think the advice itself injudicious. * * *

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. V.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

HOWEVER we are disposed to favour the interests of this new art, to which we have devoted so many pages of our Miscellany, yet our duty as well as inclination will lead us to do equal justice to the merits of our contemporaries of the English school, who practise painting in oil. The object of our encomiums upon water-colour painting rests solely in the endeavour to excite the public mind to a due consideration of the capacities and attributes of so new and so elegant a branch of the fine arts, and to extend to its professors, by a fair and a general appreciation of its merits, it being an original discovery, the means for its future improvement. There had been no necessity for the observations that have preceded these remarks, had not certain prejudices been created to the disadvantage of the art, and which yet exist in the opinions of too great a portion of the public.

It is still held by many connoisseurs, who take the lead in the direction of our national taste, that this branch of art is in its own nature so inferior to oil painting, as to sink its professors very low in comparison with those who practise in oil. This opinion, however, originated when the art was in a state which bore so little promise of becoming what it is, that it would have been absurd to have contended against so obvious a truth. Indeed, the founders of our Royal Academy, whose judgment or liberality we should be among the last disposed to call in question, must have held the same notions; for by the statutes of their government, a painter is only eligible to be elected a member of their body, by exhibiting a picture of his own hand, painted in oil. That law, the wisdom of which no one could dispute, with reference to the period when it was enacted, yet if acted upon now to the strict letter, would be neither wise nor just; because we should feel no hesitation in saying, that as perfect works of art are within the scope of water-colour painting as within any other medium that has yet been discovered, whereby colours are used as the language to express the artist's thought. We beg,

however, to be understood at the same time, that in this assertion we confine such works to the compass or scale of colours so prepared; for it would be vain to deny, that for certain great and splendid works, the depth and richness of oil far exceed the limited powers of water-colours. All that we contend for is simply this,—that in the hands of a master, the most exquisite pictures may be composed in this material, wherein all the fine feelings and graces of the art may be comprised, provided that the scale be within certain limits. Hence, we may compare the professors of each to skilful musicians,—the water-colour art being in the hands of the one as a *cremona*,—a perfect instrument, and capable of expressing the whole science and taste of the performer; the other having an organ, whereon to display an equal knowledge of his art—the instrument itself adding its loudness and grandeur to his skill.

It was in consequence of the superior power and force of oil paintings, that the professors of water-colour painting determined on establishing a separate exhibition of their works. Hitherto, their works had been sent to the Royal Academy, where they were exhibited to the public; but the circumstance of seeing so many large and splendid performances executed in oil, under the influence of that imposing transparency and splendour which varnish superadds to pictures so painted, and passing to the adjacent apartments appointed for the exhibition of the chaste and unassuming character of those painted in water-colours, the contrast was found so prejudicial to the latter, that their merits were eclipsed to the public eye. The good sense which dictated the measure of separating these works from pictures in oil, is best illustrated by the effect which the exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water-colours have had upon the public; for the general approbation which has succeeded each annual display of their united labours, has been uniformly manifested in proportion to the improvement of the members;—a circumstance which we hail with the greater pleasure, as it is a compliment to public taste.

We shall now offer a brief history of the origin of this society, as it is now verging on twenty years from the first meeting of the founders; and although there are many who may remember the leading features of the event, yet it may be worthy of a cir-



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tal; as it may be read hereafter
nal interest which increases as time
riod farther from the epoch of its

r about twenty years since, that the
mong certain eminent artists fre-
upon the injury which their draw-
the exhibition rooms of the Royal
ey were not only hung amidst pic-
were generally surrounded by such
ances as were not deemed worthy
ie upper and principal apartment.
ally subjects ill conceived, badly
se coloured,—garish and staring in
monly so entirely at variance with
t only to excite disgust in the spec-
violence of their opposition, to do
to the chaste and unobtrusive works
s. These disadvantages were not
the apartments appropriated to the
partment, was ill calculated to dis-
of such delicate and high-finished
mitted through common sashes, and
g on the subjects on one side of
st those on the other side were
he piers and spaces between the
the light from behind. Hence,

by lamp-light, might consequently as well have
had their institutions elsewhere.

The Society of Painters in Water-colours owes
its existence, then, we may venture to assert, en-
tirely to these circumstances; and before we pro-
ceed to mention the names of its projectors, we
cannot refrain from offering a remark on the noble
candour and liberality of the Royal Academy to-
wards this institution, particularly considering the
academicians as a body almost entirely composed of
painters in oil.

When their first exhibition was opened in Brook-
street, Grosvenor-square, the royal academicians
were foremost in crowding to their rooms; were
among the first to applaud the undertaking, and
unanimous, we have reason to believe, in heartily
wishing it success. Patronage and public favour
has uniformly attended their exhibitions; and we
may add, to the honour of the Royal Academy,
that we have never heard it even whispered, that
any member of that body was even suspected of
indulging a feeling of envy towards this new and
successful institution.

The original projectors of the Society of Painters
in Water-colours held their first meeting at the
house of the late Mr. Samuel Shelley, in George-
street, Hanover-square,—a miniature-painter o

its appurtenances, to this society, and therein appeared the first collection of works painted in water colours, which could be seen to advantage, and appreciated according to the merits of their respective authors.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FIRST EXHIBITION.

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| G. Barrett, | F. Nicholson, |
| J. Cristall, | N. Pocock, |
| W. S. Gilpin, | W. H. Pyne, |
| J. Glover, | S. Rigaud, |
| W. Havell, | S. Shelley, |
| R. Hills, | J. Varley, |
| J. Holworthy, | C. Varley, |
| J. C. Nattes, | W. F. Wells, |

No sooner was this novel exhibition announced, than the members had reason to rejoice at the experiment. The room was crowded by the first personages, who appeared emulous to become purchasers of the works exhibited for sale. This successful commencement was greatly owing to a plan which had been suggested by a member, and which had its desired effect, namely, that of having a person in the room, who was furnished with a book, containing the prices of each picture. Conditions of sale were also inserted, and the purchaser on entering his name therein, advanced a deposit of ten per cent. on the price affixed to each work, and bound himself to pay the remainder on delivery of each purchase. Hitherto, very few instances could be named of the pictures of living artists being disposed of at a public exhibition; whilst here, the room at once became an excellent mart for sale. The subsequent success, which has continued to attend on their exhibitions, in the increase of patronage, and other favourable circumstances, is an existing proof of the good sense and foresight which dictated the measure.

Another, and a main cause of this unprecedented patronage, we have reason to believe, is attributable to a determination with which the members commenced their institution, and which they have steadfastly maintained, regardless of all undue influence, even with increasing rigour, namely, that of not admitting to their exhibition works beneath a certain standard of merit. By which judicious regulation, the public eye has been prevented from that disgust, which is too commonly excited in other exhibitions of modern pictures, by the obtrusive appearance of gaudy trash, which never should have been admitted, being beneath criticism, and debasing to the name of art.

To this censure, we regret to say, the members of the Royal Academy are amenable; for to the indiscriminate admission of so much that ought to be rejected by their council, may be traced the cause why so few pictures have been disposed of, to the collector of works of art, from the walls of their exhibitions.

The heterogeneous assemblage of paintings, piled from the floor to the lofty ceilings of their spacious apartments, with so little regard to dimension, subject, style, or character, displaying, under the sanction of so enlightened an institution, such an annual mass of pictures below mediocrity; many, indeed, mere daubings, the slovenly effusions of ignorance, presumption and conceit, cannot fail to beget public feelings, highly injurious to the reputation of our national school; for the great proportion of what is execrable and bad, naturally excites disappointment and loathing in the mind of the spectator, to the manifest prejudice of many works of transcendent merit, which, exhibited alone, would do honour to our age. The eye of the public is thus perplexed in selecting the good from the bad; the best performances are thereby criticised in ill temper, or only spared by being glanced at with indifference, through the unfavourable impression excited by the confused appearance, and want of repose of the whole. Hence, the public taste, under the very roof of our national academy, is rather misled than improved, and taking advantage of these general sentiments, so fatal to the interests of the whole body of professors, the crafty and malignant satirist too successfully wages his attack against the arts.

We are aware of many arguments that may be offered in exculpation of the endurance of this growing evil, on the part of the Royal Academy, being far from ignorant of the difficulties that impede even a partial reformation of so extensive a body of pertinacious audacity and stubborn pretension, with which its members might have to contend. But, we are nevertheless of opinion, that this reform should be attempted; and further, presumptuous as it may appear in us to say as much, we feel almost confident that so desirable a reformation is not impracticable. We purpose, however, to offer our sentiments upon this subject more at large in a future number.

Recurring then to the Society of Painters in Water Colours, we shall commence our observations upon the works of the first members, and proceed in our notices of the style of art, as practised by



SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

bers inclusive to their last ex-
w room at Charing Cross.

HN GLOVER.

to create so much interest among
s, when discoursing upon the
as that peculiar quality of art,
ly designated manner, or style.

schoolmen have been able to
omposition, which comprehend
es that learning and reflection
he regulation of literature, and
l be deemed a dangerous expe-
enius to attempt to depart. In

are some vague laws for com-
iters upon this art having been
lemies having settled no general
mulgated their doctrines for the
ice, these laws have never been
ence, each individual disciple,
well as every artist, independent
ruction, has been at liberty to
almost without controul. Nature
om which he is allowed to col-
and to represent her, and her
the licence of a poetic fancy, or

been seen, and, indeed, abstractedly obnoxious to
criticism, yet in his hand, became the medium for
representing landscape scenery, under a greater
purity of atmosphere, with a more fresh and vigo-
rous display of foliage, a more brilliant effect of
sun-shine, and a greater extent of aerial perspective,
than had been combined in the works of any painter
of ancient or modern times.

In every other art or science, the principles being
fixed, however great may be the genius of the pro-
fessor thereof, yet he must be careful in the struc-
ture of his work: the execution must be correct, or
he is exposed to the severe penalties of criticism.
Not so with painting, the latitude allowed to the
professor of that art exceeds the limits of critical
dominion.

With him incorrectness, and even a fortuitous
scumbling or blotting, is accepted, and hints hap-
pily conceived, although obscurely defined, excite
pleasing images on the mind of those to whom his
art is addressed, who, such is the magic of paint-
ing, charmed into admiration of the style, finish
the picture in their own minds.

Rembrandt's paintings, with all their deficiency
in drawing and poverty of composition, with all
their incoherency of execution, yet create associa-
tions so completely linked with poetry and the pic-

cision of handling, blending of colouring,—requisites which had appeared so indispensable heretofore, as components of a picture, were by many supposed no longer necessary. The amateur, enraptured at so happy a discovery—no less than that of painting the most beautiful effects of romantic scenery, without labour, reflection, science, and with nought but mere dexterity of hand, and washing and sponging, set about making huge drawings in the style of Glover; but the secret remained with the inventor of the style, and reams of atlas and elephant were used but to prove, although in a different acceptation, the axiom of the sagacious poet, that it requires an extensive knowledge of art indeed, to know how “*discreetly to blot*.”

Certainly, with reference to the execution of this artist, we must say that it is the *ae plus ultra* of what is meant, in the phraseology of fashion, by style; a term, by the way, which originated with the drawings of Mr. Payne, and to which we have no objection, as it is sufficiently comprehensive to be generally understood. The ingenuity of its inventor, and the extraordinary dexterity with which he has applied it, in depicting the vast range of landscape and marine scenery, could not fail to excite the wonder and applause of all admirers of the elegant discoveries of human genius; for certainly, the effects produced by Mr. Glover in this style of execution, as exhibited in some of his happiest compositions, when viewed at the distance of a few feet from the subject, are as nearly allied to reality as any scenes that ever were imitated by graphic means, by the most accomplished hand, directed by the most observant eye.

Who, that had not seen this eminent artist at his easel, could have supposed the possibility of twisting camel-hair brushes together, spreading them, to the apparent destruction of their utility, yet dipping them in jet black Indian ink, or grey, or such tints as suited his purpose, and by a rapid, and seemingly adventitious scrambling over the surface of his design, prepare the light and elegant forms of the birch or willow, the graceful sweepings of the branches of trees of larger growth, and the vast masses of woods and groves, sparkling in their various foliage, in all the brightness of a morning sun, or under the influence of the solemn repose of evening shade. Yet his works display these effects with exquisite feeling, and with a vigour and spirit that no style of art could excel.

The compositions of this artist, however, are not confined to landscape or marine pieces. We re-

member certain topographical views of town scenery by Glover, which were exhibited some years since on the walls of the Society's rooms in Brook-street and Bond-street, which we viewed with delight, and regret that of late years he has neglected to cultivate the same class of composition. His views of the picturesque city of Durham were grand and imposing in effect; nothing could exceed the gusto of the *tout ensemble*. He displayed one quality of the art with rare felicity,—the aerial perspective, and keeping of the separate masses, by which his subjects seemed to convey a perfect representation of space. His works were deceptive; and we well remember an observation of one of our most distinguished portrait painters, while standing before a view of an extensive scene in Cumberland,—“Glover,” said this gentleman, with reference to the scene, “is the only landscape painter who has conveyed to my mind a perfect idea of the immensity of a mountain.”

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. V.

THE almost divine science of *music*, in the early days of our forefathers, as well as in modern times, has not always been productive of *harmony* among its professors. Many of the monkish historians have left accounts of the bickerings of the composers and musicians, vocal and instrumental, which demonstrates the want of *concert* even amongst the holy choristers, whilst performing the sacred offices of worship in the church. Jealous and impatient of innovations, the honest old English monks, in their attachment to their own notions of harmony, were wont to defend their choral services with martial spirit, and rather than sing to any other airs than those to which they had been accustomed, to maintain their native style of sol-fa-ing at the expence of their lives.

Fox, in his *Martyrology*, has described an affray which happened in the church of Glastonbury, between the English and the Norman monks, relating to the choir service, which is a curious and interesting picture of the period immediately subsequent to the Norman Conquest, and which we have often thought, when recurring to the account, suggested an excellent subject for an historical painting; indeed, so prepossessed have we long been with this opinion, that could we command sufficient

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offer a prize to certain of our oraries, for the best picture de- ne. What a theme for passion hat an opportunity for composi- ments of the priests,—the gor- altar,—the armour-clad soldiers, e interior of an Anglo-Saxon would have done it justice, had with that true character of anti- his *Murder of the Princes in the* masterly performance, the *Se- nyal Remains by Torch Light*,— vill remain lasting memorials of honour to the English school. as it is drawn by that ancient n Fox.

tion chanced at Glaystenburye, s the abbat, and his convent, in n Conqueror, which Thurstanus ad brought out of Normandy, Cadonum, aud placed him abbat

The cause of this contentious t Thurstanus, contemning their i called the Use of S. Gregory, kes to the Use of one William, a i Normandy: whereupon came ns amongst them, first in words, i blowes. after blowes. then to

These innovations were sometimes, however, attacked with less deadly weapons. The altera- tions and improvements in the science, said to be introduced by Guido, Aretine, and particularly in church music, gave great offence to John of Salis- bury, who stigmatized the complications of coun- terpoint, and the Italian mode of performance, which had crept into our church service, by pronouncing it *effeminate*; adding, that “it had debased the dignity and stained the purity of reli- gious worship.”

“In the very presence of God,” he proceeds, “and in the centre of his sanctuary, the singers endeavour to melt the hearts of the admiring multi- tude with their effeminate notes and quavers, and with a certain wanton luxuriance of voice. When you hear the soft and sweet modulations of the cho- risters,—some leading, others following,—some singing high, others low,—some falling in, others replying, you imagine you hear a concert of syrens, and not of men, and admire the wonderful flexibi- lity of their voices, which cannot be equalled by the nightingale, the parrot, or any other more mu- sical creature, if such there be. Such is their faci- lity in rising and falling,—in quavering and trill- ing,—in blending and tempering all the different kinds of sounds, that the ear loses its capacity of distinguishing:” and adds. “such sounds are more

James I. of Scotland," says Andrews, "was not only celebrated for his skill on eight different instruments, but is likewise with reason believed to have been the inventor of that beautiful pathetic melody which the Scots claim as peculiarly their own. James III. lost his wife and crown by too warm an attachment to music, among other sciences. One of his favourites, (who suffered with the petulant Cochran at the Bridge of Lauder,) was Sir William Rogers, an expert master of the science."

Alfred could have been no mean musician, to have personated the minstrel with his harp, in the Danish camp. Queen Elizabeth, besides having an excellent finger for the virginal, was also a performer on the violin. Henry VIII. composed masses and other sacred pieces for the church, he being intended for the sacred profession during the life of his elder brother, Prince Arthur. King Charles I. performed on the bass-viol and the lute, and his son, the gay Charles II., could take his art in a madrigal or a catch. Her late Majesty, the venerable Queen of England, was a fine performer of Handel's music on the harpsichord, and our present sovereign, among other elegant accomplishments, can perform in concert, on that gentlemanly instrument, the violoncello.

SONG WRITTEN BY KING CHARLES II.

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love :
I survey every walk, now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.

O then I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each rural bow'r when I find,
Where I once was so happy, and she was so kind.
When I see the print left of her foot on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen ;

O! then tis I think no joys are above.
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself, I reflect on her charms,
She I love may be doom'd to another man's arms,
She may laugh at my sighs, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me ;

O then, 'tis I think, there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wronged her, and hope she may be,
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.

And then, 'tis I think, that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

We shall add notices of other illustrious amateurs of this delightful science in our future Numbers.

ARTISTS OF OLDEN TIMES.

SCULPTURE, under the extensive protection of superstition, flourished after the Norman conquest. The patron saint adorned every church ; and in the cathedral and conventual edifices images abounded. This art appears to have been cultivated in England with no mean skill, ages before painting had any claim to notice ; for the remains of many a marble group, known to have been as ancient as the time of Henry III. the memorable epoch of gothic architecture, display sufficient taste in design, and masterly execution, to prove that there were able statuary in England in those early days, although we cannot now discover whether they were foreigners or native artists. Matthew Paris, however, mentions *Walter de Colecester*, who was his contemporary, and a monk, as an admirable statuary ; and we may presume, from this designation, that he was an Englishman.

We read of painted roofs and walls in Canterbury Cathedral, and in the palaces of our kings, as early as the time of Henry I. ; and the portraits of the monks and the Norman knights preserved at Ely, are supposed to have been of the age of the first Anglo-Norman reign, however they may have been repaired and altered in subsequent ages. That the paintings of these times were barbarous and rude, may reasonably be inferred from the specimens copied in the engravings of Montfaucon, and by those curious existing examples of whole length portraits, painted on pannel, on the tomb of King Sebert, in Westminster Abbey, which are engraved in the History of this noble pile, published by Mr. Ackerman.

Carving on wood, too,—an art now scarcely known, was cultivated with great ingenuity. Matthew Paris speaks in high terms of the merit of some groups carved in wood in the church of St. Albans, in which the artist had represented the twelve apostles, the twelve patriarchs, and many other figures.

Elegant works were wrought in metal too, in England, even before the arrival of the Normans. St. Dunstan, we have reason to believe, was eminently skilled in the art of chasing, or making ornamental works in gold and silver. Indeed, we may reasonably suppose, that in every city and populous town, even seven or eight centuries since, there were certain ingenious artists and artizans, whose talents, habits, manners, and pursuits would well

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coding, had some learned monk, sity in these researches, conde- written upon the subject; but so d were the learned scribes of these of succeeding ages, with transmit- titles, and deeds of the princes, s, and legislators, that few have spare a page of their chronicles to of an artist or his works. The d the domestic history of the ages guessed at, even by the enquiring clearly proved; and it is only by iention of an ingenious artist or virtuoso can gather any information

; certainly formed a branch of art nearly five hundred years ago, as r images of holy personages, were ristol, which were purchased here collector, and were sent to Rome, tion of the King's license."

some few of the ingenious artists ive been preserved, the knowledge e to the researches principally of 2, who, such is the curious coinci- ie same profession, (engravers) and able in collecting all that apper-

"were engaged on some repairs in the church of St. Mary, at Stamford."

Dugdale, in his History of Old St. Paul's Cathedral, has left us an account of a curious series of paintings, descriptive of the Dance of Death, on the cloister of a chapel on the north side of the cathedral, in imitation of the designs of a similar work, which was painted on the walls of the cloister adjoining to the churchyard of St. Innocent's, at Paris.

These subjects were not uncommon in former times, and the custom of exhibiting them on the sites consecrated for the sepulture of the dead, we may presume, was considered as a useful lesson of mortality to the thoughtless living, who were thereby admonished, that Death spared neither youth nor age, neither rank nor sex.

We are not informed who was the painter of these moral emblems, but the record affords us the knowledge of an early patron of art within the walls of London. The chapel to which the painted cloister was appended, was situate on the north side of the old cathedral, on a spot called Pardon-church Hawgh. This chapel, begun in the reign of Henry V., was finished in the next reign, and the paintings were executed at the expense of Jenkyn Carpenter, a citizen of London.

then called the Diversions of the Morning, attended with great good fortune, and every success his most sanguine wishes could suggest ; but this being noticed by the patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as an entertainment started in defiance of the severe act about that time passed, when Lord Chesterfield had observed, in the House of Lords, " how cruel it was to lay a tax on so scarce a commodity as wit."—" Wit," continues Lord Chesterfield, " is a sort of property of those that have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence : thank God ! we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind."

Mr. Foote had in this moment not only alarmed the treasury of the royal theatres ; but, from his mimicry, had roused the indignation and resentment of all the performers. Application was made in consequence to the Lord Chamberlain, who sent to the justices of that district, and the new raised troops were put to flight, by a superior force of constables entering the theatre in terrible array ! The audience was dismissed, and the laughing Aristophanes left, leaning towards Melpomene, in doleful soliloquy.

After many days anxiety from suffering this disgrace, a lucky thought occurred to him : being certain of the good will of the town, he advertised " Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the public, desiring them to drink tea at the little theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at play-house prices." The joke succeeded—the house was crowded, and he advanced before the curtain, being privately assured of protection, (his friends having been previously convened and informed of his intention) and said, " That while the tea was preparing, as he was then training some young actors for the stage, he would with their permission, proceed with his instructions." This manœuvre was highly relished ; and it became the universal fashion every noon to drink of Mr. Foote's tea ; and, for two or three years, he termed pieces of imitation *giving of tea*.

The run of this morning's diversion, occasioned the actors, one and all, to exclaim they should be ruined by his mimicry ; therefore Mr. Foote very pleasantly said, since that was the case, it was his duty to provide a situation for each lady and gentleman, so circumstanced ; and that instead of murdering blank verse, and assuming the characters of kings and queens, lords and ladies, for which their abilities were far from being suitable, he would

place them where their talents and behaviour could with more propriety be employed.

MR. QUIN, from his sonorous voice, and weighty manner, he appointed—a *Watchman*. As thus :—
" Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning."

MR. DELANE was supposed to have but one eye, therefore he fixed him—a *Beggar man in St. Paul's Church-yard* :—

" Would you bestow your pity on a poor blind man."

MR. RYAN, whose voice, for oddity and shrillness, was remarkable—a *Razor-grinder* :—

" Razors to grind, scissors to grind, pen-knives to grind."

MR. WOFFINGTON, though beautiful to a degree, had a most unpleasant squeaking-pipe—an *Orange-woman to the play-house* :—

" Would you have some oranges,—have some orange chips, ladies and gentlemen,—would you have some nonpareils,—would you have a bill of the play ?"

MR. WOODWARD, he was puzzled to find any trade he was fit for, therefore spoke the following speech, in his voice and manner, from Sir Fopling Flutter :—

" Wherever I go, there goes a gentleman—upon my life a gentleman, and when you have said a gentleman, why, O ! (*here Foote dropt Woodward's voice and manner*) you have said more than is true."

He was also very severe on GARRICK, who was apt to hesitate (in his dying-scenes in particular) as in the character of Lothario :—

— " Adorns my fall, and chea—chea—chea chea—chea—chears my heart in dy—dy—dying."

JEM SPILLER.

This theatrical hero was the son of a Gloucester carrier, and born in 1692. His father having acquired some property, apprenticed this his only son to a Mr. Ross, a landscape painter. In this profession he is said to have made some progress ; but, as no specimens of his talents have been handed down, to our knowledge, we cannot speak concerning his merit in that line. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship he engaged in a strolling company ; where comedy, being his forte, he sometimes burlesqued Alexander the Great, and other characters of that class. In London his comic talents were better understood, and more amply encouraged. We find him, in many of his humorous

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ketman, of facetious memory, Richard Steele observes, that living of his face."

only the rival of Pinkethman, once picked his pocket, when avern, Billingsgate, of his part, the cobbler, written for him by he was then studying.

re, Spiller hastened to find his comedian, and manager of Lin-eatre; who was likewise an au-ived him graciously, and with-the theft to his own use, by on the same subject, called, The; and this he was enabled to before the other house could for the stage.

er seems not to have been the y; for in his sober moments, the effusions of it would some-and we are told, that one day, in a raging fit of the tooth ache theatre offering to relieve him, not spare one tooth now, friend; of June (the time of the house ave them all; I shall then have for them, as I shall then have

Theatre at Paris, made his first visit in London, about the year 1715, he saw Spiller play in the character of an old man; his account of it is as follows:—

"When I was in London, a thing happened which, for its singularity, deserves notice. At the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, I saw a comedy taken from *Crispin Medicin*. He who acted the old man, executed it to the nicest perfection; which one could expect in no player, who had not forty years exercise and experience. I was not at all astonished in one respect; but I was charmed now to find another M^rGuirin, that excellent co-median, master of the company at Paris; which had the misfortune to lose him in our time. I was mistaken in my opinion, that a whole age could not produce such another; when in our own time, I found his match in England, with the same art and talents as singular.

"As he played the part of an old man, I made no manner of doubt of his being an old comedian; who, instructed by long experience, and, at the same time assisted by the weight of his years, had performed it so naturally. But how great was my surprise, when I learnt that he was a young man about twenty-six! I could not believe it, but I owned that it might be possible, had he only used

him down, should she happen to touch him in passing by."

Spiller's last performance was in the character of the clown, in the Rape of Proserpine; which was played before the Prince of Wales, on the 31st of January 1729. He was, during the performance, seized with an apoplectic fit on the stage, and was conveyed to his apartment in the theatre, where he expired on the 7th of February following, in the 37th year of his age. He was buried in the church-yard belonging to the parish of St. Clement Danes.

The epitaph here inserted was not inscribed on his tomb, but from its singular humour and relation to the arts, it may be thought worth preserving.

An Epitaph on Mr. James Spiller written by a Butcher in Clare Market.

Down with your marrow-bones, and cleavers all,
And on your marrow-bones ye butchers fall;
For prayers from you, who never pray'd before,
Perhaps poor Jemmy may to life restore.
What have we done, the wretched bailiffs cry,
The only man by whom we lived should die!
Enrag'd they know their wax, and tear their writs—
The butchers wives fall in hysteric fits;
For sure as they're alive, poor Spiller's dead:
But thanks to Jack Laguerre, we've got his head.
Down with your ready cole, ye jovial tribe,
And for a mezzotinto cut subscribe;
The market traverse, and surround the mint;
It shall go hard, but he shall be in print,

For

He was an innoſensive merry fellow;
When sober hipp'd, blithe as a bird when mellow.

Vide Ireland's Hogarth.

RULES AND ORDERS

FOR THE

GOVERNMENT OF OUR ANCIENT MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

DIFFERENT orders were bound to the observance of different canonical constitutions; however, the rule of the ancient Benedictines, with some small variations, prevailed through most monasteries, and was in general as follows:—

I. Let monks praise God seven times a day; that is to say,

1. At cock-crowing.

2. Mattins, which were performed at the first hour, or six o'clock.

3. The third hour, or nine o'clock.

4. The sixth hour, or twelve o'clock.

5. The ninth hour, or three o'clock.

6. Vespers—the twelfth hour, or six o'clock in the afternoon.

7. Seven o'clock at night, when the completoary was sung.

The first, or early prayers, were at two o'clock in the morning, when the monks, who went to bed at eight at night, had slept six hours, which were judged sufficient for nature. It was no fault, for the greater haste, to come without shoes, or with unwashen hands, if sprinkled at their entrance with holy water; and there is nothing said to the contrary, but that they might go to bed again; but a flat prohibition after mattins, when to return to bed was accounted a petty apostasy.

II. Let all, at the sign given, leave off their work, and repair presently to prayers.

III. Let those who are absent, in public employment, be reputed present in prayer.

IV. Let no monk go alone, but always two together.

V. From Easter to Whitsunday, let them dine always at twelve, and sup at six o'clock.

VI. Let them at other times fast on Wednesdays and Fridays till three o'clock in the afternoon.

VII. Let them fast every day in Lent till six o'clock at night.

VIII. Let no monk speak a word in the refectory, when they are at their meals.

IX. Let them listen to the lecturer reading Scripture to them, whilst they feed themselves.

X. Let the Septimarians dine by themselves, after the rest.

XI. Let such who are absent about business observe the same hours of prayer.

XII. Let none being from home about business, and hoping to return at night, presume, "*foris mandicare*," to eat abroad.

XIII. Let the completoary be solemnly sung about seven o'clock at night.

XIV. Let none speak a word after the completoary is ended, but hasten to their beds.

XV. Let the monks sleep in beds singly by themselves, but all, if possible, in one room.

XVI. Let them sleep in their clothes, girt with their girdles, but not having their knives by their sides, for fear of hurting themselves in their sleep.

XVII. Let not the youth lie by themselves, but mingled with their seniors.

XVIII. Let not the candle in the dormitory go out all night.

XIX. Let infants incapable of excommunication be corrected with rods.

XX. Let offenders in small faults, whereof the abbot is sole judge, be only sequestered from the table.

XXI. Let offenders in greater faults be suspended from table and prayers.

XXII. Let none converse with any excommunicated, under the pain of excommunication.

XXIII. Let incorrigible offenders be expelled the monastery.

XXIV. Let an expelled brother, being re-admitted on promise of amendment, be set last in order.

XXV. Let every monk have two coats and two cowls, &c.

XXVI. Let every monk have his table-book, knife, needle, and handkerchief.

XXVII. Let the bed of every monk have a mat, blanket, rug, and pillow.

XXVIII. Let the abbot be chosen by the merits of his life and learning.

XXIX. Let him never dine alone, but when guests are wanting, call some brethren unto his table.

XXX. Let the cellarer be a discreet man, to give all their meat in due season.

XXXI. Let none be excused from the office of cook, but take his turn in his week.

XXXII. Let the cook each Saturday, when he goeth out of his office, leave the linen and vessels clean and sound to his successor.

XXXIII. Let the porter be a grave person, to discharge his trust with discretion.

THE NORTHERN MOTHER'S BLESSING TO HER DAUGHTER.

Said to have been written about the year 1400.

My daughter gif thou be a wife, wisely thou werke,
 Lookes ever thou loue God and the holy kirke,
 Go to kirke when thou may, and let for no rayne,
 And then shall thou fare the bet, when thou God has sayn:
 Full well may they thrive,
 That seruen God in their liue,
 My leue dere child.

When thou sits in the kirke thy bedes shalt thou bid,
 Therein make no janglin with friend ne sib.
 Laugh not to scoone nodir old ne young,
 Be of good bering, and haue a good tongue:
 For after thy bering,
 So shall thy name spring,
 My leue dere child.

Gif any man with worship desire to wed thee,
 Wisely him answere, scoone him not what he be,

And tell it to thy friends, and hide thou it nought;
 Sit not by him, nor stand not that sin now be wroght!
 For gif a slaunder be once raysed,
 It is not so sone stilled,
 My leue dere child.

What man that shall wed the fore God with a ring,
 Lookes thou loue best of any earthly thing;
 And meekly him answere and not to snatching,
 So may thou stake his pre and be his darling.
 Faire words staken pre,
 Suffer and haue thy desire,
 My leue dere child.

When thou goes by the gate, go not too fast,
 Ne bridle not with thy hede, ne thy shoulders cast,
 Be not of many words, ne sweare not to gret,
 All euil vices, my daughter, thou forget,
 For gif thou hade an euil name,
 It will turne the to grame,
 My leue, dere child.

Go not oft to the towne as it were a gaze,
 Fro one house to odir for to seeke the maze,
 Ne go not to market, thy barrell to fill;
 Ne use not the tauern thy worship to spill:
 For who the tauern uses,
 His thrift he refuses,
 My leue, dere child.

Gif thou be in place where good drink is on loft,
 Wheder that thou serue, or thou sit softe;
 Mesurely take thou, and get the no blame;
 Gif thou be drunken it turnes the to shame.
 Who so looes measure and skill,
 He shall oft haue his will,
 My leue, dere child.

Go not to the wrastling, ne shoting the cock,
 As it were a strumpet or a giglot,
 Be at home, daughter, and thy things tead,
 For thine owne profit at the latter end.
 Mery is owne thing to see,
 My dere daughter, I tell it thee,
 My leue, dere child.

Husewisely shall thou go on the werk-day,
 Pride, rest, and idleness, put hem cleane away,
 And after on the holy day well clad shalt thou be;
 The holiday to worship, God will loue thee.
 More for worship of our Lord,
 Than for pride of the world,
 My leue, dere child.

Look to thy meyny, and let them not be ydell;
 Thy husband out, looke who does much or litell,
 And he that does well give him his meede;
 And gif he doe amiss amend thou him bidde,
 And gif the worke be great, and the time strait,
 Set to thy hand, and make a huswife's brayd,
 For they will do better gif thou by them stand
 The worke is soner done there as is money bon
 My leue, dere child.

And looke what thy men doon, and about hem wend,
At every deede done be at the tone end;
And gif thou find any fault soone it amend,
Oft will they do the better and thou neare hand,
Mikell him behoues to doe,
A good house that will looke to,
My leue, dere child.

Looke all things be well when they worke leauen,
And take thy keyes to the when it is euen;
Looke all thing be well, and let for no shame,
And gif thou so do thou gets thee the lase blame;
Trust no man bett thyselfe,
Whilset thou art in thy helth,
My leue, dere child.

Sit not at euen to long at gaze with the cup,
For to wasell and drinke all uppe;
So to bed betimes, at morn rise beline,
And so may thou better learne to thrive;
He that woul a good house keepe,
Must ofte-times breake a sleepe,
My leue, dere child.

Gif it betide, daughter, thy friend fro the fall,
And God send the children that for bread will call,
And thou haue nickle needs, helpe litle or none,
Thou must then care and spare hard as the stone,
For euil that may betide,
A man before should dread,
My leue, dere child.

Take heede to thy children which thou hast borne,
And wait well to thy daughters that they be not forlone;
And put hem betime to their marriage,
And giue them of thy good when they be of age,
For maydens beue lously,
But they ben untrusty,
My leue, dere child.

Gif thou loue thy children hold thou hem lowe,
And gif any of hem misde, banne hem not as blow,
But take a good smart rod, and beat hem arowe,
Till they cry mercy, and their gilts bee know,
For gif thou loue thy children wele,
Spare not yard neuer a dele,
My leue, dere child.

A TREATISE ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING,

AND

EFFECT IN WATER COLOURS, &c.

By David Cox.

ON COLOURING.

THE effect having been studied in Sepia, or Indian Ink, in the colouring of his subject, the young student should be particularly attentive to the adaptation of his colours to the composition and effect of the piece. In morning and evening effects, we naturally look towards the light, which at those periods of the day is marked by a mild beauty which gratifies and attracts, yet divested of that dazzling noonday

effulgence which weakens and repulses, the eye. Those objects which are seen against the strongest light must wear a neutral tint, which may be termed negative harmony; for were they to be garbed in the rich and full dress liveries of nature, the influence of the lustres behind them would in a great measure be rendered nugatory, and the effect weak and full of error: on the contrary, in the representation of broad sunshine or mid-day, those parts of the piece which are visited by, but not seen against, strong lights, will admit of a rich and beautiful harmony of colour, without doing violence to truth, or infringing on the economy of nature; and this may be called positive harmony, or a picture of colour.

Every tint should be laid on with clearness and decision, so that the object may receive its proper tone at the first touch of the hair pencil; nor is less skill required in the choice and appropriation of the colours, which should be diversified as much as is consistent with the union necessary to the production of harmony. Objects which are exposed to the light require a higher finish and more flowing warmth of colour than those which are shrouded in shade; while the minutest parts of the former ought to be touched with the utmost care, so as to render visible and striking, all that the broad and bright radiance of the sun might be supposed to develope. The latter will admit of a less laboured and less perfect delineation. In the lights of a picture, attention to this rule is indispensable where it is necessary to distinguish, with so much correctness of detail, those very objects which in shadow would permit that intimacy of union which would almost make them appear as one.

The light aerial tints should be laid on the remotest parts of a picture, gradually brightening into more rich and decided tones as they approach the nearer and more prominent objects; taking care to preserve the same atmosphere throughout the picture.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

By J. Britton, F.S.A. and A. Pugin, Architect.

It is well known that thousands of people of good intellect remain ignorant of many subjects of science, from entire diffidence of their own capacities, and are restrained in their enquiries, by the apprehension of difficulties which they suppose nothing but recondite study can surmount; when, to a little becoming confidence, a moderate share of industry, and a rational spirit of enquiry, the gates of knowledge are thrown open, and the delights of a new world are displayed to the intellectual senses.

We have just taken up a number of an elegant and useful little publication, entitled, *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, and on a perusal of its contents, so entirely approve of its plan, that we cannot forego the satisfaction of earnestly recommending it to the attention of the public. We have often deplored the indifference with which our national architecture has been regarded; for al-

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et of science inferior to none in
tance, yet it is of all others the
most exposed to censure, and
ed. The work before us, we
remove this prevailing apathy for
it is published in numbers of
contains elevations and plans of
gs, with explanations of their
chitecture, critical observations
their designs, the purposes for
rected, and interesting accounts
and general history; conveying,
expence, much useful and sci-
in language comprehensible to
rs to whom, in great measure,
essed. The world of taste owe
opographical works, particularly
to the ancient architecture of
h have been published by Mr.
ars; and we anticipate that the
ent little work will extend the
industry and talents to a much
very parent and preceptor, zeal-
on of useful knowledge, in the
minds of youth, whilst under a
, should place this work in their
egant little work, amusement is
ence, that no ingenious youth

the site of the present edifice, by Sir John Van-
brugh, in 1704, and opened to the public in the
April of the following year, and then called the
Queen's Theatre.

“Musical pieces in English, with the occasional
introduction of some Italian singers, and the regu-
lar drama, became the usual entertainments; and
in this way, chiefly under the management of Sir
John and Congreve, the speculation proceeded
heavily, and with precarious success; and it was
not until the year 1720 that the opera assumed the
promise of form and stability; at which time his
Majesty George I. countenanced the subscription
of 50,000*l.* by a liberal contribution, and which
cheering example was followed by the court.

“As the science of music became better under-
stood, it was the more admired, and proportionately
encouraged; and as the jealousies and opposition
made by conflicting interests subsided, the Italian
opera became established in England, and the
edifice itself profited by its success.

“From this time the theatre submitted to various
and repeated changes, under the direction of its
architects, as improved knowledge, or the prepon-
derance of fashion, made it needful or politic to
venture upon them, until the whole was re-arranged
by Robert Adam the architect. The changes were
not, however, the most judicious, and the house

was intimately dependent on the very cause by which the censure was incurred; in fact, the building is so deep, that it was found necessary to sacrifice a part, to benefit the more valuable and available part of the house.

"So much as belongs to the internal of the theatre, and its enclosing walls, as before stated, was erected by M. Novosielski: not so the outside, that is almost altogether a late erection, for his design was never carried into full effect; and fortunately so perhaps, for the portion that was erected, failed of producing an appearance commensurate with its intention and its cost. But it must be understood that the Opera House was enveloped with other buildings, and that a limited facade only appeared towards the Haymarket, and over which alone the architect then had control. His design was in the Italian style of architecture, consisting of a basement, the proportions of which are yet preserved, and a superstructure of the Roman Doric Order, finished with a balustrade. As the order was very deficient in height, the parts were small and ineffective; and after the lapse of some years, the proprietors adopted an entirely new design, except as related to the rustic basement, which underwent no change. This alteration was also begun, but soon arrested in its progress, and portions of both continued, till lately, to disgrace the establishment and the country.

"In making the vast improvements in 1820, under the controul of the New Street Commissioners, and according to designs and arrangements made by Mr. Nash, the external of the Opera-house underwent a very important change.

"By continuing Charles-street across Regent-street into the Haymarket, a spot before occupied by old dwelling-houses, it afforded the opportunity of treating the whole mass, insulated by that circumstance, as one entire building.

"In viewing these edifices, therefore, it should be remembered that the design embraces the double object of making an imposing whole, and of accommodating a large portion of it to street and private dwellings; for without this arrangement, the Opera-house would yet have exhibited an abridged elevation toward the Haymarket only, unaided by its contiguous buildings, whereas it now appears to occupy the entire area, surrounded by the Haymarket, Pall-Mall, Charles-street, and the Western Arcade.

"This necessarily prevented the introduction of larger and more imposing features in the architectural decoration; the object of seeming unity has

therefore been obtained by arcades and colonades, which are made to surround the whole. By these means the spectator is scarcely permitted to doubt the singleness of its appropriation, beyond the disposal of some spare rooms beneath, for the accommodation of respectable trades.

"As at this spot the Haymarket declivity forms a slope nearly six feet high on the base line of the building, it presented a difficulty to the architects, which they have ingeniously overcome by employing arcades at the extremes of the centre building, which admit an easy alteration in their proportions, and the opportunity of breaking the level of the cornices.

"The Roman Doric order is adopted by Messrs. Nash and G. Repton, as the architectural embellishment of the building, and the columns are executed in cast iron,—each being the result of a single casting. The entablature is of Bath stone, and the body of the building of brick, covered with Roman cement stucco.

"The basso-relievo of the centre, executed by Mr. Bubb, is of lithargolite, or artificial stone, and represents the progress of music, from the earliest attention to sound, through the stages of examination and improvement, to its ultimate perfection in the present day, into the groups, dancing is interwoven, as associated with its advancement from the rudest ages to the extraordinary accomplishments of the *Ballet*. Apollo and the Muses occupy the middle of the subject.

"The following are the respective proportions of the Theatre at Milan, of the Theatre Italien at Paris, and of the King's Theatre, at the time of its erection in 1790:—

| | Milan. feet. | Paris. feet. | London. feet. |
|--|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Length from the curtain to the back of boxes - - - - - | 94 | 78 | 102 |
| Width from the back of boxes - - - - - | 74 | 52 | 75 |
| Projection of stage from the curtain - - - - - | 17 | 15 | 24 |
| Projection of the proscenium - - - - - | 9 | 9 | none |
| Width of the curtain - - - - - | 42 | 40 | 40 |
| Height of the theatre, from floor to ceiling, at the highest part over the pit - - - - - | 70 | 51 | 56 |

"From this comparison it will be seen, that the interior of the Italian Opera-house in London was larger than those of Paris and Milan, at the time of its erection; and when it has undergone the improvements now in contemplation, there is little doubt but it will successfully vie with the most splendid in Europe."

[To be continued.]

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

N^o. VI.

ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

RECURRING to that part of the last paper, which related to style, we would willingly here treat more at large upon its excellencies and defects, as they constitute so interesting a feature in the science of connoisseurship; but as we intend to offer a few separate papers on the subject of collecting works of the English school, both in oil and water-colour painting, we shall transfer our analysis of the various styles to a future part of our miscellany.

We cannot entirely dismiss the subject from this page; however, without observing with reference to the style of Mr. Glover, that so far from recommending the professional student in landscape to follow his method of execution, we should hold it a duty to caution him to avoid it, as fallacious and unworthy of imitation; for, abstracted of its application in the hands of the extraordinary artist with whom it originated, nothing can be more at variance with masterly handling, or remote from truth; indeed, it has more of manner than style; and with reference to the painter-like execution of Turner, Varley, Fielding, Reinagle, and that of other accomplished hands, it may be characterized under that significant appellation, *trick*—a term particularly applicable to the practice of water-colour paintings, with many eminent teachers, and so well understood by the professor, and, indeed, by all who can distinguish what is orthodox in style, that it needs no explanation.

The ease with which effect may be produced according to this system, was the main cause of its great popularity amongst those polite idlers, who, taking up the pencil for vain amusement, rather than for a becoming love of art, sought applause for a display of their showy talents, without the fatigue of study.

To this novel mode of practice, must be ascribed the origin of that bad taste, which has so long prevailed among the dilettanti artists. Certain professors, even of original capacity and talent, seeking

profit, rather than fame, lent themselves to this perversion of style, by sedulously studying how to substitute incoherency and scrawling, for correctness of drawing; and blotting and sponging, for precision of touch, as though the ultimatum of art consisted in proving to the world how little it depended upon science; a species of quackery, which might long since have been expected to expose itself to due ridicule, in the execrable trash which has been exhibited, in the multiplied copies and imitations of such exemplars, by such a host of senseless disciples; did we not know, that there have been epochs in every enlightened region of the world, and in every age, when persons of rank and education, for the pure love of novelty, have made it a fashion to become wilfully blind.

We love to praise, and indeed are loth to censure; but truth demands an exposure of this fallacious method of instruction, so pernicious to the growth of taste, and so destructive of genuine art; for such is the perverted judgment of the far greater part of those who have been taught on these false principles, that the more accomplished may be the compositions of those artists who are labouring for renown, the less will be their reward; as he that expects to meet with patrons among such fashionable dilettanti, must debase his art down to the level of their capacities. Indeed, it is a fatal truth, that not one amateur in fifty can now be found who will endure to copy a correct and highly finished work of art.

If the severity of these strictures should appear unmerited on the part of many popular teachers, we beg to refer to those two principal accomplishments in the education of the ladies of the higher class, music and painting. In the first, the preceptor "*begins at the beginning*," and grounds them early in the first principles of the science; hence, almost every lady of sixteen can perform the most difficult musical composition, with neat execution and becoming grace. In the latter, it is now the custom to "*begin at the ending*," namely, by pretending to teach them composition, light, shadow, colouring, and effect, without the previous study of drawing a correct outline of a single lesson on perspective, or any one grammatical trait of the art. Hence, the half-accomplished sylphs play like angels, and paint, or rather smudge, like chimney sweeps.

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

amentable defect in the method
ateurs—the youth of each sex—
z, the prevalence of those trum-
ith which the windows of our
owed. Every day are thrust
ace of our optics, new instances
of the arts in the degenerate
fishings, still farther departures
ath, in lithography, and other
to the disgrace of public taste.
ociated engravers are publishing
nd, picturesque, and finely stu-
of Turner and Calcott, and
nt artists, in a style of engraving
ical works, leave the highest
cient schools an immeasurable
The very superiority of which is
are not purchased as exemplars
thers, as the amateur student is
ent to imitate their excellencies,
d to their merit.

JIN AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

TY OF THE LIVING TO PRO-
ATION OF THE DEAD."—This

main secure from enquiry, and escape with ap-
plause. The secret satisfaction, however, arising
from such successful treachery, betrays a baseness
of heart in the calumniator, so entirely out of the
common course of iniquity, that could the true mo-
tives of such pernicious scribblers be made mani-
fest to the world, men of genius would be held in
due reverence, and their unprincipled revilers would
be driven from the society of all who loved virtue,
or had a becoming regard for truth.

How base, how unjust, in a man of penetration,
—in one like Pasquin, who could write with wit
and spirit, to make this sport of talent, when he
must have acknowledged, had he not walked round
this noble building for the indulgence of his evil
propensity, that in these "*piscatory monsters*,"
which he erroneously designates *cariatides*, are dis-
played much elegance and invention; that the em-
blems were designed most tastefully accordant with
the departments of the building to which they were
appended, and that the masks of the river deities,
which he has so wantonly made the subject of his
ridicule, were works of the highest order of merit.
They still, however, remain on the keystones of the
arches, monuments of the superior abilities of
Mr. Wilton, their ingenious sculptor, and will long
be regarded by all judges of art, as legible memo-

"Somerset House is built on that part of the Thames side named the Strand,—a spot remarkable for its steep declivity, and the variety of soil on which its foundations were to be placed,—no inconsiderable portion of its site being actually taken from within the channel of the river, and below its bed.

"The situation seemed to be impracticable, both as related to its levels and security of foundation,—circumstances that required all the science and sagacity of the architect to contend with and to overcome.

"In bridge building, such difficulties are always found to exist: In a structure of this extent and magnitude they rarely occur; but when they do, the comparative mental powers necessary to execute such a work are much beyond those required for the erection of even the greatest bridge that is now known.

"In the structure of a bridge, the points of contact with the soil are few, and its levels only relate to the ground at its extremities; but in a building circumstanced like Somerset House, the points of contact are almost innumerable, and its levels differ at every point. Every pier—every wall, pillar, and partition—every arch and every vault,—all have to be supported in their respective stations, and each according to its need; for, to make the foundations more ample than could be avoided, would have been incurring a vast addition of expence. The architect, by obtaining sufficient security, with this attention to economy, justly acquired reputation from his employers.

"It was not the least arduous part of the duty which he had to perform in the plan of the building, when he undertook to arrange the various offices for so great an establishment, to design them suitably to their multifarious purposes, and to combine them with the general effect. He had to reconcile the conflicting desires, opinions, and prerogatives of the officers great and small, who were to inhabit or occupy the manifold apartments.

"All these difficulties, however, he overcame, with such rare felicity and general satisfaction, that on the question of accommodation among the officers or households of the respective departments, there appears to have been but one solitary instance of discontent, and that came to knowledge at second-hand, being the reported complaint of the cook at the *Victualling Office*, who thought herself limited in larder-room.

"To effect these numerous arrangements—to

adjust the proportions and uses of so many apartments on so many floors, in appropriate and essential portions of such an aggregate of offices, the architect judiciously selected the Italian practice of building, which admits better than any other style, the beauties of Roman architecture, combined with that convenience for business and domestic comfort, which this useful national structure demanded.

"The elegant simplicity of the building as a whole, the proportion of its parts, and their relative accordance, may vie with the noblest public structures in the metropolis; and in some respects may be pronounced superior to any. The exterior of Somerset House is considered to be the perfection of masonry, and the sculptures that decorate the various parts, are not equalled by the ornamental accessories of any of our great national buildings.

"The decorations of the interior are no less entitled to applause; indeed, to Sir William Chambers we owe the introduction of that chaste character of ornament in this country, which has since been perfected by the studies of Stuart and others, from the classic stores obtained through their invaluable researches, amidst the remains of Grecian art.

"This, then, is Somerset Place, the work of an architect, who has manifested in its erection, a vast extent of intellect, as a mathematician, as an engineer, as an artist, and as a philosopher. He was moreover an upright man; one whose great abilities has done honour to himself, to his illustrious patron, to his employers, and the age in which he lived.

"J. B. P."

ROYAL ACADEMY.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES.

THE Anniversary of the Founding of this great national institution, being the 10th of December, on the evening of that day a general meeting of the Royal Academicians was convened, when the gold and silver medals awarded to the students were presented by Sir Thomas Lawrence to the successful candidates for these honorary rewards, in the schools of painting, sculpture, architecture, drawing, and modelling.

The gold medal, with the discourses of the two preceding presidents, were obtained for the best historical painting, by Mr. Frederick Hurlstone,

The third Gold Medal was presented to Mr. Adbury, for the best Design for a National Hospital for British Sailors.

THE SILVER MEDALS.

Messrs. Corbett and Markes were the successful candidates in the school of painting. The subject chosen was part of the Cartoon of the Charge to Peter.

In the Life Academy, Messrs. Cahusac and Slous, were successful in drawing. The best models were Messrs. Williams and Collingwood.

Messrs. Richley and Jenkins, received medals for the best elevation of the front of Somerset House.

In the Antique Academy, out of twenty-four candidates, Messrs. Ward, F. Ross, and Cecil, were successful in drawing. Messrs. Deare, Stothard and

Behnes, with their models. The subject for the drawings was Hæmon and Antigone. The Hermaphrodite for the models.

Mr. Stothard also produced the best executed medal die of the head of Apollo, for which he received another silver medal.

After the medals had been presented to the successful candidates, Sir Thomas Lawrence read an elegant and appropriate discourse to the students. He began by stating the grounds upon which the Council had decided, and he appeared to feel that it was necessary, because the name of the successful candidate had been rather unexpectedly pronounced to the audience. Sir Thomas said, that though fewer faults might be found in the unsuc-

cessful, but that which could not be said of that which ne-

Sir Thomas said, that though fewer faults might be found in the unsuccessful, but that which could not be said of that which ne-
ters of his particularly the late
He spoke of the present gallery of his
ledgments and attainments, unequalled by
been an affair prophesied the justice we were
painter, as much knowing him

OP

C

THE best I
to be that or
Chamber at
a head in an
one of the fi
to the queen.

When the
and the arti
from his sea
resemble me,
answered, “

infancy, there is a facial expression that is seen in those of his advanced years.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND DANIEL MYTENS.

THIS extraordinary queen, when on the verge of sixty, must have been an easier theme for the flattering pen of the poet, than for the pencil of the portrait painter. Her address on this subject, when she was to be limned by Daniel Mytens, was worthy of her sex. "I do not approve of shades in painting," said her Majesty. "You must strike off my likeness without shadows."—An elegant method of getting rid of her wrinkles.

QUEEN MARY.

SIR ANTONIO MORE was sent to England to paint the portrait of Mary, the intended bride of Philip, King of Spain. He was well received, had a reward of one hundred pounds, (a great sum, according to the then value of money,) a gold chain, and was afterwards retained as portrait painter to their Majesties, Philip and Mary, on a pension of four hundred pounds, paid quarterly.

Sandrart says Mary was very handsome. If this be true, one might infer that she sat to none but heretics. Certainly the limners of her day, (and there were many portraits of her,) were exempt from the sin of flattery.

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOWE AND MR. PHILLIPS.

THIS gentleman had the honour to paint two portraits of the Chancellor, at the distance of three or four years; the first at his own house in George-street, Hanover-square; the last at his Lordship's, who was then aged, petulant, and infirm;—it was but a few months before his death. They were esteemed admirable likenesses. When the painter had taken the last sitting, his Lordship contemplated the picture in silence, and then compared it with himself in the glass. He then turned round and observed, "Sir, you have been faithful—very faithful." Then shaking his head, he added, "Aye, Sir, I behold the change that time has rapidly marked on my visage since I sat to you before. Yes, Sir, you have been very faithful, and I have a still higher opinion of your art."

Mr. Phillips had the picture home, to finish the accessories in his own study; and among other distinguished persons who called to see this last por-

trait of the venerable senator, Mr. Fox paid a morning visit to George-street. He contemplated the picture for some moments, and then exclaimed, "What a countenance! It looks more wise than man ever was."

In addition to these two faithful portraits of this great man, is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from which there is a print by Bartolozzi, and another by the present President of the Royal Academy, which is honoured by his Majesty, who had a personal regard for the upright minister, with a place on the walls of the most magnificent apartment in Carlton Palace.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell sat for his picture to Lely, his observations to that great master of his art, marks the Lord Protector's masculine notions:—"I desire, Mr. Lely," said he, "that you will not leave out the warts and excrescences on my face; for if it be not a faithful picture, I would not give you a penny for your work."

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK. No. VII.

AT the time that Garrick and Lacy were joint managers of Drury Lane Theatre, it was judged necessary to divide the labours of their office. Mr. Lacy's part of the business consisted in superintending the wardrobe and scenic department, and the general economy of the household. Garrick's was a more important business—he had to treat with authors, to engage with the actors, to manage the distribution of the parts, the superintendence of rehearsals, &c. &c. It was soon found necessary, considerably to increase the number of minor actors, the greatest recommendation for whom was considered by Garrick, aptitude of person for the characters they were to represent; their intellectual acquirements being deemed by him of little importance. In raising this corps, a humorous fellow of the name of Stone was particularly serviceable to Garrick, who paid him liberally for his obliging offices; a certain sum being allowed him for every one he procured, provided he was thought worthy to make his appearance; the success or failure of the attempt making no difference in the payment to this "Theatrical Crimp," as he was then called.

Several epistles passed between this recruiting

"Stone,
You are the best fellow in the world—bring the Cupids
to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well
e, you shall have a guinea a-piece for them. Mr. Lacy
pay you himself for the Bishop—he is very penitent for
t he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I
pay you handsomely, particularly for the spouting fellow
keeps the apple stand on Tower Hill, the cut in his face
ast the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two, for
ard if you can, and I have no objection to treat with
for a comely Mayor. The Barber will not do for
tus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.
1750, Dec.

"Friday morn.

"D. G."

The person above alluded to was procured by
ne, and had often rehearsed the part of the
hop of Winchester, in the play of Henry the
hth, with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick
puently addressed him at the rehearsal as
isin of Winchester. The fellow, however, never
yed the part, although the night of his coming
was announced in the public papers.

The reader will soon guess the reason from the
following letters that passed between Mr. Gar-
ck and Stone, on the very evening he was to make
appearance:—

"Sir,
The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear,
swears, d— a his eyes if he will play to-night.

"I am, yours,

"W. STONE."

ANSWER.

"Stone,
The Bishop may go to the devil. I do not know a
ster rascal, except yourself.

"D. G."

picture."

It was well I
friends, that his
most extraordina
actor's ability of
will is related by

"A lady of fashion
to procure the portra
in love, but who had
ture. She prevailed
Lord, and so possess
might easily design
of his borrowed re
after having studied
manner of giving the
but my Lord, the pe
that the portrait wa
in question, who wa
so perfect a likeness
and who liberally re
in return for her lov

When Mr. Fro
of whom in a fu
short account, pa
he left a card at
sham, of York,"
as if it had bee
shire. Garrick j
ler very easy and
sample, wished
accordingly adm
a slight convers
astonished at the
and affable, par

obsequious request not being made, Garrick urged present business, and presented the York Romeo with an order for the pit, desiring him that night to favour him with his attendance to see him perform *Sir John Brute*, with an invitation to breakfast the ensuing morning; at the same time asking him, "Pray, now, have you seen a play since your arrival in London?"

"O yes," quickly answered Mr. Frodsham, "I saw you play *Hamlet* two nights ago;" adding, it was his own favourite character. "Well," says Garrick, "pray, now, how did you approve, Frodsham? I hope I pleased you." "O yes, certainly, my dear Sir,—vastly clever in several passages; but I cannot so far subjoin mine to the public opinion of London, as to say I was equally struck with your whole performance in that part." Garrick most probably had never been addressed in such a style before. He stammered and said, "Why—why now, to be sure now—why, I suppose you in the country—Pray, now, Mr. Frodsham, what sort of a place do you act in at York? Is it in a room or riding-house, occasionally fitted up?" "O no, Sir, a theatre, upon my honour." "O, sure! why, my Lord Burlington has said that—why, will you breakfast to-morrow, and we will have a trial of skill, and Mrs. Garrick shall judge between us, ha! ha! ha! Now, I say, Good day, Mr. York, for I must be at the theatre; so now, pray remember breakfast." The following day arrived the York hero at *Palais Royale* in Southampton-street, according to appointment. Breakfast finished with Madam Garrick as good superintendent, waiting with impatience, and full of various conjectures why the poor man from the country did not take courage, and prostrate before the foot of majesty, humbly requesting a trial, engagement, &c.; but as Frodsham did not, as expected, break the ice, Garrick did. "Well, Mr. Frodsham—why now—well—that is—I suppose you saw my *Brute* last night? Now no compliment, but tell Mrs. Garrick. Well, now, was it right? Do you think it would have pleased at York? Now speak what you think!" "Oh!" says Frodsham, "certainly, certainly; and upon my honour, without compliment, I never was so highly delighted and entertained,—it was beyond my comprehension; but having seen you play *Hamlet* first, your *Sir John Brute* exceeded my belief; for I have been told *Hamlet*, Mr. Garrick, is one of your first characters; but I must say, I flatter myself I play it almost as well; for Comedy, my good Sir, is your

forte. But your *Brute*, d—n it, Mr. Garrick, your *Brute* was excellence itself! You stood on the stage in the drunken scene, flourishing your sword; you placed yourself in an attitude; I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time, and with your eyes you seemed to say, 'D—n it, Frodsham, did you ever see any thing like that at York? Could you do that, Frodsham?'"

Garrick not only loved, but eagerly swallowed flattery, with a conjuror's avidity, with "Hey! pass and begone!" and had it daily served up, not only by inferiors, equals, and dependants, but by persons of higher rank. Therefore, to hear a country actor speak slightly "touching his Lord *Hamlet*," was too much to bear; and, as Sir Archy says, "was vary new." After much affectation of laughter, and seemingly approving all Frodsham had uttered,—“Well, now, hey! for a taste of your quality—now a speech, Mr. Frodsham, from *Hamlet*; and, Mrs. Garrick, 'bear a wary eye.'”

Frodsham, with the utmost composure, spoke *Hamlet*'s first soliloquy, without any idea of fear or terror, or indeed allowing Garrick, as a tragedian, a better *Hamlet*, or superior to himself,—Garrick all the while darting his fiery eyes into the soul of Frodsham,—a custom of Garrick's to all whom he deemed subservient, as if he meant to alarm and convey from those eyes an idea of intelligence to the beholder, of his own amazing intellects. Garrick certainly possessed most extraordinary powers of eye, as they contained not only the fire and austerity he meant to convey; but his simplicity in Scrub, and archness of eye in Don John, was equally excellent, and as various. On Frodsham the eye of terror had no such effect; for if he had noticed, and thought Mr. Garrick's eyes were penetrating, he would inwardly have comforted himself his own were equally brilliant, if not superiorly so. When Frodsham had finished *Hamlet*'s first speech, and, without stop, *To be or not to be* &c. Garrick said, "Well, hey now! hey! you have a smattering, but you want a little of my forming; and really in some passages you have acquired tones I do not by any means approve." Frodsham tartly replied, "Tones, Mr. Garrick! to be sure I have tones, but you are not familiarized to them. I have seen you act twice, *Hamlet* the first, and I thought you had odd tones, and Mrs. Cibber strange tones, and they were not quite agreeable to me on the first hearing, but I dare say I should soon be reconciled to them." "Why, now," says the much astonished wondering Garrick, "nay, now that is

—why now, really, Frodsham, you are a d—d queer fellow; but for a fair and full trial of your genius, my stage shall be open, and you shall act any part you please; and if you succeed, we will then talk of terms." "Oh!" says Frodsham, in the same flighty flow of spirits, "you are mistaken, my dear Mr. Garrick, if you think I came here to solicit an engagement; I am a Roscius at my own quarters! I came to London purposely to see a few plays; and looking on myself as a man not destitute of talents, I judged it a proper compliment to wait on a brother genius: I thought it indispensable to see you, and have half an hour's conversation with you. I neither want nor wish for an engagement; for I would not abandon or relinquish the happiness I enjoy in Yorkshire, for the first terms your great and grand city of London could afford;" and with a negligent wild bow made his exit, and left the gazing Garrick following his shade, like Shakspeare's Ghost, himself standing in an attitude of surprise, to ruminate and reflect, and to relate this account of the strangest mad actor he had ever seen, or ever after did see.

CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF EARLY TIMES.

"AT Stratford near Bow in Middlesex, was a school for girls, wherein the French language, but very different from that at Paris, was taught; and that at meals, not to wet the fingers deep in the sauce was one sign of a polite female education. And here it may not be improper to remark, that before the time of King James the First, a fork was an implement unknown in this country. Tom Coriate the traveller, learned the use of it in Italy, and one which he brought here from thence was esteemed a great curiosity. But to return to Chaucer: although forbidden by the canon law to the clergy, it appears from him that the monks were lovers of hunting, and kept greyhounds;—that sergeants-at-law were, as early as the time of Edward the Third, occasionally judges of assize, and that the most eminent of them were industrious in collecting doomes, i. e. judicial determinations, which, by the way, did not receive the appellation of reports till the time of Plowden, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, before which persons were employed at the expence of our kings, to attend the courts at Westminster, and take short notes of their decisions, for the use of the public; a series of these is now extant, and known to the profession of the

law by the name of the Year Books;—that the houses of country gentlemen abounded with the choicest viands;—that a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, and a maker of tapestry, were in the rank of such citizens as hoped to become aldermen of London, and that their wives claimed to be called Madam;—that cooks were great cheats, and would dress the same meat more than once;—that the masters of ships were pirates, and made but little consequence of stealing wine out of the vessels of their chapmen, when the latter were asleep;—that physicians made astrology a part of their study;—that the weaving of woollen cloth was a very profitable trade, and that the neighbourhood of Bath was one of the seats of that manufacture;—that a pilgrimage to Rome, nay, to Jerusalem, was not an extravagant undertaking for the wife of a weaver;—that the mercenary sort of clergy were accustomed to flock to London, in order to procure chauntries in the cathedral of St. Paul;—that at the Temple, the members were not many more than thirty, twelve of whom were qualified to be stewards to any peer of the realm;—that their man-ciple was a rogue, and had cunning enough to cheat them all;—that stewards grew rich by lending their lords their own money;—the summoner, an officer whose duty it is to execute the process of the ecclesiastical court, is a character now grown obsolete: from that which Chaucer has given of one, we however learn that they were a sort of men who throve by the incontinence of the common people,—that they affected to speak Latin, that is to say, to utter a few of those cant phrases which occur in the practice of the Consistory and other ecclesiastical courts, and that they would for a small fee suffer a good fellow to have his concubine for a twelvemonth;—that they were of counsel with all the lewd women in the diocese, and made the vulgar believe that the pains of hell were not more to be feared than the curse of the archdeacon.

"These several particulars, extracted from the prologues to the Tales, exhibit, as far as they go, a lively and accurate representation of the manners of the people of England in Chaucer's time. But these are few in comparison with the facts and circumstances to the same purpose, which are to be met with in the Tales themselves; nor are the portraits of the principal agents in the Tales, and which accidentally occur therein, less exact than those contained in the Prologues. The scholar Nicholas, in the Miller's Tale, is an instance of this kind; for see how the poet has described him.

"He represents him as young, amorous, and learned,—not a member of any college, for there were but few in Oxford during Chaucer's time, but living 'at his friend's finding and his rent,' and lodging in the house of a carpenter, an old man, who had a very young and beautiful wife. In the house of this man the scholar had a chamber, which he decked with sweet herbs; he is supposed to study astronomy, or rather astrology; his chamber is furnished with books great and small, among which is the *Almagist*, a treatise said to be written by Ptolomy; an *asterlagour*, or *astrolabe*, an instrument used for taking the altitude of the sun and stars. He has also a set of *augrim* stones, a kind of pebbles at that time made use of in numeral computation, and to which counters afterwards succeeded; and above all lay his musical instrument.

"His rival Absalom, the parish clerk, is of another cast—a spruce fellow, that sung, danced, and played on the fiddle,—that was great with all the tapster and brew-house girls in the town, and 'visited them with his solace!' His ingenuity and learning qualified him to let blood, clip hair, shave, and make a charter of land, or an acquittance. His employment in the church obliged him to assist the parish priest in the performance of divine service; and it appears to have been his duty on holydays to go round the parish with a censer in his hand, conformable to the practice of the Romish church, 'censing the wives of the parish.' But nothing can be more picturesque than the description of his person and dress. His hair shone like gold, and strutted broad like a fan; his complexion red, and his eyes grey as a goose, and the upper leather of his shoes were carved to resemble the windows of St. Paul's cathedral; his stockings were red, and his kirtle or upper coat of light watchet, that is to say, sky-colour, not tied here and there merely to keep it close, but thick set with points, more for ornament than use; all which gay habiliments were covered with a white surplice.

"The *Reve's Tale* contains the characters of Denyse Simpkin, the proud miller of Trompington, and his prouder wife; from the poet's description of them it appears, that the husband, as a fashion not inconsistent with his vocation, wore both a sword and a dagger. As to his wife, she is said to have been the daughter of the parson of the town, who on her marriage gave her "full many a pan of brass;" and because of her birth and her

education, for she is said to have been 'fostered in a nunnery,' she was insolent to her neighbours, and assumed the style of Madam. The business which drew the scholars, John and Alein, to the mill of Simpkin, bespeaks the difference which a long succession of years has made in a college life; for the rents of college estates were formerly paid, not in money, but in corn, which it was the business of the manciple to get ground, and made into bread. During the sickness of the manciple of Soller's-hall at Cambridge, two scholars, with a sack of corn laid on the back of a horse, armed each with a sword and buckler, set out for the mill at Trompington, a neighbouring village. The miller contrives to steal their corn, and the scholars take ample vengeance on him.

"From the several passages above cited and referred to, a judgment may be formed, and that with some degree of exactness, of the manners of the common people of this country; those of the higher orders of men are to be sought for elsewhere. Persons acquainted with the ancient constitution of England need not be told that it was originally calculated as well for conquest as defence; and that before the introduction of trade and manufactures, every subject was a soldier; this, and the want of that intercourse between the inhabitants of one part of the kingdom and another, which nothing but an improved civilization can promote, rendered the common people a terror to each other; and as to the barons—the ancient and true nobility—it might in the strictest sense of a well-known maxim in law be said, that the house of each was his castle. The many romances and books of chivalry extant in the world, although abounding in absurdities, contain a very true representation of civil life throughout Europe; and the forest, the castle, the moat, and the drawbridge, if not the dungeon, had their existence long before they became the subjects of poetical description.

"It is true the pomp and splendour of the ancient nobility appeared to greater advantage than it would have done, had not the condition of the common people been such as to put it out of the power of any of their own order to rival their superiors; but to the immense possessions of the latter, such power was annexed as must seem tremendous to one who judges of the English constitution by the appearance which it wears at this day. To be short, all the lands in this kingdom were holden either mediately or immediately of the crown, by services strictly military. The king had the power of calling

forth his barons, and they their tenants, and these latter their dependents also, to battle; and to levy on them money and other requisites for the carrying on either offensive or defensive war. Hitherto we see but little of those pecuniary emoluments arising from the relation between the lord and his tenant, which are now the principal sources of splendour and magnificence in the nobility and men of large estates, or, in other words, it seems that anciently, personal service was received in lieu of rent. But here the power and influence attendant on the feudal system breaks forth. The lord was entitled to the wardship of the heir of his freehold tenant under the age of twenty-one, and to the profits of all his estates without account. Nor was this all, he had the power of marrying his ward to whom he pleased; and where the inheritance descended to daughters, the marrying of them to any person above the degree of a villain, was as much the right of the lord as his castle or mansion; and had it been the fate of the four beautiful daughters of the great Duke of Marlborough to have lived before the making the statute of King Charles the Second, for abolishing tenures in capite, and to have survived their father, being under age, not one of them could have been married without the license of the King, or perhaps his minister.

"A system of civil policy, like that above described, could not fail to influence the minds of the people, and in consequence of that jealousy which it had a tendency to excite, they lived in a state of hostility: a dispute about boundaries, the right of hunting, or pursuing beasts of chase, would frequently beget a quarrel in which whole families, with all their dependents, immediately became parties, and the thirst of revenge descended from father to son, so as to seem attached to the inheritance. Many of the old songs and ballads now extant, are histories of the wars of contending families: the song of the Battle of Otterburn, and the old ballad of Chevy Chase, with many others in Dr. Percy's collection, are instances of this kind, and were these wanting, a curious history of the Gwedir family, published by the learned and ingenious Mr. Barrington, would sufficiently shew what a deadly enmity prevailed in those barbarous times among the great men of our kingdom.

"It has already been hinted, that under the ancient constitution the generality of women lived in a state of bondage; and how near that state approaches to bondage, in which a woman is denied the liberty of chusing the man she likes for a hus-

band, every one is able to see; most of the laws made to preserve their persons from violence, were the effects of modern refinement, and sprang from that courtesy which attended the knightly exercise of arms."

ALBERT DURER.

THE indiscriminate use of the words Genius and Ingenuity, has, perhaps, nowhere caused more confusion than in the classification of artists. Albert Durer was a man of great ingenuity without being a genius. He studied, and, as far as his penetration reached, established certain proportions of the human frame; but he did not create a style. He copied rather than imitated the forms that surrounded him, and without remorse tracked deformity and meanness to fulness and beauty. He sometimes had a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse. The expanded agony of Christ on the Mount of Olives, and the mystic mass of his figure of Melancholy, have much sublimity, though the expression of the last is weakened by the rubbish he has thrown about her. His Knight, attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible; and his Adam and Eve are two common models shut up in a rocky dungeon. Every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation, of concluding from what he saw to what he did not see. Copious without taste, anxiously precise in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather shewn us what to avoid than what we are to follow. Though called the Father of the German School, he neither reared scholars, nor was imitated by the German artists of his or the succeeding century. That the importation of his works into Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscans who had studied Michael Angelo, is a fact which proves that minds, at certain periods, may be subject to epidemic influence as well as bodies. That Angelo, when a boy, copied with a pen Michael Wolgemuth's print of the Temptation of St. Anthony, and bought fish in the market to colour the devils, may be believed; but it requires the credulity of Wagenseil to suppose that he could want any thing of Albert Durer, when he was a man. The legend contradicts itself; for who ever before heard of the bronzes of Albert Durer?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

M. ANGELO, punctilious and haughty to princes, was gentle, and even submissive to inferior artists. Guiliiano Bugiardini, a man of tiny talents and much conceit, had been applied to by Messrs. Ottaviano de Medici to paint the portrait of M. Angelo for him. Bugiardini, familiar with M. Angelo, obtained his consent. He sat to him; desired to rise, after a sitting of two hours; and perceiving, at the first glance, the incorrectness of the outline, "What the devil," said he, "have you been doing? You have shoved one of the eyes into the temples; pray look at it." Guiliiano, after repeatedly looking at the picture and the original, at last replied, with much gravity, "I cannot see it; but pray sit down, and let us examine again." M. Angelo, who knew where the cause of the blunder lay, sat down again, and patiently submitting to a long second inspection, was at last peremptorily told that the copy was correct. "If that be the case," said he, "Nature has committed a mistake; go you on, and follow the dictates of your art."

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, made up of all the elements, without the preponderance of any one, gave universal hints, and wasted life insatiate in experiment. Now on the wing after beauty—then grovelling on the ground after deformity;—now looking full in the face of terror—then decking it with shards, and shells, and masks;—equally attracted by character and caricature, by style and common nature, he has drawn rudiments of all, but like a stream lost in ramification, vanished without a trace.

Want of perseverance alone could make him abandon his Cartoon of the celebrated Group of Horsemen, destined for the great Council-chamber at Florence, without painting the picture; for, to him who could organize the limbs of that composition, Michael Angelo himself could be no object of fear: and that he was able to organize it, we may be certain from the sketch that remains of it, however pitiful, in the "Etruria Pittrice," but still more from the admirable print of Edlinck, after a drawing of Rubens, who was his great admirer, and has said much to impress us with the beauties of his Last Supper at Milan, which he abandoned likewise, without finishing the head of Christ, exhausted by a wild chase after models for the heads

and hands of the Apostles. Had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii must have followed of course. Whether he considered that magic of light and shade, which he possessed in an unparalleled degree, in his smaller pictures, as an inferior principle in a work of such dignity, or was unable to diffuse it over numerous groups, cannot now be determined; but he left his fresco flat, and without that solemnity of twilight, which is more than an equivalent for those contrasts of chiaro-scuro that Giorgione is said to have learnt from him. The legend which makes Leonardo go to Rome with Julianio di Medici, at the election of Leo X. to accept employment in the Vatican, whether sufficiently authentic or not, furnished a characteristic trait of the man. The Pope, passing through the room allotted for the pictures, and instead of designs and cartoons, finding nothing but an apparatus for the distillery of oils and varnishes, exclaimed, "Ah! me! he means to do nothing, for he thinks of the end before he has made a beginning." From a sonnet of Leonardo, preserved by Lomazzo, he appears to have been sensible of the inconstancy of his own temper, and full of wishes, at least, to correct it.

Much has been said of the honour he received by expiring in the arms of Francis the First. It was indeed an honour by which destiny in some degree atoned to Francis for his disaster at Pavia.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

KING'S THEATRE.

By J. B. Papworth, Architect.

(Continued from p. 143.)

"THE ground landlord of the Opera House, at the time of the proposed and last improvements, was the late Thomas Holloway, Esq. of Chancery-lane, and upon his renewing with the Commissioners of the Crown property, they granted him the additional proprietary of the ground towards Pall Mall, Charles-street, and Market-lane, then a dirty avenue, but now the Arcade. This was granted by the commissioners, on the express condition, that the building should be finished so as to form an imposing feature in the metropolis; and that the public should be accommodated to the utmost extent in the new arrangement, and should be con-
venienced by a covered way round the whole build-

er, that it may meet with as little interruption as possible from projecting ornament and the masses of the boxes. The whole theatre is lined with thin wood, as being best suited to the conducting of sound, and the length of the pieces are preserved as much as possible; indeed, at the time of its erection, these points were particularly attended to, and many experiments were made at various times, at, and soon after the late erection, Novosielski, in attempts to improve the house for that purpose; and particularly in the orchestra, the whole floor of which was at one time suspended entirely by strong framings prepared on purpose at the sides; in expectation that the effects of its freedom might add to the power or melody of the instrumental assemblage. That it did not succeed, may be inferred from its abandonment, but these experiments, and the suitableness of the house for the conveyance of sound, have afforded useful practical hints for the fitting up of later theatres, and advancing the knowledge of a science now more generally understood.

“Great care was taken to avoid projections on the surface of the ceiling, as on every other part, and they were consequently decorated entirely by paintings in distemper.

“The concert room is situated on a level with the principal boxes, and communicates with the corridor around them: it is fitted up with great attention to its object, both as a concert-room and

painting the scenery between them and considered highly instrumental performance.

We have for very interesting and being obliged to our pages, we have leisure to draw from it of its contrivance and aid, upon which we have brated Eidophorion.

The character of the stupendous picture well drawn in and avail ourselves only will best another opportunity of great utility of next Number with the subject proposed.

“This very interesting landscape scene success at Paris, Mr. undertook to establish, and Mr. F.

the whole having been completed in four months, at the cost of about 9000*l.* including two houses which are comprised within the plan, and which assist in forming the facade, and occupy frontage ground not required for the theatre."

(*To be continued.*)

FORGET ME NOT.

EVERY season, and each month of every season, for many a year, we may almost venture to aver, has introduced some elegant novelty through the channel of Ackermann's Repository; an establishment which, proportioned to its magnitude, and its means, we are of opinion, in a statistical estimation, has been productive of as large a share of good to the public weal, as any one that could be named in the whole British empire.

To the liberal spirit of enterprize of the worthy Anglo-Saxon, who established this repository, we owe a thousand improvements in the minor branches of the fine arts. Whatever was tasteful, ingenious, and new, that could add to the polite *agremens* of life, that could be bent to the purposes of his general views, by whomsoever projected, had only to be presented to him, to meet with encouragement and patronage. An interesting volume might be composed of the almost numberless elegant trifles which have appeared under his auspices; some to amuse—some to instruct, and all tending to some wise, benevolent, or useful purpose: among others, and of the last importance to society, we have but to name that of his having furnished employment for a multitude of ingenious and industrious persons, in the various branches of his great undertakings—a public benefit for which he is entitled to the esteem of the British people. For the record of these good deeds more in detail, however, we have reserved a space, in our projected treatise on the national advantages derived from the general encouragement of the arts in England, in which Mr. Ackermann claims a distinguished notice.

The last publication from the Repository Press, is not the least in interest, as it recommends itself at once to the best associations of the heart, even in the title-page; the season to which it is pointed, being hallowed Christmas, and the subject peculiar to that annual epoch of affectionate intercourse between distant relatives and friends, is aptly designated, "**FORGET ME NOT.**"

From this elegant little offering of friendship, we select the following: the first, an artless fable,

from the pen of one, who, like all great masters in painting, treat even the least subjects with a greatness of style. The other, a little poem, written by the hand of a maiden, who, had she lived some two centuries ago, might have been suspected of occasionally dipping her native and original pen in master William Shakspeare's ink.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE:

A FABLE.

By Augustus Von Kotzebue.

AN old mouse, who studied philosophy in an empty granary, and during a severe famine, had meditated a great deal on the nature of the gods, concluded at length, to acknowledge the sun as the supreme being, because it dispenses light and heat, draws forth the blossom, and brings the fruit to maturity—enlivens the healthy, and refreshes the sick.

The Sun heard the prayer of the Mouse, and mildly replied, "Poor little animal, I am but a creature like thyself. A fog, a cloud, spreading themselves before me, have the power to obscure my light, and to deprive the earth of my heat."

The Sun is right, thought the Mouse. I suffered myself to be dazzled by his splendour: it is the cloud that by right deserves my adoration.

"I!" said the Cloud, "thou art egregiously mistaken. I am but a being composed of vapours, that ascend from your earth into the atmosphere. The Wind plays with me; gives me this or that form at pleasure, and the Tempest completely disperses me."

"In this case," cried the Mouse, "I must acknowledge the Tempest as the mightiest of beings, because it governs the clouds which obscure the Sun."

"Me," roared the Tempest, "it is true that I hold sovereign sway over fogs and clouds; but in vain do I assail this wall, which bids defiance to my power."

The Mouse was astounded at this information. "What!" thought he, "is this wall, that is so near me—this wall that protects my habitation, so strong and so mighty? Well, then, it shall be in future the object of my adoration."

"Ah!" sighed the Wall, "knowest thou not that thou and thy kindred have for upwards of a century been undermining my foundation? Seest thou not that I cannot stand much longer?"

Scarcely had it uttered these words, when it fell

But still the blight, or still the misery,
 O'er every other pleasure here,
 If they would leave untouch'd that one
 Of all earth's joys most pure and dear !
 Young Love, how well thy smile can cheer
 All other ills that wring the heart !
 All other sorrows may we bear,
 But those in which thyself hast part.
 And is not this thy worst of griefs,
 Thine uttermost despair, to see
 The grave close over the fond heart
 Just waken'd into life by thee ?
 To watch the blight steal o'er the rose—
 Yews spring where myrtles wont to be—
 And for the bridal wreath, to wear
 One gather'd from the cypress-tree ?
 Look on yon grove where a white fane
 Grows whiter as the moon-beams fall ;
 There is a bust upon its shrine,
 Wearing a white rose coronal.
 It is the monument where Hope
 And youthful Love sleep side by side,
 Raised by the mourner to the name
 Of her—his lost but worshipp'd bride.

We shall insert a description of this elegant little Gothic
 structure in the next Number.

MISCELLANEA.

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

The general character of this nobleman, who is

fused. Finding that
 at the bird, he dete-
 ming one of the san-
 marks, but which in
 the house ; the mis-
 behind the bar, to
 triving to send her
 purpose, and upon
 continued to frequ-
 cion, but forbore
 about two years a-
 speak of it, he said
 thought that bird of
 for it. I dare say
 it."—" Indeed, Sir
 am not, nor would
 for him ; for—wou-
 that our good kin-
 leave us, the dear

FURNITURE OF A REIK

A CLOCKE ; a
 of wood ; two qu-
 table ; a payre of
 tynne, with a plot
 a standing glasse
 wrought upon wyre
 bone ; a payre o-
 lether : two birds

home glasse; eight casis of trenchers; forty-four dogs' collars, of sondrye makyng; seven lyans of silke; a purse of crimson satin for a ——— embroidered with gold; a round painted table, with th'ymage of a king; a folding table of images; one payre of bedes, of jasper, garnysed with lether; one hundred and thirty-eight hawkes' hoods; a globe of paper; a mappe made like a scryne; two grene boxes, with wrought coral in them; two boxes covered with black velvett; a rede tip'd at both endes with golde, and boltes for a turony bowe; a chaire of joined worke; an elle of synnamounde stickes, tip'd with silver.

ALCHYMY.

Henry VI. was so reduced by his extravagancies, that he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by *Alchymy*. "The record of this singular proposition," says Andrews, "contains the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility, and virtues of the *Philosopher's Stone*; encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions." This record was very probably communicated, (says an ingenious antiquary,) by Mr. Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the *Alchymist*.

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually, that the next year he published *another patent*; wherein he tells his subjects, that *the happy hour* was drawing nigh, and by means of *THE STONE*, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in *real gold and silver*. The persons pitched upon for his new operation were,

Thomas Hervey, an Austin-frier; *Robert Glaseley*, a preaching-frier; *William Atchylffe*, the Queen's physician; *Henry Sharpe*, master of the Lawrence Pontigny College, in London; *Thomas Cook*, Alderman of London; *John Fyld*, fishmonger; *John Yonghe*, grocer; *Robert Gayton*, grocer; *John Sturgeon*, and *John Lambert*, mercers of London.

We may join *Pym*, in his sarcastic observation upon this patent, in his *Aurum Regine*, "A project never so seasonable and necessary as now."

PROMENESS OF THE OLD ENGLISH TO PROFANE SWEARING.

"The astonishing taste for swearing, which, to their disgrace, possess the English, even in the

earliest times," says our author, "may be illustrated by the following list of oaths, culled from the *Canterbury Tales* of Geoffrey Chaucer:"—

The Host swears—*By my Father's soule.*

Sir Thopas—*By Ale and Bread.*

Arcite—*By my Pan, (head.)*

Theseus—*By mighty Mars the rede.*

The Carpenter's Wife—*By Saint Thomas of Kent.*

The Smith—*By Christe's fote.*

The Cambridge Scholar—*By my father's kinne, For Godde's benison.*

Sir Johan of Boundis—*By Seynte Martyne.*

Gamelin—*By Godde's Boke.*

His Brother—*By Christi's are.*

A Frankelyn—*By Seynte James.*

A Porter—*By Godde's Berde.*

Maister Outlawe—*By the Gode rode.*

The Host—*By the precious corpus.*

The Man of Law—*De par deux.*

The Marchaunt—*By Seynte Thomas of Inde.*

The Sompnour—*By Goddi's armis two.*

The Host—*By cockes bonis—By the naylis and blode—By Corpus Domini—By armis, blode and bones.*

The Riottour—*By Goddi's digns bones.*

The Monk—*By God and Seynte Martyne.*

It is said of the son of a certain carpenter, who being unlearned, had notwithstanding carved upon some of his father's spears, *Dominabor a mari usque ad mare*,—"I shall bear rule from sea to sea." A priest coming by and reading it, and finding the boy unlearned, persuaded his father to put him to school, which he did, and he afterwards became Pope Gregory.

ANCIENT RIDDLE OF A FLINT.

There is a thing which hunger cannot kill;
Although a thousand years it sleepeth still;
And 'tis a wonder, though it common be,
Beyond the depth of man's capacite;
For if awake, he doth no minute live,
Unless unto it present food you give.
And what it is, if you desire to know,
It is the spark that from the flint doth goe.

To be of high birth, and of worthy fame,
A double honour doth o'er-gild that name;
But who hath onely title without worth,
Hath crack'd Fame's trumpet, that should set it forth.
But who hath Wisdome's riches—Virtue's store,
Let his decent be mean, his worth's the more.

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"Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the invention of others that we learn to invent, as, by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think."—*SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

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POCKET BOOKS for the year 1821.

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. VII.

ALTHOUGH we have endeavoured in the last paper to expose the fatal consequences inseparable from the erroneous method of teaching drawing and painting, as it affects public taste, yet we feel it a duty to exculpate the professor from that share of the fault for which he is not culpable; and that indeed is no small portion. The error is to be divided in part with those to whom he must look for patronage; and these are chiefly persons of the higher class, whose scholastic acquirements, commanding manners, and conscious superiority, inclines them to interfere, and too often even to assume a direction in matters for which they are not qualified. The extreme ignorance which prevails within the "*classic walls*" of our colleges and public schools, on all subjects connected with the fine arts, is a reproach to learning, and to *learned men*, although with due deference to scholarship, improperly so called; for however a knowledge of the noble science of rhetoric adds to the dignity of the possessor, yet the utmost extent of the learning of the schools, constitutes but a part of what is indispensable in the forming the polite scholar and the accomplished gentleman. His taste will of necessity be confined indeed, who fancies that it is sufficient qualification to be a linguist—to judge of art; although it is too plain such an opinion is common, or we should not behold genius and talent so commonly led out of their course. Few men of rank, either public or private, can be named, who are capable of judging scientifically of the merits of a building, a statue, or a picture, although the architect, the sculptor, and the painter are usually compelled to submit their opinions and judgment to the caprices or control of this class; for, to whom else can they look for patronage or employ?

The artist, however, is sometimes apt too quietly to yield to such unqualified interference, which a becoming respect for his own superior knowledge should rouse him to oppose. He should urge his right, and maintain his opinions, with that honest spirit of independence, which sooner or later imposes conviction. Even pride and presumption may be compelled to submit to science and to truth.

Let us again recur to the story of that ancient philosopher, who, being called upon to teach a young prince the rudiments of mathematics, and being urged to force the wits of his disciple, as on a hot-bed, on the pretext of his having but little time to spare for these studies, nobly answered, "*that there was no royal road to science!*" Would it not then become the preceptor in drawing and painting, being a master of his art, to act with the same spirit and candour, when urged to teach the pupil by any other than the legitimate rules?

Were the preceptors mere pretenders in science, and interlopers in the profession, like other impostors and quacks, reduced to make a show of knowledge which they did not possess, the fault would rest solely with the ignorant patrons who gave them employ; but of late years, professors of distinguished abilities have accepted the office of teachers, and from them the world had a right to expect advantages to art in general, proportioned to the increase of amateurs committed to their charge. Had each preceptor, then, duly considered the responsibility which he took upon himself;—had he been guided by a proper feeling of what he owed to the dignity of science, and what became his own reputation as a professor of a liberal art, how widely different would have been the result! Instead of the rare instances of taste, talent, or judgment, which are discoverable among the thousands of young persons of rank, who have paid so largely for instruction within the last twenty years, we should long ere this have had to enumerate in every noble family—in every elegant circle—growing patrons and patronesses, whose talents would reflect honour upon their preceptors. That munificence and urbanity which is almost inseparable from high birth, properly directed, would have cherished the best efforts of genius, and an enlightened generation would have sought such works only for imitation, as they ought to admire and approve.

Why, we would ask, should this important branch of education continue thus fettered, when the preceptors in every other art and science are allowed to teach by just principles? Such degeneracy of practice, we repeat, could only have begun in the consenting indifference of the masters for the honour of the arts, and can only continue in their disregard for the general interests of their profession.

How this absurd, this preposterous practice, could have been tolerated for twenty years, is a question easily asked, but not very easy to solve. How it has happened, that with so vigilant an eye, which the press should seem to have kept upon the operations of our artists, that such egregious folly has escaped the satirical lash of our sagacious critics, would appear most wonderful, did we not know, that making derision of what is worthy of admiration, in our schools of art, was more profitable sport than that of exposing real error, or correcting the public taste.

The actual commencement of these aberrations from legitimate study, however, may be dated from a more distant period. That inimitable painter, Gainsborough, unwittingly set the fashionable world agog after style; but he did not enter the list as a teacher, nor would he have allowed youth, who had advised with him upon art, to waste their time in attempting to learn what no one could teach. The copyists, or rather dabblers in his new style, were full grown amateurs, polite idlers at Bath, who vainly fancied, forsooth, because this rare genius could, by a sort of graphic magic, dash out romantic scraps of landscape, rural hovels, wild heaths, and picturesque groups of rustics, that they had but to procure his brown or blue paper, and his brushes and pigments, to do the like. They had, however, in their egotism, forgotten that Gainsborough had cultivated his natural taste for painting, by an early and sedulous study of its principles, and that he commenced by drawing every object in nature compatible with his choice of composition, with the accuracy even of the Flemish and Dutch masters. Indeed his early studies of trees, shrubs, weeds, and even all the expletives of pastoral scenery, were as faithful to their prototypes as those which we have seen from the pencil of Wynants himself, whose works our artist held in high estimation.

The Gainsborough mania was long the rage; and there are yet some antique beaux and belles of *haut ton*, who recollect their many friends, who, with themselves, were stricken with this sketching phrenzy, and smile at Bath and its vanities, as they talk of the days that are gone.

Cozens was another who flourished at Bath. He, although an artist, was no Gainsborough, and only claims a notice on this page, for having too successfully practised upon the credulity of the amateurs of style, who frequented that fashionable resort of wealthy listlessness. Will it be believed

hereafter, that a professor of painting, should undertake to splash the surface of a china plate with yellow, red, blue, and black, and taking impressions from the promiscuous mass, on prepared paper, affect to teach his disciples; and those persons of education and elegant minds, to work them into landscape compositions? This, however, he attempted, and the charlatanery succeeded, for he had a host of scholars for several seasons, who rewarded him most munificently for his wonderful discovery!

Another artist who succeeded this period we must not neglect to name, Mr. William Payne, as his style preceded that of Glover's. To this gentleman's commencement as a teacher, indeed, properly may be dated the fixed period for superseding the established precepts for teaching, for the more fascinating properties of dashing, colouring, and effect. The method of instruction, in the art of drawing landscape compositions, had never been reduced so completely to the degenerate notions of this epoch of bad taste, as by this ingenious artist.

Mr. Payne's drawings were regarded as striking novelties in style. His subjects in small, were brilliant in effect, and executed with spirit—they were no sooner seen, than admired, and almost every family of fashion were anxious that their sons and daughters should have the benefit of his tuition. Hence, for a long period, in the noble mansions of St. James's Square and Grosvenor Square, and York Place, and Portland Place, might be seen elegant groups of youthful amateurs, manufacturing landscapes, *a la Payne*.

The process certainly was captivating, as exhibited in his happiest works, though much of their merit was the result of dexterity and trick, as exemplified by the granulated texture obtained by *dragging*. The fallacy of which process, was sufficiently exposed in every attempt at composition on a larger scale, in the same style. But, with Mr. Payne, as with many another genius, we can admire all that is original and praiseworthy. These strictures are not directed against the exercise of style, or manner, or trick, or any means by which an artist obtains effect, so that his works have merit. Our censures are levelled at the defective system of teaching, and we shall continue our animadversions on this subject, under the hope that a due exposure of so fundamental an error, may open the eyes of the public, and that this wilful perversion of taste may be succeeded by a

general reformation in the practice of teaching the rising generation so useful and so elegant an accomplishment.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

Illustrated by Examples from the Great Masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.

By John Burnet.

"Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as, by reading of others, we learn to think."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

As we have engaged to notice every work of merit, tending to elucidate the principles and practice of the various departments of the *Fine Arts*, we should depart from our intention were we to neglect to express our sentiments upon the work before us, as it is so well entitled to a favourable reception with the student, the amateur, and connoisseur; but as the treatise refers to outlines from the compositions of certain celebrated masters of the ancient and modern school, for example and illustration, the extracts which we are desirous of offering to our readers, may not be so clear as we should desire. The principles, however, abstracted of the prints, are so generally comprehensive, and convey such excellent observations on the styles of composition on which Mr. Burnet treats, that we trust what we have selected from his useful treatise, will be read with sufficient interest, to lead to an enquiry for the work, which is highly creditable to the talent of its author.

We are happy to find, that this is but the precursor to a more extensive essay upon painting, which, as it explains his object sufficiently, we shall quote from his preface, hoping that the success of this experiment will be found to warrant the fulfilment of his intention, to which we feel assured he is fully competent. We should add, that the compositions which the author has selected are excellent examples of his precepts, and that they are engraved with a lightness and elegance, that cannot fail to be acceptable to those to whom they are addressed.

"The plates hereto annexed, were originally intended to illustrate the first part of a Practical Essay on Painting, which I have long had in contemplation to publish; but have delayed from year to year, from its interruption to my

professional engagements, from doubts respecting its utility, and a love of ease which, after the day's employment, suggests a more natural recreation, than the investigation of an abstruse study. I now publish the plates, with a few loose hints thrown together, in the hope of their being useful. Should they be thought of advantage to the younger students of painting, in directing their minds to a regular mode of investigating the intricacies of the art, I shall follow them with others illustrative, in the first instance, of light and shade, and ultimately, of the arrangement of colour. On the contrary, should the work not be considered a desideratum, by publishing only a first part, I escape a heavy responsibility and expense—a tax to which I do not wish that either my vanity or my love for the fine arts should subject me."

This little treatise commences with Composition.

"Composition is the art of arranging figures or objects, so as to adapt them to any particular subject. In composition four requisites are necessary; that the story be well told; that it possess a good general form; that it be so arranged as to be capable of receiving a proper effect of light and shade; and that it be susceptible of an agreeable disposition of colour. The form of a composition is best suggested by the subject or design, as the fitness of the adaptation ought to appear to emanate from the circumstances themselves; hence the variety of compositions.

"The point of time being fixed upon, the action, expression, and incidental circumstances oblige us often to determine on a particular arrangement, that we may be enabled to place the most interesting objects in the most prominent places. Unless our attention be directed to such arrangement in the first instance, we shall often be obliged to put an emphasis on an insignificant object, or throw into repose an interesting point of the action, when we come to consider their relation to a good effect of light and shade.

"To secure a good general form in composition, it is necessary that it should be as simple as possible. A confused complicated form may hide the art, but can never invite the attention. Horace, in his Art of Poetry, inculcates the same doctrine:—'*Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.*' Whether this is to be produced by a breadth of light and shade, which is often the case of Rembrandt, even on a most complicated outline, or by the simple arrangement of colour, as we often find in Titian, or by the construction of the group in the first instance, evident in many of Raffaele's works, must depend upon the taste of the artist; it is sufficient to direct the younger students to this particular, their minds being generally carried away by notions of variety and contrast.

"In giving a few examples of composition, I have confined myself to the four simple and principal forms, not only from their being most palpable, but also from their possessing a decided character, which is at all times desirable. To those who imagine that such rules tend to fetter genius, I shall merely quote Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works, if properly understood, render all other writings on the subject of painting superfluous:—'*It must of necessity be, that even works of genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules; it cannot be by chance that excellencies are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance; but the*

rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of genius work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in words; especially as artists are not very frequently skilful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art; yet it does not follow, but that the mind may be put in such a train that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety which words, particularly words of unpractised writers such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.—*Sixth Discourse.*

"To assist in putting the mind in such a train, is all that these examples aim at, and to render apparent to the young artist what he will find wrapped up in theoretical disquisition.

"The specimens here given merely happened to be in my possession. There are many others that will serve the student perhaps better for illustration, which he ought by all means to procure, or make sketches of, as it is only by rendering himself master of the subject, that he can hope to avoid the common-place effects which swim upon the surface, and being palpable, are adopted by every one whose judgment cannot carry him into the intricacies of the art.

"Concealing the art is one of its greatest beauties; and he best can accomplish that who can discover it under all its disguises. I ought, however, to caution the young artist on this head, not to be too fastidious in trying to conceal what can be obvious only to a small number; for in endeavouring to render his design more intricate, he may destroy character, simplicity, and breadth,—qualities which affect and are appreciated by every one.

"ANGULAR COMPOSITION.

"In commencing a composition, it is customary to mark the middle of the space, for the purpose of arranging those points we consider of most importance to the subject; dividing the picture, for the regulation of the masses of light and shade, of ascertaining and fixing the horizontal line, &c. This mode of constructing the composition is often suggested from the perspective effect requiring a length of line, thereby obliging us to place the point of sight at one side of the picture; sometimes from the group requiring a large space, which a diagonal line secures, as in the elevation of the cross, by Rubens, or from the conduct of the light, as in his picture of the descent from the cross, &c.

"In compositions conducted on this principle, (particularly where the landscape occupies a large portion,) many artists carry the lines of the clouds in a contrary direction, to counteract the appearance of all the lines running to one point. Thus using the darks of the clouds, &c. to antagonize, as it is termed, may apparently produce a better equipoise, but sacrifices many advantages; for we observe in many of the pictures of Cuyp, Rubens, and Teniers, where the figures, landscape, and sky are all on the same side of the composition, that a rich and soft effect is produced; the strong light and dark touches of the figures telling with great force against a back ground with houses, trees, &c. which are prevented from being harsh and cutting, by mixing their

edges with the clouds, or dark blue of the sky. This doubling of the lines, (if I may so express it,) gives a picture that rich fulness which we often perceive in a first sketch, from its possessing several outlines. Those who imagine, that by thus throwing the whole composition on one side, a want of union will be produced, will be convinced of their error by perceiving how small an object restores the balance; since, by its being detached and opposed to the most distant part, it receives a tenfold consequence."

The five first subjects selected to exemplify "Angular Composition," are from the pictures of Cuyp, Paul Potter, Ostade, and Claude de Lorraine. By the way, a series of volumes of the pictures from the galleries of our great collectors, executed in small, in the light tasteful style of these examples, would form a most interesting and valuable addition to the library of the artist and connoisseur, particularly to the former, if they could be published at a moderate price.

"Fig. 5. The original of this sketch, a small etching by Ostade, ought to be in the possession of every artist, for its beautiful arrangement of light and shade, and the skilful way in which they are woven together. As I ought to have noticed above, that the principal mass of light in out of door scenes, (both in nature and the best masters,) is generally placed in the sky or upper part of the picture; I may here remark, that in interiors, (especially such as are constructed upon this plan,) it is generally reversed, the roof and back ground being reserved for a mass of shadow and repose. Ostade, in his compositions, displays such an ingenuity in their construction, as to render his figures an endless source of gratification and study to the artist. In some of his works, the artist is so completely hid, that it is difficult to say whether his back ground or figures were first composed. We have not only objects intercepting each other in the most natural and picturesque manner, but the figures carried up against them; thus coming in contact with various forms, different in size, distance, and colour. This, when done with judgment, gives a rich and inartificial effect. On the contrary, in the pictures of Teniers, we often find a number of objects cast down in one corner, evidently for the mere purpose of being painted; which, however, from their situation, their picturesque arrangement and the mechanical skill of the execution, acquire a force, natural sharpness and beauty, that amply compensate for the ostentatious display of such excellencies. Teniers' back grounds are also totally different from Ostade's principle; his figures being generally surrounded with blank spaces of shadow or half tint. When a story is to be told, that requires the spectator to be directed to the heads and hands for expression and action, this breadth is more allowable; but breadth, as Mr. Fuseli justly observes, 'ought never to have the appearance of flatness or insipidity.' It is observable, that in an exhibition where there are a number of objects to distract the attention, those pictures please us most on which the eye is allowed to rest, from their possessing a vacant space; but those very pictures uniformly look blank and unfurnished when hung up singly in a room."

SYLVA BRITANNICA;

OR,

PORTRAITS OF FOREST TREES.

By Jacob George Strutt.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in one of his discourses upon painting, particularly cautions the student from falling into that specious manner of execution, which is so apt to captivate in the handling of the material with which he may represent his design, whether the instruments be crayons, chalks, or pencils,—which he sensibly characterized, “*fallacious mystery*.”—We quote from recollection. This caution, however, may be applied to engraving as well as to painting, and indeed to sculpture of every kind.

We have seen numberless works, of late years, in imitation of this style, and that manner, engraved in soft ground, on stone, and in various ways, wherein the object seemed not to represent nature as she is, but rather as she appears through the fanciful medium of fashionable optics, which deck her according to the reigning taste. Among these vagaries of manner and style, we could point at the specious handling which certain artists have substituted for the pictorial resemblance of trees; but no more characteristic of the native majesty of the oak, the beech, the elm, nor of the elegant lightness and simplicity of the ash, the willow, and the birch, than hyperbole and bombast have to genuine poetry, nor the grimace of broad farce upon the theatric stage, to the dignity of wisdom, or the artlessness of rural life. The growing propensity for these departures from a true method of study, did not escape the sagacity of our great legislator of art. He foresaw in the rising school, this disposition to error, and he forewarned the disciples of the certain consequences; and we have lived to regret, in instances without number, the misapplication of talent in pursuit of these novelties, in artists, who, had they been content to copy nature, would have done wonders in art.

In turning over a portfolio of etchings of the old masters, how much are we delighted with the truth that marks every line of the point,—all tending to characterize the object with its becoming attributes;—nature the prototype, and the faithful eye and hand, without effort, adding enough of grace. *Raffaello* is only superior to others, as he selected his models with more judgment, and imitated them with higher perceptions of truth.

We are led to these reflections, from the view of a work before us, which to the common observer might be overlooked, from the very absence of those faults of which we complain. It is a work on *Forest Trees*, drawn from nature, and etched by Mr. Strutt, a gentleman who went through a course of studies for a very different scientific profession, and indeed who practised therein for a time, before he took to the pursuit of the graphic art. In this work there is no pretence to artificial composition, nor effort of manner nor style. The subjects are portraits of trees, drawn with the utmost fidelity, and etched with that unsophisticated execution which proceeds from a hand aiming only at depicting with truth,—qualities, on whatever exercised, whether on animate or inanimate objects, which cannot fail to interest the artist and the connoisseur.

We agree entirely with Mr. Strutt, in his Introduction, that “Among all the varied productions with which Nature has adorned the surface of the earth, none awakens our sympathies or interests our imagination, so powerfully as those venerable trees which seem to have stood the lapse of ages, silent witnesses of the successive generations of man, to whose destiny they bear so touching a resemblance, alike in their budding, their prime, and their decay.”

We cannot do better than give the author's reasons for producing this publication, in his own words, and most sincerely wish that the introduction of the “spirit of nature” was more common in the works of our modern professors.

“In all ages, the earliest dawn of civilisation has been marked by a reverence of woods and groves: devotion has fled to their recesses for the performance of her most solemn rites: princes have chosen the embowering shade of some wide-spreading tree, under which to receive the depositions of the neighbouring ‘great ones of the earth;’ and angels themselves, it is recorded, have not disdained to deliver their celestial messages beneath the same verdant canopy. To sit under the shadow of his own fig tree, and drink of the fruit of his own vine, is the reward promised in Holy Writ to the righteous man; and the gratification arising from the sight of a favourite and long remembered tree, is one enjoyed in common by the nobleman, who may be reminded as its branches wave over his head, whilst wandering in his hereditary domains, of the illustrious ancestors by whom it may have been planted; and by the peasant, who, passing it in his way to his daily labours, recalls, as he looks on it, the sports of his infancy round its venerable trunk, and regards it at once as his chronicle and landmark.

“To preserve the characteristics, and perpetuate the remembrance of some of the most striking of these objects, in themselves so interesting, is the design of the *SYLVA BRITANNICA*. In the descriptions, therefore, which accompany the plates, it will be found that although the minutiae of

botanical definitions are omitted, as unnecessary and even misplaced in a work of so general a nature, every circumstance of local connexion or traditional interest, has been carefully attended to; and gratified indeed will the author be, should his performance inspire, in the minds of those who may favour it with their attention, even a small portion of the pleasure which he himself has experienced, whilst haunting the woods and forests, intent on delineating those varieties and peculiarities of their noblest productions."

In the first, third, and fifth numbers we are presented with portraits of oaks distinguished for their "antiquity, magnitude, or beauty." The Salcey Forest Oak appears to us the most picturesque; the ramifications of the branches are drawn with great fidelity, and perhaps more spirit than its predecessors. Indeed throughout the work, the truth with which these complicated and intertwining branches are drawn, constitutes one of its greatest recommendations.

In the second and fourth numbers, we have specimens of the elm, beech, cedar, and chesnut, and of the lime and yew trees. A short account is given with each etching. We select the following, of the "Chesnut Tree called the Four Sisters."

"The chesnut is indigenous to England, and will thrive in almost any soil and any situation. In variety of usefulness its timber equals, and in some respects excels that of the oak. Its luxuriance of foliage and feathered stems, render it conspicuous among all other trees for beauty; and its fruit might, by proper management, be made a valuable article of food in this country, as it is in France and Italy, where it is subjected to a variety of culinary processes, that convert it into delicacies for the tables of the luxurious, and into nutritious bread for the humbler classes.

"The chesnut sometimes grows to a prodigious size. Evelyn speaks of one in Gloucestershire which contained "within the bowels of it, a pretty wainscotted room, enlightened with windows, and furnished with seats, &c." but the largest known in the world is upon Mount Etna, in Sicily. This tree, which goes by the name of *Castagno de cento Cavalli*, is described by Brydone, who went to see it, through five or six miles of almost impassable forests, growing out of the lava, as having the appearance of five large trees growing together; but upon a more accurate examination, strengthened by the assurances of scientific persons, he became inclined to believe that they had been formerly united in one solid stem, and on measuring its hollow space within, he found it two hundred and four feet round. Carrara's assertion that there was wood enough in that tree to build one large palace, can, therefore, scarcely be regarded as an exaggeration.

"The chesnut tree called the four sisters, from its four branching stems closely combined in one massive trunk, stands in the Heronry, in the finely wooded park at Cobham Hall, the ancient seat of the illustrious family of that name, so well known in English history, and now the property of John, fourth Earl of Darnley. It is the noble remains of a most magnificent tree; and though its head has paid forfeit to the 'skyey influences,' and a long succession of

revolving seasons, yet it is not left entirely stripped of ornament in its old age; as a number of tender shoots spring out of its topmost branches, and still give it, by the lightness of their foliage, an appearance of freshness, of which its aged trunk would almost forbid the expectation. It is thirty-five feet two inches in circumference at the ground, avoiding the spurs; twenty-nine feet at three feet from the ground; thirty feet at twelve feet from the ground; and forty feet where the trunk divides."

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. VIII.

FRODSHAM was naturally a good actor in spite of himself; for though London improves and matures, and is the most enviable theatrical situation, yet genius will be found in every rank, soil, and station. Mr. Frodsham had a quick genius, aided by a liberal education: he was son of an ancient family in Cheshire, of the town of Frodsham, ten miles from Chester, being the half-way between Wigan and Chester. But his mind, his understanding, and superabundant good qualities, were all warped and undermined by nocturnal habits; which failings unfortunately were supplied by refreshing pulls at the brandy-bottle in the morning, to take off all qualms from the stomach, till the certain consequence ensued of being enfeebled, disordered, mad, dropsical, and dead at the age of thirty-five. With proper cultivation, he would have been a good substitute for Barry. I do not say that would have done in his latter state, but it would have been the case had he encountered London some years before he fell into such poisonous conduct to himself; and then he was the idol, the remembrance of which was the support of his fame on his latter years performance. He was awkward, merely for the want of modelling, and worse, by being told, from his drunken inferiors off the stage, that all he did was right. But had he been caught at a proper time, while wild, by such a man as Mr. Garrick, and that Mr. G. would have really taken pains with him, the York hero would have done honor to London. In my experience and best observation, his *Hamlet*, (and *Jaffier* still better) with all his eccentricity, I never saw equalled but by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Barry at that time; (and of that period I am now speaking, and not of the present day;) though Mr. Kemble's judgment may challenge what I say; as, besides his various excellencies in that character, where the play is performed in the third act, the execution is not only spirited, and possesses great feeling and fire,

but the manner of conceiving those passages, and conveying them to the audience, is superior by Mr. Kemble to that of any other actor's whatever in my remembrance. But I am now speaking of an exuberant rude flower of the drama, possessed of voice with melody and merit, all considered to an eminent degree. He had strong feelings and tears at will; and had he been a few years under the correction of a London audience, and attentive to his good advisers, he would in all probability, long before this, have been in his meridian, and at this time a setting sun. Mr. Powell of London, who the stage had cause to lament, is the nearest assimilation I can give of Frodsham. Mr. Powell had the opportunity of strictly observing real artists, Garrick and Barry, in all their modes and shapes of grief. Inattentive Frodsham unhappily was his own master, and a careless one; for though he set himself difficult tasks, he only now and then pursued the trump of fame with ardency or alacrity, but lagged and never reached the goal, though a very little spurring and jockeyship would have made him come in first, and won many a theatrical plate.

The public was so infatuated (and indeed he was so superior) that he cast all others at a distance in his York situation; and the audience too blindly and too partially (for his good) approved all he did beyond comparison; and when in full pride, before he wilfully sunk himself, I do not think any actor but Garrick would have been liked so well; and not even Garrick without some old maids' opinions at a secret cabal, where Frodsham would have been voted superior, and under the rose been appointed the man for the ladies: nor would that decision in favour of Frodsham have been from elderly ladies only, as he had often melted the youthful fair ones of the tenderest mould, whose hearts have been susceptible whenever Frodsham was the lover. It was by no means a fortunate circumstance for that young gentleman to be so much superior to all the rest of the York company. No actors of high degree were at that time ever known those boards to tread, nor was he ever more than ten days in London. Thus situated at £1 10s. per week salary, Frodsham had not any opportunity for observation or improvement. No infringement was suffered, or change of characters. Nay, so tenacious was Mr. Crisp (an old actor at York,) that it was some time I believe, before he could be prevailed upon to resign *Hamlet* to Frodsham, and act the *Ghost*. Crisp kept *Richard*, and Frodsham

acted *Richmond*. Crisp *Sir John Brute*, Frodsham merely *Colonel Balby*. Frodsham, besides his tragic abilities, acted some such parts as *Lord Hardy*, *Young Beryl*, *Lord Townly*, *Sir George Airy*; sung very tolerably, and was a very decent *Mac-heath*. The last night Frodsham ever spoke on the stage, was in October, 1768. After playing *Lord Townly*, and though in apparent spirits, died three days after. "Ladies and Gentlemen, on Monday evening *Coriolanus*; to which will be added (looking seriously, and laying his hand upon his heart) *What we must all come to.*"

One thing more of this "mad York actor," as Garrick always called him when relating the story of his morning call, and then we have done. At the time he was in London, after having paid his devoirs to Garrick, he considered Old Johnny Rich entitled to the same mark of respect. His reception from him was very different from the one he met with from the great man at Drury Lane: he found Rich teaching a young lady to act, with three or four cats about him. After his being some time in the room, when announced, Rich viewed him through a very large reading glass, took his snuff and said, "Well, Mr. Frogsmire, I suppose you are come from York to be taught, and that I should give you an engagement; did you ever act *Richard*, Mr. Frogsmire?" "Yes, Sir." "Why then, you shall hear me act," says Rich: when he spoke a speech in a most ridiculous manner; and on its being concluded, Frodsham pettishly told him "he did not visit him, nor come from York to be taught, nor to hear him act; he came (like Lord Chalkstone) merely for a little conversation, and to view his Elysian fields." But as Mr. Rich loved leisure, and had little curiosity, he replied, "that unless *Muster Frogsmire* would with humble attention hear his *Richard*, he would not hear Mr. Frogsmire at all." Frodsham was preparing to make an exit, while Rich was ruminating and proceeding with—

'Twas an excuse to avoid me!
Alas she keeps no bed!

when he was suddenly interrupted by Frodsham with—"I wish you good morning!" and so ended unthinking Frodsham's second managerial visit.

TATE WILKINSON AND RICH THE MANAGER.

After the hard duty I had sustained of marching and counter-marching from stage to stage, and the business universally heavy on me at Portsmouth

SOMERSET HOUSE WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

er if I wished to indulge a few
e with that best good physician
is certainly not only my truest,
friend. After a few days rest,
aster Mr. Rich, who had some
d Mr. Ballard, the treasurer, to
invitation, and that I was ex-
ager to be in London by the
the opening time of the London
fer of £6 per week, and to be
ter of *Bayes*, and to sign an ar-
s, benefits included in the pro-
ment with Mr. Arthur rendered
h honour or any degree of
e. My non-attendance much
as he thought (and very justly)
a very genteel and comfortable
ad two or three times attended
, we became as good friends as
ndescended to request a favour,
ould make my first appearance
told me secretly in confidence,
writing; and I have reason to
l that it will not be easily con-
l on account of its bequeathed
/. It was called the *Spirit of*
: said that if I would but act the
mer from his *larning*, it would

abruptly came into the room on urgent and imme-
diate stage state affairs; Rich perceiving him, turned
hastily about, and in a rage said "Get away *Mus-
ter Youngmore*, I am teaching *Muster Whittington*
to act." If questioned why I have spoken of Mr.
Rich so respectfully, yet draw such a caricature?
I answer, my obligations to him at first were not
those of good kind, that I altered my opinion, by
having notions superior to prejudice, and as a true
drawing of character, without giving tints of these
oddities, strangers would have no true notion of
Mr. Rich's real manner and personal oddities; and
I wish every writer, good or bad, never dealt in
more satire or intention of doing harm than my
insignificant self. Indeed Mr. Rich's peculiarities
are not here observed as a novelty, for his best
friends then, and those who now remain, cannot
but say the relation is not more whimsical than
true.

When I had undergone six days' lessons, and re-
peated the *Gardener* line by line, and to the best
my ear could conduct me, Mr. Rich said "No
engagement with his *larning* me, unless confirmed
by an article signed for three years." Now I had
been so weary of Mr. Garrick's tyranny, and above
all loved to ramble, and was so habituated to get
money and be my own master, that I could not by
any means relish the least idea of bondage: for

relish a confined engagement. Rather than be under an article for three years, I would prefer rambling for six: therefore, good Sir, with my sincere thanks and wishes, unless you will agree for ten weeks, I mean to set sail in a few days for Ireland."

His astonishment and answer I shall never forget, though his prophecy was not in respect to myself verified, yet I have reason to fear some adventurers possessed of too much faith in promises, woefully experienced real disappointment.

Mr. Rich (sternly) "*Muster Williamskin*, I'll tell you what will be the consequence of your headstrong ignorance; you will go over to Dublin, and engage with the tall man, *Muster Barlymore*, (Barry) he will promise you a large salary, of which you will not receive a second guinea; for that *Muster Barlymore* can wheedle a bird from the tree, and squeeze it to death in his hand. *Muster Williamskin*, here is five guineas as a ticket for your Irish benefit, that you may be sure of something. I wish you a good journey—your servant." He left the room in a pet, and the five guineas in my hand; and though I was no lawyer, I was not so ignorant as not to retain the fee, and that was my last visit and conversation with the *really good Mr. Rich*. He died soon after, during the run of his splendid coronation.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

By *J. Britton, F.S.A. and A. Pugin, Architect.*

(Continued from page 157.)

THE DIORAMA.

It may be remembered by many persons, that about years ago, an admirable exhibition was brought before the public, and called the Eidophusikon, which delighted all its visitors, consisting of pictures painted by M. De Loutherbourg, that underwent repeated changes by the operation of modified light on their transparent and semi-transparent surfaces, and by the intervention of opaque and coloured material. On the same principles the Diorama is formed; but the Eidophusikon was on a small scale, and exhibited in the evening and by artificial light, whereas the present exhibition is dependent on daylight for its illumination.

The Diorama, from this circumstance, its mag-

nitude, merit, and means of display, surpasses every preceding exhibition in representing the truths of scenic nature; but to ensure this, it required the best talents of the artist and ingenuity of the machinist, both of which have been successfully afforded to its execution.*

The paintings are two in number, and each about seventy-two feet long, and forty-two feet wide, executed by Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre; they are capable of being removed, so as to admit others occasionally, and to permit an interchange of subjects between the Dioramas of Paris and London. Those exhibited at present, are the identical pictures that lately formed the Paris exhibition; they are placed at distances from the spectator, proportioned to the angle at which he would view the objects in nature; and in absence of means to perceive this distance, and having no connecting objects to operate as a scale towards the direction of his judgment in comparing quantities, he yields irresistibly to the magic of the painter's skill, and feels the illusion to be complete.

But it is not this successful illusion that constitutes the whole merit of the exhibition; it has further claim to applause from the changes that occur in pictures, so decided and true to nature, that the mind is led to doubt that they are the effect of art. Thus, in the architectural subject, the interior of Trinity Chapel, a part of Canterbury Cathedral, the whole is at one moment subdued by gloom, seeming to be caused by the intervention of a passing cloud, and so as to obscure the aisles and deep recesses of the chapel, until the place becomes awfully imposing; when, in an instant, as though the interruption had passed away, and the sun was permitted to shine through the windows in its full lustre, the Gothic architecture is beautifully illuminated, the shadows projected with force and truth, and the secondary lights produced beneath the groinings of the roofs in all the delicate gradations of natural reflections, dressed in the soft tones of colour which they borrow from the pavements, and the gem-like brilliancy of the painted glass. The landscape scene—a view of the Valley of Sarnen, in Switzerland,—undergoes similar changes, in which the bursts of sunshine are admirably executed, and particularly in the effects produced in the sky, and on the clouds, which continually seem to form new combinations of light, colour, and arrangement. The machinery to effect all this, is managed with great ease, and the changes are produced with so much certainty by the power of light

on the surfaces of the pictures, that no defect occurs in the representation.

There is a striking novelty belonging to this exhibition, that surprises the spectator, if he is not previously aware of it; arising from the circumstance of his being involuntarily made to view each picture alternately, although it is evident that both are fixed. This is effected by a revolving motion given at stated intervals to the whole arena, its walls, and ceiling, by which the single opening is moved from the stage-front of one scene, to that of the other; and as the motion is not very perceptible, it appears as if one stage and scene was gliding away from sight, whilst another is immediately succeeding, and offering itself for contemplation; an effect not unaptly compared with the change of scene produced to a spectator on shipboard, when passing along the shore of a wide river.

The machinery to effect this weighs about twenty tons, and even when crowded with persons, the whole is capable of being moved to its rotative duties, by a lad twelve years of age. Of necessity, the central point of bearing is very solidly supported, it is of squared stone-work, ten feet by ten feet, built upon piles eighteen feet long, and driven by a twelve hundred weight ram-engine. The accomplishment of this important object is highly creditable to Mr. Morgan's talents.

The ceiling of the arena, or saloon, is of a transparent fabric, divided into compartments, and painted in colours, in imitation of the rich foliage, by Raphael, at the Vatican, and embellished by Cameos, containing the portraits of the following celebrated painters:—Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, N. Poussin, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Vernet, C. Lorraine, Berghem, L. da Vinci, Teniers, Rubens, Raphael, and Gainsborough.

The saloon or theatre is lighted from the top of the building, and imparts an agreeable shade and repose, that augments the force and brilliancy of the pictures without creating an objectionable gloom.

The effect of identity, which this exhibition conveys of the subjects it presents to the spectator, cannot fail to interest deeply; and should such classical scenery be brought before the public in this way, as is only to be viewed in nature by the labour and great expence of travel to obtain it, there is little doubt but the Diorama will experience a very durable patronage.

The elevation of the building is designed by Mr. Nash, and bounds a portion of an area, to be called Park Square; it is of the Ionic order, the base-

ment embellished with columns and pilasters, &c.; the centre of which is the approach to the theatre.
I. B. P.

• The machinery was most satisfactorily executed by Mr. Totham.

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. VI.

MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF KING EDWARD IV.

| | <i>Trumpeters.</i> | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|-----|-----|------|
| Sergeants Benedict Browne | - | Fee | 24 | 6 8 |
| Trumpeters, in number 16, every of them | - | | | |
| hauling by the yere 24l. 6s. 8d. | - | | 359 | 6 8 |
| | <i>Luters.</i> | | | |
| Philip Van Welder and Peter Van Welder | Fee | 40 | 0 | 0 |
| | <i>Harpers.</i> | | | |
| William Marre | - | Fee | 19 | 5 0 |
| Bernard de Ponte | - | Fee | 20 | 0 0 |
| | <i>Singers.</i> | | | |
| Thomas Kent and Thomas Bowde, 9l. 2s. 6d. | - | | | |
| each | - | | 15 | 5 0 |
| | <i>Rebecke.</i> | | | |
| John Leuernicke | - | Fee | 24 | 6 8 |
| | <i>Sagbuts.</i> | | | |
| In number six, whereof five hauling 24l. 6s. 8d. | - | | | |
| by the yere, and one at 36l. 10s. | - | Fee | 158 | 3 4 |
| | <i>Vyalls.</i> | | | |
| In number 8, whereof six at 30l. 8s. 4d. the | - | | | |
| yere, and one at 2l. and another at 18l. 5s. | - | Fee | 220 | 15 0 |
| | <i>Bagpipe.</i> | | | |
| Richard Woodward | - | Fee | 12 | 3 4 |
| | <i>Minstrilles.</i> | | | |
| In number 9, whereof seven at 18l. 5s. a piece, | - | | | |
| one at 24l. 6s. 8d. and one at 3l. 6s. 8d. | - | | | |
| | <i>Dromslades.</i> | | | |
| In number 3, whereof Robert Bruer, master | - | | | |
| drummer | - | | 18 | 5 0 |
| Alexander Pencuz and John Hodgkin, 18l. 5s. | - | | | |
| a-piece | - | | 36 | 10 0 |
| | <i>Players on the Flutes.</i> | | | |
| Oliver Rampons | - | Fee | 36 | 10 0 |
| Pier Guye | - | Fee | 34 | 8 4 |
| | <i>Players on Virginals.</i> | | | |
| John Heywoode | - | Fee | 50 | 0 0 |
| Anthony de Chounte | - | Fee | 30 | 8 4 |
| Robert Bewman | - | Fee | 12 | 3 4 |
| | <i>Musitions Strangers.</i> | | | |
| The four brethren Venetians, viz. John, An- | - | | | |
| thonye, Jasper, and Baptiste | - | Fee | 16 | 6 6 |
| Augustine Bassane | - | Fee | 36 | 10 0 |
| William Trosses and William Deniat | - | Fee | 76 | 0 0 |
| | <i>Players of Interludes in November 8.</i> | | | |
| Every of them at 3l. 16s. 8d. by yere | - | Fee | 26 | 13 4 |
| Camira 7, 25l. 6s. 8d. in Scolio, one 3l. 6s. 8d. | - | | | |

| <i>Makers of Instruments.</i> | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|------------|
| William Beton, Organ-maker | - | - | Fee 20 0 0 |
| William Treasoror, Regal-maker | - | - | Fee 10 0 0 |
| Summa totalis | | | 1732 0 0 |

Total number of persons 73

OFFICERS OF THE CHAPPEL.

| | | |
|--|---|------------|
| Master of the Children Richard Bower | - | Fee 40 0 0 |
| Largess to the children at high feasts | | 9 13 4 |
| Allowance for breakfast for the children | - | 16 0 0 |

*Gentlemen of the Chappell 32, every of them**4d. ob. a day.*

| | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---|---------|
| Emery Tuckfield | Robt. Perry | } | 365 0 0 |
| Robert Chamberleyn | Thos. Wayte | | |
| Willm. Barber | Thos. Talles | | |
| John Bendebowe | Thos. Wright | | |
| Robt. Marecock | Robert Stone | | |
| Richd. Alyeworth | William Walker | | |
| Thos. Palfreyman | Richet Bowyer | | |
| RICHARD FARRANT | Nich. Millowe | | |
| John Kye | George Edwards | | |
| John Angel | J. SHEPPARDE | | |
| Wm. Hutchins | WM. HYNNES or | | |
| Nich. Archibald | HUNNES | | |
| Willm. Grauesend | Thos. Manne | | |
| Robt. Richmounte | Roger Kenton | | |
| Willm. Mawpley | Lucas Caustell | | |
| Robert Philips | Edward Addams | | |
| Thomas Birde | | | |

| | | | |
|--|---|---|--------|
| Two at 4d. ob. a-day either of them, five at 4d. the day every of them, Hugh Williams at 40s. a-year | - | - | 46 2 1 |
|--|---|---|--------|

Summa totalis 476 15 5

Number of persons 41

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---|----------|
| Musicians 73 | - | - | 1732 0 0 |
| Officers of the Chappell 41 | - | - | 476 15 5 |

Total of both 2209 0 5

The number of boys in the chapel is not specified, though there is an allowance for their maintenance and teaching.

In the journal of this amiable young prince, we find that use was made of these musicians upon all great occasions; for he tells us, that April 29th, 1549, "The Count d'Enguien, brother to the Duke of Vendocine, and next heir to the crown (of France,) after the king's children; the Marquis de Meuns, (Meun) brother to the Scotch queen, and Monsieur de Montmorency, the Constable's son, came to the court, where they were received with *much music* at dinner." And the next year, when he was visited by the Queen Dowager of Scotland, after a great public entertainment which was given with the utmost splendour and magnificence, to this princess, in Westminster, he says,

"After dinner, when she had heard *some music*, I brought her to the hall, and so she went away." And it appears that music, which at present only augments the noise and confusion of a city feast, was thought, during the sixteenth century, the most elegant regale that could be given to princes in every court of Europe.

LE SUEUR, THE FRENCH COMPOSER.

In 1680 or 82, when Dumont died and Robert retired, instead of the two masters of music which King Lewis XIV. had at his chapel, he chose to have four; and to the end that these places should be filled by musicians that were worthy of them, he sent into the provinces a circular letter, by which all the masters at cathedrals were invited to Versailles, in order to give proofs of their several abilities. Among many that offered themselves was Le Sueur, chapel-master of the church of Notre Dame at Rouen, a man of a happy and fruitful genius, one who had a very good knowledge of the Latin tongue, and merited this post as well as any. As he had no great patrons, he endeavoured to recommend himself by the performance of a studied composition, previous to that which was to be the test of his abilities. To that end he prepared a piece to be sung one day at the king's mass. It was the seventieth Psalm,—"*Qui habitat in adjutorio*," &c.—an admirable one, and equal to the text; and the king and all his court heard it with great attention. At the seventh verse, "*Cadent a latere tuo*," &c. Le Sueur had represented the falling, signified by the word *cadent*, by a chorus in fugue, which made a rumbling through seven or eight notes descending; and when the deep base had run over the noisy octave, resting upon the last note, there was no auditor but must be supposed, according to Le Sueur, whom this adventure had charmed, to have represented to himself the idea of a man rolling down stairs, and falling with great violence to the bottom. This description struck but too much one of the courtiers, who upon hearing the rumblings of the fugue, at one of those ca-a-a-dents, cried out, "There is somebody down that will never get up again." This pleasantry disturbed the gravity and the silence of the whole assembly. The king laughed at it, and the rest appeared to wait only for permission to second him. A long uninterrupted hearty laugh ensued, at the end whereof the king made a sign with his hand, and the music went on. At the tenth verse, "*Et flagellum non appropinquabit*," &c. poor Le Sueur,

whose misfortune was that of not having exalted himself above those puerilities, had set a new fugue upon the word *flagellum*, in notes that represented the lashing of scourges, and that in so lively a manner, that the hearer must have thought himself in the midst of fifty capuchins, who were whipping each other with all their might. "Alas!" cried another courtier, tired with this hurly-burly, "these people have been scourging each other so long, that they must be all in blood." The king was again taken with a fit of laughter, which soon became general. The piece was finished, and Le Sueur was in hopes the exceptionable passages in it would have been forgot. The time of trial drawing on, the candidates were shut up in a house, and for five or six days maintained at the king's expence, but under a strict command that none of them should be permitted to communicate with any person. Each tried his utmost efforts upon a Psalm appointed for the competition, which was the thirty-first,—"*Beati quorum remissa sunt*," &c. But as soon as those of the chapel began to sing the work of Le Sueur, instead of attending to the beauties of the composition, the courtiers, recalling to mind the idea of the two obnoxious passages in his former masterpiece, and the jests passed thereupon, cried out, "This is the ca-a-a-dent," and a general laughter ensued. The consequence was, that Colasse, La Lande, Minoret, and Coupilet, were chosen; the three first worthy, without a doubt, of this post, the last not; and Le Sueur returned home melancholy to his house, to execute in the choir of his church an excellent "*Beati quorum*," which no one would hear at Versailles, though it received a thousand applauses at Rouen. This adventure, which Le Sueur after recounted with a very lively resentment against the court, had nevertheless so well cured him of trifling and false expression, that he passed over almost to the opposite extreme. He threw all his old music into the fire, fine and pleasing as it was, and during the remainder of his life composed new upon every occasion, sober even to dryness.—*Vide Bonnet's Histoire de la Musique et de ses Effets, depuis son Origine jusqu'à présent.*

Of the several instruments in use in the days of our forefathers, it seems that the harp was the most esteemed. It is well known that King Alfred himself played on the harp; and we are told by Walter Hemingsford in his Chronicle, that Edward I. while he was Prince of Wales, and in the Holy Land, was attended by a citharedus or harper; and

it is probable that he had contracted a love for this instrument in some of those expeditions into Wales which he undertook during the lifetime of his father, Henry III. The same author relates, that it was this harper that killed the assassin who stabbed Edward with a poisoned knife. The manner of it is thus described by him:—"After the prince had received the wound, he wrested the knife from the assassin, and ran it into his belly. His servant, (the harper) alarmed by the noise of the struggle, rushed into the room, and with a stool beat out his brains."

LOUTHERBOURG.

J. P. de Louthembourg was a native of Strasbourg, in Alsace, where his father was an engraver. This gentleman received a miscellaneous education; he studied at Paris under Boucher, Vanlo, and Cassanova, but formed his manner upon the principles of the last. When he quitted Paris, he came to London and resided several months unnoticed, until the penetrating eye of Garrick found out his merits. He engaged him at a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, to superintend the scenery of Drury Lane Theatre. He was the improver of stage scenery and its effects, as before his time it was all one dead flat; but by introducing bits, as cottages or broken stiles before that flat, he gave the whole a stronger resemblance of nature. Mr. Sheridan for some time continued him at the salary Mr. Garrick gave, but in attempting to bring it down to less than half, M. Louthembourg, with becoming spirit resisted the proposal, and made a new species of entertainment for the town called the *Eidophusikon*, a name it justly deserved; as with the assistance of reflecting transparent gauzes highly illuminated, it rendered the images of nature in such an eminent order, as to induce Mr. Gainsborough to be constant in his visits to that extraordinary and meritorious spectacle; and he has been heard to declare, that he never went away without receiving instruction as well as amusement, from the wonderful ability which Mr. Louthembourg displayed. The management of the lights and machinery were intrusted to some ingenious artists who assisted him. This brilliant exhibition was sold by the inventor, but those who did not see it when under his immediate conduct, could have but an imperfect idea of its amazing excellence.

Perhaps no man was ever blest with the powers

of memory in a higher degree than Mr. Louthembourg: he could make a drawing of an object he had seen several days previous to the execution, with wonderful adroitness and skill. This was a singular gift, which should have been rendered more serviceable to his fame and his interest than as he ordered it: indeed I am not certain but by his too great reliance on such uncommon powers that they operated to his disadvantage, by feeding him with a vain inclination to despise those aids, which arise from a repeated contemplation of objects, and without which no man can design with precision, however eminently he may be endowed. If the restless vanities of our nature are not overpowered by a spirit of ambition, we cannot exercise our functions with any great advantage, either to ourselves or to society. We should uniformly (in an honorable sense) endeavour to become what we are not, rather than repose contentedly with those acquired talents, which it is the restricted lot of the most perfect among us to enjoy. I wish it had been possible to compel this ingenious gentleman to the full exercise of his comprehensive ability.

Some etchings, by this master, prove that he could occasionally handle the needle with address: the subjects were apparently satiric figure, partaking more of *caricatura* than character, they prove to a critical eye, how very difficult it is to overcome original prejudices; for though they are all meant as representatives of British eccentricity, which is, in all its ramifications, a sort of humour peculiar to Britain, yet in these instances, has the early education of the artist so predominated over truth, that they are all creatures of a doubtful origin, exhibiting at once (like Foote's licentious *Buck*,) animals of English growth, habited in Parisian drapery.

There is a distinctive desire in many persons emulous of fame, to appear in a point of view, uncongenial with their natural or acquired talents: I have known some rendered very grotesque and ridiculous, by such obstinate efforts to appear WHAT they cannot be. From this polluted source have arisen imperfect landscapes by Mr. West, who had much merit as an historical painter, and imperfect historical pieces by Mr. Louthembourg, who had great merit as a landscape painter!—I have been informed that he took uncommon pains with his performance of the Siege of Valenciennes; it is even averred that he intended it as a *chef d'œuvre*.

There is a portion of the Decalogue, which en-

joins us not to make any image to adore, * * * * *

To particularize Mr. Louthembourg on this point might be deemed invidious, as the majority of his brethren were equally fallible: but until brickdust foregrounds, red fields, brass trees, and a copper horizon, are consonant with the association of palpable objects, I shall persist in believing that our modern landscape painters like our modern dramatists, are more indebted to the presentment of a distracted brain, than any existing objects that ever were, are, or ever will be.

There was a period when Mr. Louthembourg was apparently bewitched from himself, when the phantasies of an unsettled mind drove him upon the trial of experiments equally futile and unprofitable; when the *auri sacra fames* made him immure himself from the world, to seek the philosopher's stone; he pondered, he floundered, and was approaching fast to the threshold of common pity, cadaverous, but not rich, when the good sense of a relative saved him from local perdition; she burst upon him during his nocturnal studies, when he was keenly watching the deceiving process of transmutation, in company with a *charlatan* from the Lower Rhine: the reddening fair caught them in the raging of the enchantment; when they were calcining *Venus* with the butter of the daughter of *Luna*, and fixing *Luna* herself into *Sol*. She broke his crucible to shivers, enfranchised the simmering metal, extinguished his fires, and seizing the forceps, took his adult associate by the nose, and led him from the laboratory into the street, where the enraged lady broke his head with a pipkin, and then dismissed him with a timely malediction. From this eccentricity he shortly wandered to another, originating from a wild benevolence of spirit: this inventive gentleman dreamed that he was blest with a knowledge of the Panacea Catholicon, or remedy for all diseases; he professed to be an adept in the art of healing, and was believed; his gates were crowded with the diseased of all degrees, and he imagined he could eradicate their complicated maladies by the secret springs of sympathy; he ardently thought himself "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;" he enforced his spells, but the end was not answerable to his hopes; the cripple was unrelieved, and the internally afflicted were not grateful for his attention. The miserable inmates of the vicinity rushed like a common torrent from Putney, Brentford, Kew, and No-Man's land; the blind followed the whoopings of the lame, until they congregated on the

[illegible]

Mr. Butler (Memoirs of the year 1649-50, Remains) has exposed his ignorance in the following words: "O! (says he) the infallibility of *Erra-Pater Lilly!* The Wizard perhaps may do much

1652, commonly called *Black Monday*, in which his predictions not being fully answered, Mr. Heath observes, "that he was regarded no more for the future than one of his own *worthless Almanacks*." Dr. *James Young* makes the following remark upon him. "I have (says he) read all *Lilly's Almanacks*, from 40 to 60, in the holy Time of that great Rebellion, to which he was accessary; and find him always the whole Breadth of Heaven wide from Truth: scarce one of his Predictions verified, but a thousand contrarywise: It's hard, that a Man shooting at Rovers so many years together, should never hit the right Mark."

CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF EARLY TIMES.

ANCIENT BRAWLS IN THE CHURCH.

AN account of the bickerings of the choristers in the church at Glastonbury, having been given in a preceding number, we now add an account of an affray that happened in the choir of the cathedral at York, which is equally characteristic of the turbulent spirit that prevailed in olden times.

"The next peere then ensued, which was in 1190; in the beginning of which year, upon twelfth even, fell a foule northern brawle, which turned well neere to a fray, betweene the archbishop new elected, of the church of Yorke, and his company, on the one side, and Hery, dean of the said church, with his Catholike partakers, on the other side, upon occasion as followeth:—Gaufridus or Geoffrey, sonne to King Henry the Second, and brother to King Richard, whom the king had elected a little before to the archbishopricke of Yorke, upon the even of Epiphany, which we call Twelfth Day, was disposed to hear even-song, with all solemnity, in the cathedral church, having with him Damon the chanter, with divers canons of the church, who, tarrying something long, belike in adorning and attiring himselfe, in the mean while Henry the deane, and Bucardus the treasurer, disdainingly to tarry his comming, with a bold courage lustily begun their even-song with singing their Psalmes, versing of descant and merry piping of organs; thus this Catholic even-song, with as much devotion as to God's high service proceeding, was now almost halfe complete, when as at length, they being in the midst of their mirth, cometh in the new elect with his train and gardeuians, all full of wrath and indignation, for that they durst be so bold, not waiting for him, to begin God's service,

and so eftsoone commanded the quier to stay and hold their peace; the chanter likewise, by vertue of his office, commandeth the same; but the deane and treasurer, on the other side, willed them to proceed, and so they sung on and would not stint. Thus, the one halfe crying against the other, the whole quier was in a rore; their singing was turned to scolding, their chanting to chiding; and if instead of the organs, they had had a drum, I doubt they would have sol-faed by the ears together.

"At last, through the authority of the archbishop, and of the chanter, the quier began to surcease and give silence. Then the new elect, not contented with what had been sung before, with certaine of the quier, began the even song new againe. The treasurer upon the same caused, by vertue of his office, the candles to be put out, whereby the even-song, having no power further to proceed, was stopped forthwith; for like as without the light and beams of the sunne, there is nothing but darknesse in all the world, even so you must understand the Pope's church can see to doe nothing without candle-light, albeit the sunne doe shine never so clere and bright. This being so, the archbishop, thus disappointed on every side, of his purpose, made a grievous plaint, declaring to the clergie and to the people, what the deane and treasurer had done, and so upon the same suspended both them and the church from all divine service, till they should make to him due satisfaction for their trespass.

"The next day, which was the day of Epiphany, when all the people of the citie were assembled in the cathedral church, as their manner was, namely, in such feasts devoutly to hear divine service, as they call it, of the church, there was also present the archbishop and the chanter, with the residue of the clergie, looking when the deane and treasurer would come and submit themselves, making satisfaction for their crime. But they still continuing in their stoutnesse, refused so to do, exclaiming and uttering contemptuous words against the archbishop and his partakers; which when the people heard, they in a great rage would have fallen upon them; but the archbishop would not suffer that. The deane then, and his fellowes, perceiving the stir of the people, for feare, like pretie men, were faine to flee, some to the tombe of S. William of Yorke, some ranne into the deane's house, and there shrouded themselves,—whom the archbishop then accursed. And so for that day the people returned home without any service."

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SOMERSET HOUSE

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

EARLY in the approaching year, 1824, we purpose to enlarge the plan of our paper, by affording space for notices of new works. This arrangement is pressed upon us by many of our friends, particularly as the season is now commencing, when the press is most prolific of new and important publications. We trust that this arrangement will be acceptable to our readers, as we shall thereby have more extensive sources of information, which, it is presumed, will please, from the interest that is so generally excited by similar weekly novelties, upon all subjects of literature.

The papers upon art, which have been so favourably received by the public, we propose to continue. In the next number we shall offer an analysis of the styles of composition, &c. in the works of Havell, Heaphy, Cristall and Hills, and continue our observations on the various styles of all the eminent professors of Painting in Water Colours.

We then shall proceed with the School of Painters in Oil Colours, and intend to submit to the consideration of the public, an estimate of the comparative merits of the ancient and modern painters.

We are also preparing a new series of papers, entitled WINE and WALNUTS; the Rise and Progress of Caricature in England; Apology for Portrait Painters; Exposure of Picture Craft; Old London before the Fire of 1666, and other original articles, written expressly for this paper, which we respectfully beg to inform our readers and the public, will henceforth be designated, THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, &c.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. VIII.

HAVING endeavoured to expose the erroneous method of teaching the art of landscape painting, and expressed our fervent wishes for the reformation of a system so radically bad, we shall now offer a few suggestions for an improvement in practice, which we respectfully submit to the serious attention of parents and guardians, in which we have two material objects in view. One being intended to prevent the farther abuse of that liberality which has so far exceeded the judgment of the patrons; the other, to improve the taste of youth, by the acquirement of a becoming knowledge in an important branch of an accomplished education.

In the study of music, few amateurs aspire to an attempt at composition; it is enough to play upon an instrument with facility and grace. Even the most accomplished professors of this art, are content to exhibit their executive powers, upon themes conceived by the genius of other musicians, and deservedly attain both fame and profit, commensurate with their skill.

In the pursuits of painting, it is far different. Fame cannot be attained in any department of this art, but by original composition. To arrive at this power, however, copying is indispensable, for by its means alone can the hand acquire that mechanical dexterity, or the eye that knowledge of the beauty of proportion, which are necessary to enable the student to imitate nature with effective truth. Even in copying, unless the student exerts every endeavour to imitate with scrupulous exactness, years of practice amounts to nought but labour in vain. Abundant evidence of this fact may be collected in almost every opulent family, by an examination of the contents of portfolios, crowded with hasty and unmeaning scrawls, which are discreditable to the disciple, a reproach to the preceptor, and a reflection upon the understanding of those who have so long patronised such a mode of teaching as that of which we complain.

It is held a common maxim, to demand of those who obtrude themselves upon the world as public

censors, some plan, which may be substituted as a remedy for the errors which they venture to expose. This maxim, however, is not always reasonably applied, for good taste, and even common sense, may qualify a man to object to the misapplication of many arts and sciences, although he be neither a professor, nor acquainted with the principles thereof. How many persons of good perception and general observation, could be named, who judge sensibly of music, painting, acting, sculpture and architecture, who pretend to no practical knowledge of these arts. He that possesses reflection and understanding, may discriminate whether an instrument be in tune or out of tune; whether a painting be a vile daub, or a faithful representation of its prototype; whether a player rants and raves, or expresses the passions with sentiment and pathos; whether a sculptor gives grace and dignity to his statue, or whether Bow steeple is not a superior structure to that nameless absurdity that bears the clock at St. Ann's, and all the while owe this extent of judgment to a becoming habit of inquiry, prompted by that natural good taste alone, which leads to the comparing of one thing with another.

We, however, do not desire to slip out of the question, as from a collar, which having unwittingly made for ourselves, we would rather decline wearing. On the contrary, we rather take up the axiom and apply it to ourselves, and shall proceed to show, that a better method of teaching could easily be pointed out; that a better system has been occasionally pursued and with advantage. This may be safely averred without egotism; for a worse than that upon which we have thus freely animadverted, never did, nor never can exist.

To prove this, we shall offer one among other instances, which have come under our own observation, where, in one family, three elegant young persons, a lady and two brothers, were placed under an eminent artist, to receive instruction in the study of landscape painting, with this sensible introduction by the parents. "Sir, we are desirous that your pupils should do you credit; we hope they have some talent, and know that they are not wanting in perseverance; we therefore place them under your tuition, and request you to ground them in the principles of the art, that hereafter they may aspire to attempt to make views from nature. We submit them entirely to your guidance, and beg you to instruct them as though they were your own children."

The preceptor soon discovered the worth of his

pupils, and took pride in their progress. Topography and landscape were the choice of all the three. He began by teaching them to draw with the black lead pencil, with great correctness. It should be observed, that each had previously studied outline, and could use the pencil with neatness. As exemplars, he selected some of the best prints from Hearne and Byrne's work, on the picturesque architectural remains of our abbeys, castles, &c. These he had led them to copy, with scrupulous attention to the forms and proportions of every stone and mutilated fragment, which are so well defined therein. He next made them copy the light and shadow, still using the black lead pencil, and hatching the effect; by which means they comprehended the intention of every form, and already felt a desire to find out the same characteristics in a real view.

His pupils next commenced drawing with the pen. He selected some choice etchings of the old masters as examples, and they drew them line for line. The pen is most useful in bringing the hand to describe the forms of buildings, paling, trees, weeds, rocks, &c. with firmness, character and precision.

By a sedulous attention to these precepts, taking occasional lessons in linear perspective meanwhile, and excited by a friendly emulation, in the practice of one season, namely, from the early part of February to the middle of July, such was their progress, that in the neighbourhood of their father's country seat, each made black lead pencil sketches of scenery from nature, in the autumn of the same year. These we saw, and were gratified indeed. Such a manifestation of improvement evinced, that by a sensible direction of youthful talent, so much more, worthy the name of art, might be reasonably expected from the rising generation.

On the return of the family to London the ensuing winter, the pupils were allowed to commence the study of light and shadow, with sepia and Indian ink, which they were taught to practice from well chosen examples. Care was taken to make them imitate the separate degrees of each mass with exact attention to form and degree of tone, and to lay them with nicety, evenness, and freedom of pencilling; and it was not until they had acquired the power of using the brushes dexterously, and copying the effects with a just perception of the union of the parts, to form a whole: indeed, until they could reason upon the cause for every light, and middle tint and shadow, that they

were permitted to make an attempt at colouring. Thus proceeding systematically, the art developed itself to their perceptions, and the first coloured drawings were executed to the entire satisfaction of the preceptor.

The examples which were given for the practice of light and shadow, were principally selected from Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, a work which should be placed in the hands of all students in landscape; for we hold it impossible for any person of intellect, who earnestly seeks a knowledge of light, shadow, and the graces of picturesque composition, to copy the designs in this elegant work, without obtaining the end desired. The preceptor directed his pupils to draw the outlines of these designs with a pen, and to imitate the shadows with Cologne earth, finely ground; a powerful colour, which preserved the masses with distinctness and depth of effect.

The students, in the autumn of the next season, by the recommendation of the preceptor, commenced to make studies of trees, buildings, &c. from the real objects, and to shadow them with the black lead pencil, as the effect fell upon them at morning, noon, and evening. By this practice they derived a still farther insight into the properties which constitute the *chiaro-scuro*, and led to that capacity which, in three seasons, enabled them to make coloured studies from nature. These accomplished amateurs ultimately drew views from nature, with much taste, two of whom are now in the classic regions of Italy, at whose return we expect to see many pictorial subjects, worthy their intelligent minds.

There are doubtless many who might murmur at paying the same high terms for a lesson of drawing with a black lead pencil, that hitherto had been the retaining fee for the disclosure of the graphic secret,—of beginning and finishing a florid coloured drawing, in two or three lessons of an hour each; but we seriously and respectfully put it to the good sense of those whom it most concerns, Whether one single precept properly communicated, and clearly understood, would not be found more profitable than fifty lessons of erroneous practice?

We have witnessed many instances of the disquiet and suppressed indignation of teachers, who have been obliged to yield to the fashionable folly of a practice so constantly urged upon them by the mistaken interference of their employers; for how common has it been with parents to fancy, that

the advance of their children's improvement was to be measured by the number of square feet of paper which they covered in the careless scrawlings of a few hours.

The preceptor, when left to himself, if he be a master of his art, will, whilst instructing his pupil in the use of the pencil, explain by reference to the example from which he is copying, both cause and effect; why this form is preferable to that; why the light and shadow are so arranged; what is good composition, and what is bad; and will occasionally illustrate the principles of his art, by reference to other works, as drawings and prints, which he will provide in his portfolio. Thus, every lesson would not only afford executive practice, but serve as a philosophic lecture upon art.

By commencing thus, another and an important advantage would certainly result; namely, that in pursuing their studies step by step, the pupils would be enabled to proceed with their drawings in the absence of the preceptor, and would consequently feel a greater interest in the pursuit; for to an ingenuous mind, nothing can be more displeasing than to be beholden to the hand of the master, in aiding the colouring and effect, to make an appearance of diligence, and to escape censure; whilst the preceptor and disciple are mutually ashamed of the fraud.

Yet there is a constant necessity for this practice, because the master is expected to force the talent of his pupil to a premature knowledge of art, to satisfy the unreasonable expectations of his employers.

MODERN CONNOISSEURSHIP.

OUR readers, it is hoped, will not ascribe our efforts to rouse the public from its apathy for the fine arts, and to excite a just feeling of consideration for neglected talent, to a spirit of querulousness, or a disposition that can take pleasure in seeking for faults, as we can honestly aver, that nothing can be more remote from our minds than such unbecoming feelings. We have undertaken, to the extent of our power, such as it is, to vindicate the artists from the unprovoked aspersions of their enemies, and to exert ourselves in the promotion of their interests; in the performance of which, we must of necessity use the language of censure and complaint. We are again led into a strain of murmuring,

indeed it is forced upon us; for within the last week, after turning over a portfolio of engravings, of extraordinary merit, many of them proof impressions for works published within a few years, and finding how rarely a copy met a purchaser, we could not refrain from offering our animadversions on the national bad taste, that could neglect such meritorious specimens of the existing school of art.

These fine works, be it known, remain on hand, rarely enquired for, seldom exhibited, and consequently little known; whilst specious trash, and meretricious rubbish of every kind, is daily palmed upon the world, by advertising and puffing publishers, to the entire corruption of declining judgment, which, among the greater part of amateurs, is fast degenerating to the very bathos of absurdity.

Would that certain potent wits would assist our humble efforts, and charge that formidable engine, satire, against this confederacy of audacity and ignorance. Literature should enter the field, in the legitimate cause of art; join forces in scattering the legions of its opposers, and assist in erecting upon the spot the standards of Taste and Truth.

That thrice-worthy citizen, Alderman Boydell, at a period when the fine arts of this country might be said to be scarcely out of the cradle, anticipated their growth, and nurtured talent as it approached maturity. We cannot recur to the period of this munificent friend to the arts, and bring to memory the many fine copper-plate prints which he published during his upright career, and then turn our eyes to the shop windows of a host of modern print-mongers, without feelings of shame and indignation at the comparison; for all this graphic quackery and specious imposture, is addressed to, and supported by, a new race of polite beings, denominated *amateurs of style*.

Were foreigners to form an estimate of the mental state of our nation at large, by its superficial knowledge of the fine arts, (no bad test in other countries, and other times,) they would pronounce the present era—the age of folly. This is the more surprising, and the more unaccountable to strangers, because the English people have acquired universal renown on all other subjects, for their deep thinking, and sterling judgment.

When we behold the immense traffic which is carried on in lithography, and soft ground, and other pseudoisms, to the detriment, if not the ultimate ruin of works that have higher claims to the approbation of the connoisseur, we are at a loss

for words to express all we feel at such a general want of respect for real genius. Every true lover of art, every man of taste and judgment, should set his face against this prevailing evil.

Not long since, an eminent engraver waited on a fashionable publisher, to submit a proof impression of a copper-plate, as a specimen of architectural engraving, which he had just completed for a work in the press, which will be an honour to the age. "Hem!" quoth the publisher, "hem, ha, hum! Yes, it is highly finished, I dare say. But, Sir, I would not give a farthing a pound for plates of *this kind*. Look you here, Sir," opening an old topographical volume, "look you here, Sir, I call this spirit—this, Sir, is what the world understand." Then shutting the volume, which contained *bird's eye* views of old buildings, valuable only as curious specimens of the low state of topographical engraving an hundred and thirty years ago, he added, "No, Sir, you are very good, but that sort of engraving will not do for us."

Is it not disgraceful to the nation at large, to suffer so large a share in the affairs of art, to be subject to, the controul of such blockheads? It is more than half a century since John Boydell, by his single exertions, raised the art of engraving to a rivalry with the best works of Italy and France, and actually made England the great mart for the exportation of prints. Surely the epoch of connoisseurship is past.

We remember the days when there were an hundred enlightened gentlemen, men of *virtù*, who felt a patriotic pride in collecting a proof impression of a Woollett, a Strange, a Hall, or a Sharpe. We farther recollect with what interest they compared these proofs, which exhibited the progressive state of the plate, with the works of the engravers of foreign schools; and with what satisfaction they gave their approving voice, when native talent had achieved a victory. Alas! how times have changed. Many of the finest works of our living engravers, unequalled by any school in the world, now remain in the hands of their ingenious authors, or are reluctantly exhibited by the great majority of mercenary publishers, who find it more to their interest to recommend their own rubbish to a tribe of modern dilettanti, who are either to cignorant or too idle to judge for themselves!

(To be continued.)

THE PRACTICE OF PAINTING MADE EASY ;

OR,

THE ART OF PAINTING IN OIL.

By Thomas Bardwell, Painter.

It is an observation of Pliny's, that the ancients painted with four colours only, and out of them made all their tints. Monsieur de Piles is of opinion that it was out of these they made their grounds, or what we call the dead-colouring.

How it really was, time has put it out of our power to determine ; but if we suppose these four principal colours in perfection, then I think it can be no longer doubted, but that from them might be made all the various colours in nature. For my part, I cannot believe that the four capital colours of the ancients would mix to that surprising perfection we see in the works of Titian and Rubens ; and if we have no certain knowledge of their method of colouring who lived in the last century, how should we understand their's who lived two thousand years ago ? And why the method and practice of colouring, which was so well known to Rubens and Van Dyck should not be continued down to the present masters, is to me surprising.

I must confess I have often thought, and still believe, that those painters who had acquired so fine a manner of colouring, might, if they pleased, have communicated it to posterity in writing ; but I never heard that any attempt was made towards it, though it is probable there might be some. It is astonishing, nevertheless, all Europe should suffer alike at the same time, for want of that noble frankness and generous spirit, which might have been expected from those masters, and which would have done the world more service than their pictures

It is plain, from the works of their pupils, that they knew it, because in their pictures we see the same sort of colours and colouring ; and from the little variety of capital colours, and sameness of method used by them, it is not to be doubted but the whole was contained in a few principles, neither difficult nor tedious.

If we trace the art through its several declensions, we shall find Rembrandt, who was master of all the parts of colouring in the highest degree, lived to the year 1668. Next to him was Zoust, who died in England about eight years after. Lely lived to the year 1680. Reily, who was Zoust's disciple, survived them, and was left the best colourist we had.

Mr. Richardson, who died about the year 1745, was his pupil ; but in my opinion, in point of merit much his inferior. Reily, I think, declined in the same proportion to Zoust as Zoust did to Rembrandt.

As all these masters, from Rembrandt, sunk gradually below each other in the art of colouring, we may with certainty date the declension of that art from him.

I cannot attribute this gradual degeneracy in the knowledge of so charming an art to any thing but inability, or want of that generosity I have before mentioned, or both. Though these gentlemen were not able to give us so perfect an account as the great masters, yet they might have communicated what they learned from them ; and if it was against their own private interest to have published it while they practised, they should, out of a general regard to men of taste, and to the art itself, have left it behind them, to have given to posterity an opportunity of reaping the benefit of their studies.

I flatter myself that the following sheets, compiled originally for my own use, contain something that may be of consequence in studying this art ; and hope the practicable method of colouring here laid down, which has been the result of much study, and long experience, and which I now use, will be found both useful and agreeable.

In the course of studying this part of my art, as I could have no assistance from the living, I found myself obliged to make my court to the dead,—I mean their works. And though I have had very little opportunity to study even them, yet, from the few I have copied, I have, after a tedious course of mistakes, at last, by mere dint of colour, and the assistance of genius, such as it is, found the following method of colouring very easy and expeditious.

"Painters," says De Piles, "spend many years in the search of knowledge, which they might have attained in a little time, had they hit at first upon the right path." This truth I have experienced, and confess that the works of Van Dyck and Rembrandt are the surest guides to nature. It is out of these most excellent masters that I have established my method ; it is from their pictures I have found the first lay of colours ; and from them I have learned the virgin tints and finishing secrets, though I have always applied them to practice from nature.

In the method of my work, I begin with a short

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of the principal *colours* used in
 follow with the principal *teints*.
 r dead-colouring.

nting.

. grounds.

i copying.

ing.

nting.

lars I have endeavoured to make
 d instructive, without design to
 nd through the whole course of
 d the utmost regard to truth.

y publishing is solely the benefit
 s are born with a happy genius,
 i master or guide, may from these
 : a competent knowledge of co-
 hout studying. Here the lovers

study for their pleasure and
 e conducted easily, step by step,
 it art which, of all the designing
 ps, the greatest pleasure to the

ed to me by some, that my own
 I have either acquired or revived
 cording to my own confession,
 n dormant. I am not the pro-

near to the life as possible, on which they laid their
 virgin tints with light strokes of the pencil ; and
 thus they imitated the force and freshness of na-
 ture. They were convinced that there were cer-
 tain colours which destroyed each other, if they
 were mixed to excess, and that they should be as
 little shaken as possible by the motion of the
 pencil."

It would be folly in any man, at this present
 time, to assume so much knowledge in the art of
 painting, as Monsieur de Piles really had, who was
 a man of genius and learning, that made painting
 his principal study, and travelled on purpose to
 complete his knowledge in that delightful art ; was
 intimately acquainted with the painters in his time,
 who assisted him in studying the works of the
 great masters, which he carefully examined ; and
 from which he made his reflections, and judicious
 remarks. This was when the works of Van Dyck
 and Rembrandt were more in perfection, and in an
 age when painting was better understood.

Is it possible for any thing to be more plain and
 intelligible than these two most excellent remarks
 of Monsieur de Piles, which contain the principal
 matter and foundation of colouring ? This is vastly
 different from their's, whose colouring is, as they
 pretend, to change and wear to the complexion ;

which was more agreeable to his genius and inclination, and inverted the cold grey-coloured cloths, on which he established his slight expeditious manner. Then was the time when the painters exposed their understandings, in neglecting the charming style of Van Dyck, to follow Kneller. But though colouring was not his talent, yet he was in his time the best face-painter in Europe; nor has there been an artist since him, whose heads can stand any comparison with his. After him, colouring hung here for some time, between the manners of Mr. Richardson and Rosalba; the followers of the latter failing in oil, established her method.

Having traced the art of painting through its several declensions, I will venture to give my opinion on it, as it stands at this present time, in regard to portraiture; and hope to do it in such a manner as to offend nobody that may differ from me. If I may be allowed to judge from the pictures brought home by gentlemen from abroad, as the works of the most eminent living masters, I may without partiality affirm, that face-painting is no where so well performed as in England, notwithstanding the prejudice of some in favour of foreigners; nor is it at all surprising it should be so; since, where there is the greatest encouragement to an art, thither the most eminent masters in that art will resort, and there it will be improved to its greatest height. It is well known, that no nation in the world delights so much in painting, or gives so generous encouragement to it as our own; and it is equally known, that no country affords such helps, in regard to beautiful nature. We have also the greatest number of Van Dyck's pictures, and the rest of the best face-painters, (Rembrandt excepted,) of any people; and it seems reasonable, from these observations, which are founded on matter of fact, to infer, that England is preferable to all other nations whatsoever, in this respect, and the best place for studying the art of face-painting.

BARTOLOZZI THE ENGRAVER.

FRANCIS BARTOLOZZI, R. A. was born at Florence, in Italy; he studied engraving under *Wagner*. While pursuing his studies at his native city, he was invited to England by Mr. *Dalton*, who was at that period employed by his Majesty to collect drawings in the Italian States, and discover the best historic engraver. Mr. *Bartolozzi* was thus solicited, in consequence of a violent dispute

which had previously taken place between the late Lord Bute and Sir *Robert Strange*, relative to the engraving of two portraits of the King and Lord Bute, from paintings by *Ramsay*, which he was requested to perform, but eluded the request, in pursuance of a resolution he had formed to go to Italy that summer. This denial highly exasperated the vain and powerful party, who dispatched Mr. *Dalton*, then librarian to his Majesty, upon the important expedition alluded to; in the interim, the meritorious but unfortunate *William Wynne Ryland* presented himself, and did the graphic deed of note and glory.

His very beautiful and correct imitations of the drawings of *Guercino*, in the collection of the King, and which I think his best works, were among his first performances on his arrival here; after these he engraved his *Venus, Cupid, and Satyr*, and his nearly incomparable *Clytie*; since that period he has suffered his high reputation to moulder, by admitting his name to be affixed to works which he had scarcely touched with his own magic graver. If such measures arose from his overweening good nature, I must pity such an amiable weakness; but if they arose from his love of money, I regret it, though it were acquired to strengthen his excessive habits of benevolence; for he solaces all that come within his gates.

According to the institutes of the Royal Academy, the number of engravers are limited to six, and they are considered in the inferior scale of merit with the painters. Mr. *Bartolozzi*, conscious of his own strength, presented himself as a painter, and was admitted as such; and happy were they all to have such an acquisition. All this was just: for to denominate him a mere engraver, would be to circumscribe my language within the limits of ignorance, as he is not only something more, but almost every thing that the hope of imitative science can embody. He draws better than any other man in the world, and can give a truth and durability to that design, beyond the powers of any other individual in the same department.

The late *J. K. Sherwin* was the most meritorious of his pupils, but was never successful when he presumed to engrave from his own designs. He had all the daringness of genius, without the accomplishments of study; and his licentiousness destroyed his powers. Messrs. *Tomkins, Schiovanetti, Bovi, and Gillray*, have been occasionally attractive; but as their flights have been uniformly in a middle sky, I regard their progress unimpressed by either

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nce. His other pupils are un-
t master.

manner is so rigorously esta-
not engrave portraits with all the
o the human character ; and he
r suffering his name to be put
t performances from other per-
tution derogatory to his talents.
ntly asserted, that Bartolozzi's
one of *colour*, (or, in language
ve to common minds,) that de-
ce which constitutes the subor-

The truth is, that he suffered
m his apprehension of doing too
: his prints, as far as the declen-
rned. *Sir Robert Strange* and
a print from the Circumcision,
the ingenious knight made this
i he confessed the superiority of
ry essential points of drawing,
he should in his turn triumph,
knowledge of effect, arising from
d bold management of the gra-
served, that it is a principle of
chools not to make any print
ooted enemies to the idea of a
ich they conceive, and, in my
injuriously to the interests of mo-

is perfect, that he amends whatever comes within
his cognizance. His decided superiority as an
engraver, over all existing competition, is so mani-
fest, that I should feel a particular pride in calling
him a Briton ; but as that gratification is denied, I
shall take much honour to myself in belonging to
that order of species which he has so sublimed by
his professional excellence, and so cherished by his
practical philanthropy. When he undertook to
engrave the *Death of Lord Chatham*, he sent for
Testolini from Italy, to assist him, but found him
unequal to the task.

Mr. Bartolozzi forms a timely point for the
graphic disciples of the present day to rally round,
and be honestly ambitious. We have a *Sharpe*, a
Heath, a *Hall*, a *Neagle*, a *Fittler*, *cum multis aliis*,
but we have no classic precision except in the pro-
ductions of this estimable Florentine. They all
seem labouring exclusively for the kitchen, but
none for the attainment of a valued celebrity. If
such negligence becomes proverbial, such artists
cannot be amazed to be arranged with vulgar
handicraftsmen, such as drapers, weavers, tinkers,
and tailors. Drawing is the grammar of the polite
arts, and without it nothing can be done. The
harmonious conjunction of strokes was managed
better by *Strange* and *Ryland* than *Bartolozzi*, but
they were mere strokes, and nothing else ; they

it that *talents* and *virtue* are elbowed in every circle in this polluted island; and our youth, who are trained to be what is termed successful, are servile in the first instance, fallacious in the second, and contemptible if not infamous in the issue.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

THE STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. IX.

MOSSOP AND MRS. BURDEN.

MOSSOP, when he had a good house, instead of endeavouring to extricate himself in any degree from his multiplicity of difficulties, grew desperate, and instead of paying either his tradesmen or performers, flew to the gay circles, where he was gladly admitted, and in order to mend his broken fortune by the chance of a die or the turn up of a card; of which, I believe, he was ignorant, and unacquainted with the necessary arts to succeed. He has often left the theatre with a hundred guineas in his pocket, and returned home with an aching head and heart; but his guineas, with debts of honour, were all left behind. The Countess of Brandon served him greatly, it is true; but often the money she occasioned being paid at the theatre, returned to her own coffers. This was the universal opinion of Dublin, and is all I can alledge in that case as to its authenticity; and, as to Mossop's poverty, there needs no evidence of that unfortunate reality.

This conduct, and a train of evils attendant thereon, soon preyed upon his health, involved his talents with himself, and gave bitter sours to that temper which was, in its natural source, far from being one of the best. An instance of the poverty his performers were reduced to in 1764, I will, with permission, relate.

The *Distressed Mother* was to be acted.—*Orestes*, Mr. Mossop; *Andromache*, by Mrs. Burden. The salaries had not been paid for several weeks, and she was in true character as the distressed woman. With infinite difficulty, she forced access to the General Mossop, for it was hard to accomplish admittance on account of many inconvenient reasons, unless on a Sunday, and on that grand levee day, performers and tradesmen were too menial to be admitted. But with the force of a heroine, who damntless surmounts all barriers and tyrants at will, so Mrs. Burden burst into the "inmost recess of his prison-house," and when arrived at the royal

hall, she was as determined to preserve character—for at the awful voice of Mossop, she *Andromache*-like, was prostrate at the feet of her royal master, and uttered forth in tragic tones, "O! Sir, for God's sake assist me, I have not bread to eat, I am actually starving, and shall be turned out into the streets."

Mossop. (*In state.*)—"Wo-man! you have five pounds per week, wo-man!"

Mrs. Burden.—"True, Sir, but I have been in Dublin six months, and in all that time have only received six pounds. I call every Saturday at the office for my salary, but no money is the answer; besides, Sir, your credit and your honour is at stake, how can I play *Andromache*, the *Trojan Queen*, without black satin shoes?"

Mossop.—"Wo-man, begone! I insist on your having black satin shoes for *Androm-a-che*. And, wo-man, if you dare ask me for money again, I will forfeit you ten pounds, wo-man." So ended that real tragical scene of penury and pomposity.

NOKES.

NOKES was an actor of quite a different genius from any I have ever heard of or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article; viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature, which was so utterly his own, that he was often as unaccountably diverting in his common speech, as on the stage. I saw him once giving an account of some table-talk to another actor behind the scenes, which, a man of quality accidentally listening to, was so deceived by his manner, that he asked him if that was a new play he was rehearsing. It seems almost amazing that this simplicity, so easy to *Nokes*, should never be caught by any one of his successors. Leigh and Underhil have been well copied, though not equalled by others. But not all the mimical skill of East-court, (famed as he was for it,) though he had often seen *Nokes*, could scarce give us an idea of him. After this, perhaps it will be saying less of him, when I own, that though I have still the sound of every line he spoke, in mine ear, (which used not to be thought a bad one,) yet I have often tried by myself, but in vain, to reach the least distant likeness of the *vis comica* of *Nokes*. Though this may seem little to his praise, it may be negatively saying a good deal to it, because I have never seen any one actor, except himself, whom I could not at least so far imitate as to give you a more than to-

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is manner. But Nokes was so and was so formed by nature for action if, (beyond the trouble of cart,) it ever cost him an hour's hat high reputation that he had, d.

He particularly shone in, were *U*; *Gomez*, in the Spanish Friar; in *Love in a Tub*; *Barnaby Rudge*; *ton Wife*; *Sir Davy Dunc*, in *re*; *Sosia*, in *Amphytrion*, &c. how he acted them, is beyond me; but to tell you what effect the spectator is not impossible. you will expect from me; and leave you to guess at him.

made his first entrance in a play, with an involuntary applause, or those may be, and often have imitated and bespoken; but by a rich the very sight of him pro- could not resist; yet the louder er was his look upon it; and solemnity of his features was a whole bench of bishops into ave been honoured, (may it be se it,) with such grave and right

face, *veraxion* that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had failed; *envy* of his servant's superior wit; *distress*, to retrieve the occasion he had lost; *shame* to confess his folly, and yet a sullen desire to be reconciled and better advised for the future! What tragedy ever shewed us such a tumult of passions rising at once in one bosom? or what buskin'd hero standing under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his spectators by the most pathetic speech, than poor miserable Nokes did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features?

His person was of the middle size, his voice clear and audible, his natural countenance grave and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, or laughing levity took such possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters, that became it, he had a shuffling shamle in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed, that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense. In a word, I am tempted to sum up the character of Nokes, as a comedian, in a parody of what Shakspeare's Mark Antony says

family, very like, though neither well painted nor handsome.

I shall begin at the age of seventeen, when, hearing every where the Earl of *Ossory* commended for being a volunteer that summer, in a hot engagement at sea, I went thither directly on board that ship in which Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle jointly commanded the fleet against the Dutch.

Their usage of me was so civil, and the company on board them so good, that, though by a sudden storm that parted the two fleets just ready to engage, I lost six weeks time there, at an age when it may be a great deal more pleasantly spent, yet I stayed till the fleet was laid, not only without impatience, but any sort of uneasiness.

Yet 'tis observable, that the first night we came to London, the Lord Blany, Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards Lord Treasurer, Mr. Henry Savill, and myself, though such familiar friends as to be very often together many years after, were then so satiated and cloyed with each other, by our being shut up together so long in one ship, that I remember we avoided one another's company for a whole month after, though, except myself, there could hardly be any more pleasant.

While I was in that ship with Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, I observed the latter to leave all things to the conduct and skill of the other; declaring modestly, upon all occasions, himself to be no seaman. And yet there happened once a hot dispute between them, which will shew some part of that duke's character. When we first espied the Dutch fleet sailing towards us, our whole blue squadron was astern, much farther from us; so that Prince Rupert thought it absolutely necessary to slacken sail, that they might have time to join us. But the Duke of Albemarle opposed it eagerly, undertaking that the ship in which they were, with about twenty ships more, would prove sufficient to beat all the enemy's fleet,—at least hold them in play till the rest of ours came up. The Prince, astonished at such an unaccountable intrepidity, made us smile to see him take on himself the timorous, cautious, and prudential part, which did not use to be his custom. He declared he would never consent to such a rashness as might very probably cost us the loss of our admiral's ship, and consequently of our whole fleet afterwards; which obliged the good old man to yield at last, but with a great deal of reluctance.

As soon as the bloody flag was set up, before the

storm arose which parted us, Mr. Savill and myself being on the quarter-deck, espied him charging a very little pistol, and putting it in his pocket; which was so odd a sort of a weapon on such an occasion, that we could imagine no reason for it, except his having taken a resolution of going down into the powder-room to blow up the ship, in case at any time it should be in danger of being taken; for he had often said he would answer for nothing, but that we should never be carried into Holland; and therefore Mr. Savill and I, in a laughing way, most mutinously resolved to throw him overboard, in case we should ever catch him going down to the powder-room.

Our fleet happening afterwards to go near the shore to take in fresh water, Prince Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived thereabouts, and returning on board in a little boat, with only the Lord Blany and myself, there happened so sudden and violent a storm, that we did not like it; and Prince Rupert began to talk of Prince Maurice's being cast away by a like accident; upon which I could not but reflect on my family also, since my grandfather and three of my brothers had been drowned. The Lord Blany hearing all this, made us smile in the midst of our danger, by swearing, that though he liked our company, he wished himself out of it, and in any other boat whatsoever; since he feared the ill fortune of our two families would sink him.

This was the last year of the first Dutch war; yet before it ended, they burnt some of our best ships at Chatham, and designed to make a descent upon our coasts; which occasioned the raising of several independent troops of horse, of which I had one given me, and was so foolishly fond of it, (being my first military command,) that I endured my quarters at Dover as contentedly, and was as sorry for being disbanded at the peace, as if I had been a mere soldier of fortune.

At the next meeting of Parliament, I received a writ to sit there; and being known by every body to be younger by three years than the prefixed age for the voting in the House of Peers, it was opposed by Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who very gravely moved, that they would rather excuse Lords till some years above the age of one-and-twenty, instead of admitting one so much younger. In this he certainly was in the right; and I acquiesced in it the more readily, because that heat of youth, which was his objection, made me a great deal more inclined to something else, than to sitting

there. Accordingly I followed it with too much eagerness, and without interruption, till the second Dutch war. During this time and heat of temper, I had the good fortune not to be engaged in any more than one quarrel, but that had something in it singular enough to be related. I was informed that the Earl of Rochester had said something of me, which, according to his custom, was very malicious. I therefore sent Colonel Aston, a very mettled friend of mine, to call him to account for it. He denied the words, and indeed I was soon convinced he had never said them; but the mere report, though I found it to be false, obliged me, as I then foolishly thought, to go on with the quarrel; and the next day was appointed for us to fight on horseback,—a way in England a little unusual; but it was his part to chuse. Accordingly, I and my second lay the night before at Knightsbridge, privately, to avoid the being secured in London, upon any suspicion; which yet we found ourselves in more danger of there, because we had all the appearance of highwaymen, that had a mind to lay skulking in an old inn for one night; but this, I suppose, the people of that house were used to, and so took no notice of us, but liked us the better. In the morning we met the Lord Rochester at the place appointed, who, instead of James Porter, whom he assured Aston he would make his second, brought an errant life-guardsmen, whom nobody knew. To this Mr. Aston took exception, upon the account of his being no suitable adversary, especially considering how extremely well he was mounted, whereas we had only a couple of pads; upon which we all agreed to fight on foot. But as my Lord Rochester and I were riding into the next field, in order to it, he told me that he had at first chosen to fight on horseback, because he was so weak in body, from his excesses, that he found himself unfit at all any way, much less a-foot. I was extremely surprised, because at that time no man had a better reputation for courage; and my anger against him being quite over, because I was satisfied he never spoke the words I resented, I took the liberty of representing what a ridiculous story it would make, if we returned without fighting, and therefore advised him, for both our sakes, especially for his own, to consider better of it, since I must be obliged in my own defence to lay the fault on him, by telling the truth of the matter. His answer was, that he submitted to it, and hoped I would not desire the advantage of having to do with any man in so weak a condition. I

replied, that by such an argument he had sufficiently tied my hands, upon condition I might call our seconds to be witnesses of the whole business, which he consented to, and so we parted.

When we returned to London, we found it full of this quarrel, upon our being absent so long; and therefore Mr. Aston thought himself obliged to write down every word and circumstance of the whole matter, in order to spread every where the true reason of our returning without having fought; which being never in the least either contradicted or resented by the Lord Rochester, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage,—of which I was really sorry to be the occasion,—though nobody had still a greater as to wit, which supported him pretty well in the world, notwithstanding some more accidents of the same kind, that never fail to succeed one another, when once people know a man's weakness.

OPINIONS ON PORTRAITS.

DR. JOHNSON.

"OF all the pursuits that ever were invented by the old serpent, for the punishment of men who attempt to live by their wits," said a waggish artist, "surely that of Portrait Painting is the most tantalizing." "Nay," added he,—“the devil himself, with all his wheedling and flattery, could not please his capricious customers.”

The sage Doctor Johnson was displeased with his friend Sir Joshua, for painting him holding a book near his eyes—or rather eye, for the great man was *unoculus*, and near-sighted to boot. Mrs. Thrale rallied her illustrious friend, on his complaining of the composition of this picture, and said, “Why, Sir Joshua has consented to have his picture taken, with his ear trumpet in his hand.” “He may be painted by another, or paint himself, as deaf as he pleases,” replied the Doctor, “but I object to be known to posterity as blinking Sam.”

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When the celebrated Lord Chesterfield first sat for his portrait to Mr. Knapp, his lordship began to talk to him very learnedly of the general defects of the ancient and modern schools, and then ad-

verted to the particular failings of individual artists. "Now," said he, "as regards yourself, Mister Knapton, I am a great admirer of your talent, and indeed prefer your works to those of other artists;—decidedly indeed: but with deference, pray,—I know you will excuse me—but, has it never been suggested to you—that you sometimes mistake the proportions of your heads?" Knapton, who was not wanting in shrewdness, comprehended the drift of this elegant discourse. "Indeed, my Lord," answered the painter, who was no flatterer, "I am not aware of that particular fault; however, I am conscious of many deficiencies—mine is an art, that the longest life will never suffice to perfect." "That is true," replied his Lordship.—"But, Mister Knapton, rely upon it, an indifferent observer, not unfrequently discovers little errors, which escape even the acute eye of the professor. Believe me, nothing gives so much grace to the human figure, as a small head: Indeed that is the opinion of the most enlightened connoisseurs. You have but to study that point, and your works will be perfect." Knapton for once departed from his practice, flattered his noble sitter, and placed a head on the shoulders of the portrait, about one third less than that of its prototype—and then, although too small to be true to nature, it was too large to be true to art—according to the rules of grace. Lord Chesterfield, the most accomplished of men, as our readers may suppose, had a superabundance of head.

But to return to the great moralist, he, like Lord Chesterfield, was not superior to certain little traits of human weakness; for nothing gave him more offence, than that of appearing to notice any of his bodily infirmities, of which he had many. His nervous frame was subject to involuntary motions, even to a distressing degree, which occasionally exposed him to the rude observations of the vulgar.

The following sketch by Mr. Whyte, conveys a faithful resemblance of the external appearance of this extraordinary man:—

"We were standing together at the drawing-room window, expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Mr. Sheridan asked me, 'Could I see to the bottom of the garden?' 'No, Sir.'—'Take out your Opera glass; Johnson is coming, you may know him by his gait.' I perceived him at a good distance walking along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment, and an awkward sort of measured step. At that time the broad flagging on each side of the streets was not universally adopted, and stone posts were in fashion, to prevent the annoyance of carriages. Upon every post as he passed along, I could perceive he deliberately laid his hand;

but missing one of them, when he had got some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he gained the crossing. This, Mr. Sheridan assured me, however odd it may appear; was his constant practice, but why or wherefore, he could not inform me.

"The house on the right at the bottom of Beaufort Buildings was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mr. Thomas Sheridan's eldest brother, by whom Johnson was often invited in the snug way with the family party. At one of these social meetings, Johnson, as usual, sat next the lady of the house. The dessert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying the conversation. Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which the lady observing, she roughly edged her foot within his reach, and as might partly be expected, Johnson clenched hold of it and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, 'O fie, Mr. Johnson!' The company at first knew not what to make of it; but one of them perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologized. 'Nay, Madam, recollect yourself, I know not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.'"

A learned friend at our elbow whispers, that this infirmity was symptomatic of that extraordinary affection, denominated *chorea Sancti Viti*,—*vulgo*, St. Vitus's dance; which leads to the recollection of a similar circumstance, that was related to us, some years since, regarding the person of Mr. Desenfans, celebrated as the collector of that gallery of pictures, which now adorns the walls of the great room at Dulwich College. This gentleman was subject to involuntary spasms, and nervous propensities, that occasionally compelled him to go out of his path to touch some particular object. Mr. West, the late President of the Royal Academy, walking on a Sunday towards Hyde Park, with his pupil Robert Muller, observed Mr. Desenfans pass before him through Cumberland Gate, and proceed towards the broad foot path on the side of the coach-way, almost the only part that was clean and dry; for the season was rainy, and the park was generally impassable, from accumulated mud. He moved, all contortion and gesticulation, which escaped not the notice of the crowd; when suddenly, as if commanded thither by a spell, he shot out of the path, floundered through the dirt to a considerable distance, and coming in contact with a particular tree, turned his back, and gave it a violent kick, from which he rebounded with force; when, having accomplished the feat, he returned to the path with seeming satisfaction.

ANN BOLEYN.

The following pathetic lines have been ascribed to the pen of this unfortunate Queen, the wife of Henry VIII.—

I.

O Death rocke me on slepe,
 Bringe me on quiet reste,
 Let passe my uerye gillies goste,
 Out of my carefull brest;
 Toill on the passinge bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sounde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedye,
 For now I dye.

II.

My paynes who can express,
 Alas! they are so stronge,
 My dolor will not suffer strength,
 My lyfe for to prolonge;
 Toill on the passinge bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sounde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedye,
 For now I dye.

III.

Alone in prison stronge,
 I wayle my destenye;
 Wo worth this cruel hap that I
 Should taste this miserye.
 Toill on the passinge bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the sounde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedye,
 For now I dye.

IV.

Farewell, my pleasure's part,
 Welcum my present payne;
 I fele my torments so increse,
 That lyfe cannot remayne.
 Cease now the passinge bell,
 Rong is my dolefull knell,
 For the sounde my dethe doth tell,
 Dethe doth draw nye,
 Sound my end dolefully,
 For now I dye.

ANCIENT LINES ON THE EVILS OF LENDING MONEY.

I.

I had both monie and a frende,
 Of neither though no store;
 I lent my monie to my frende,
 And tooke his bonde therefore.

II.

I asked my monie of my frende,
 But naught save words I gote;
 I lost my monie to kepe my frende,
 For sewe hym would I not.

III.

But then if monie come,
 And frende againe weare founde,
 I would lend no monie to my frende,
 Upon no kynde of bonde.

IV.

But after this for monie cometh,
 A frende with pawne to paye,
 And when the monie should be had,
 My frende used such delay.

V.

That need of monie did me force,
 My frende his pawne to sell,
 And so I got my monie, but
 My frende clene from me fell.

VI.

Sith bonde for monie lent my frende,
 Nor pawne assurance is,
 But that my monie or my frende,
 Therebye I euer mis.

VII.

If God send monie and a frende,
 As I haue had before,
 I will keepe my monie and save my frende,
 And play the foole no more.

AN ANCIENT SONG.

I.

The bachelor most joyfullye,
 In pleasant plight doth passe his daies,
 Good fellowship and companie,
 He doth maintaine and kepe alwaies.

II.

With damsells braue he may well goe,
 The married man cannot doe so,
 If he be merie and toy with any,
 His wyfe will frowne, and words geue manye:
 Her yellow* hose she strait will put on,
 So that the married man dare not displease his wyfe Joane.

* The colour symbolic of jealousy.

CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF EARLY TIMES.

ANCIENT INNS OF COURT.

In the greater inns, there can no student be maintained for lesse expences by the year than twenty markes; and if he have a seruant to waite upon him, as most of them haue, then so much the greater will his charges be. Now by reason of these charges, the children onely of noblemen do study the lawes in those innes, for the poor and common sort of the people are not able to bear so great charges for the exhibition of their children; and marchant men can seldom find in their hearts to hinder their merchandise with so great yearly expences. And thus it falleth out that there is scant any man found within the realm, skilful and

cunning in the lawes, except he be a gentleman born, and come of a noble stock. Wherefore, they more than any other kind of men, have a special regard to their nobility, and to the preservation of their honor and fame. And to speak uprightly, there is in these greater innes, yea, and in the lesser too, beside the study of the laws, as it were, an university or school of all commendable qualities requisite for noblemen. There they learn to sing, and to exercise themselves in all kinde of harmony. There also they practise dauncing, and other noblemens' pastimes, as they use to do, which are brought up in the king's house. On the working dayes, most of them apply themselves to the study of the law, and on the holy daies to the study of holy scripture, and out of the time of diuine service, to the reading of chronicles. For there indeed are virtues studied, and vices exiled; so that, for the endowment of vertue, and abandoning of vice, knights and barons, with other states, and noblemen of the realm, place their children in those innes, though they desire not to have them learned in the lawes, nor to live by the practice thereof, but onely upon their father's allowance.

MISCELLANEA.

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH, BY PHILIP DE COMINES.

"Of all the nations in Europe," says this author, "the English are the soonest brought to an engagement; and although there is no nation more raw and undisciplined at their first coming upon the continent of Europe than the English nation, yet a little time makes them brave soldiers, good officers, and wise counsellors. The King of England," adds Comines, "and his nobility were not very well skilled in the cunning and subtlety of the kingdom of France; for they went bluntly and without disguise about their affairs, and were not over-sharp in discovering the intrigues and artifices on the other side of the water. The English who have never been out of their own country are naturally passionate, as most of the inhabitants of cold countries are. England," concludes Comines, "has this peculiar felicity, that neither the country, nor the people, nor the houses, are wasted, destroyed, and demolished; but the calamities and misfortunes of the war fall only upon the soldiers, and particularly upon the nobility, of whom they are more than ordinarily jealous; for nothing is perfect in this world!"

PORTLY CITIZENS OF OLD.

"What prevailed upon King Edward," says the same author, "to transport his army to Calais in 1475, was first, the solicitation of the Duke of Burgundy, and the animosity of the English to the French (which is natural to them, and has been so for many ages;) next, to reserve for himself a great part of the money which had been liberally granted to him by his subjects for the particular expedition; for," adds Comines, "the Kings of England live upon their own revenue, and can raise no taxes but under the specious pretence of invading France. Besides, the King had another stratagem to amuse and delude his subjects with; for he had brought with him ten or twelve of the chief citizens of London, and of some other great towns in England, all fat, jolly, and of great power in their country; some of whom had promoted the war, and had been very serviceable in raising the army. The King ordered very good tents to be made for them, in which they slept, but not being used to such a manner of living, they soon began to grow weary of the campaign, for they had reckoned that they should come to an engagement three or four days after their landing; and the King multiplied their fears of the dangers of the war, that they might be better satisfied with a peace, and so pacify the murmurs of the people."

ABOUT the year 1735 a book was published entitled the Cure of Deism: the author, Mr. Elisha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet Prison for a debt of 200l. William Benson, Esq. one of the Auditors of the Imprest, was highly pleased with this work. He inquired who the author was, and having received the foregoing account, not only sent him a very handsome letter, but discharged the whole debt, fees, &c. and set him at liberty. This deserves to be recorded as an instance of generosity and good nature; though Mr. Auditor Benson, having been thrust into the Dunciad, will probably be known to posterity only as a bad critic:

"On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
"Milton on this, on that one Johnson's name."

To Milton he erected a monument in Westminster Abbey, and gave Mr. Dobson, of New College, 1000l, for translating *Paradise Lost* into Latin. Johnson's Latin Psalms he preferred to Buchanan's. Mr. Benson published, however, a translation of the first and second Georgics, which had merit.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT

No. XLII.

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.]

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

No. IX.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

WILLIAM HAVELL.—The compositions of this artist were much admired, even in the first year's exhibition in Brook-street, whilst he was yet a very young man. He had already proved himself an attentive observer of nature, for his landscape subjects were well chosen, and truly characteristic of English scenery; an observation that might appear unnecessary to those who are unacquainted with the practice of Lambert, Taverner, the Smiths of Chichester, and others of the early English school. These, and almost all our landscape painters, previous to Wilson and Gainsborough, looked at their native mountains, woods and plains, only through the spectacles of foreign masters, from which their pictures have no high pretensions to our approbation, as they will not bear a comparison with the works of our living artists, who regard nature only through the medium of their own optics.

Havell, however, was not contented with an occasional trip from London, to snatch a new hint, by hasty sketching from real scenes, to work into pictures at his return, as many had done: he wisely determined to remove to some picturesque spot, where he might sojourn awhile, and at leisure contemplate nature under the changes of each season, and attired in all the varieties of her rich wardrobe. He selected the beautiful region of the lakes in Cumberland, and took up his quarters in a little town in the very bosom of romantic nature, surrounded by mountains, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, where the incidents of sun and cloud, where gilded morning mists, and sober evening shades, are exhibited in all the combinations of pictorial and poetic effect, such as the imagination might vainly attempt to conceive. Here he studied for two years, when he returned to London with rich stores of lake and mountain scenery, from which, for several seasons, he enriched the exhibition, added to his own fame, and contributed to raise the general reputation of his department of art.

We remember, among these Cumberland views, some which were remarkable for depth and harmony of effect, and nearer to reality than the com-

positions of any of his compeers. Indeed, the richness and intensity of colouring in some of his happiest works, suffered but little in comparison with paintings in oil; a consequence that resulted from his continual practice of painting his effects on the spot.

These drawings, though broad in effect, and bold in execution, yet were highly wrought, being the result of careful study, and much labour; indeed, it is not possible to attain richness and harmony, without such exertion. These qualities are alone to be effected by reiterated touching, tinting, or glazing; for it is in water colours as with oil colours, deep toned pictures require much time to accomplish. Teniers, it is evident, painted from a simple palette, and worked with celerity; there is a clearness and masterly dexterity of execution, which testifies the expedition of his pencil; but he aimed not at richness and depth of tone, his pictures appear to be a pure transcript of nature, transferred to his panel, without an effort of art. Ostade, on the contrary, wrought with another, and perhaps a superior feeling. He aimed at the depth and glowing richness of Titian. Each were admirable masters in their way, but Teniers no doubt could have painted ten pictures within the time, which Ostade would have required to paint one.

Certain professors of water colours, who prepare their compositions right through with black and grey, however bright the effects which they may bring out by washing their colours over such a general and unvaried preparation, are properly denominated draughtsmen or tinters; not by way of reproach, but from the mechanical ease of their practice. Turner, Havell, Hills, Varley, and others, who commence by laying in the local tints at once, and advance their designs with the corresponding shadows, may fairly lay claim to the character of painters in water colours. Those who work by the aforementioned mechanical process, consequently, can execute their tinted designs with ten times the despatch of those who paint their compositions.

That richness of style which Havell aimed at, and which he accomplished in water colours, could not have been effected by the old method of practice: The new process was a discovery, which originated with Turner, and was performed by taking out the lights with bread. The process is simple in its means, but requires skilful manage-

LONDON, JANUARY 3. 1824.

absorbing the water, is removed, and the parts are dexterously swept over by a bit of bread, pinched to a pellet, which removes the colour, and leaves the lights clean and sharp, and in a beautiful state when dry, for receiving the glazing tints. When this process is executed with judgment, and with a masterly hand, we feel no hesitation in saying, that for the touching of foliage, the bark of trees, the surfaces of stone, plaster, brick, &c., and for other parts of topographical or landscape composition, nothing can exceed it, either in spirit or texture. It has so peculiar a character, that when Turner's magnificent effects, aided by this process, were first exhibited at the Royal Academy, all the painters were puzzled to find out, by what art he performed this graphic magic.

It is to be deplored, however, that this really enchanting process is, in its own nature, too evanescent to endure exposure either to a bright light, or the least humidity of atmosphere, which is a fatal circumstance to the professor of water colour painting, as it must of course militate against the forming of galleries of such works, however transcendent their merit. We speak of those richly toned works which have been exhibited of late, particularly that classic composition of Barretts, which made so fine a feature in the exhibition at Charing Cross last spring. The tints used for glazing being almost entirely composed of fugitive pigments, as, carmine-lake, gambouge, yellow-lake, brown pink, &c. without the aid of which, in spite

the compositions sented scenes in which, although character, and truth of that most works of the inco gusting to good sentiment. Ever ragged vagabond gypsies, for their or the ferocious inhabitants of rc grandeur. Yet, the contemplatic cadaverous grou cellar, with robb on every brow.

Mr. Heaphy, highly creditable and a pleasing an excellent feel great presage of ginal path. But a still more pr talents to pour St. James's, and

His Juvenile Game, one of merit, and was dent of the Ro

judgment in selecting, is only equalled in the care with which he preserves his choice collection of paintings in water colours, which he so proudly values, and which affords, by his courtesy, so great a treat to the amateurs of art.

JOSHUA CRISTALL.—We never recur to the works of this classic genius, but we regret that he did not originally direct his fine talent for composition to the profession of sculpture, or to painting in oil. There was perceptible in his early designs a largeness of parts, and a greatness of execution, that called for more powerful space for the display of such rare excellences than the limited scope of water-colours could afford; unless, indeed, he had been sufficiently adventurous, to have revived the art of body-colours, and attempted designs on the magnificent scale of the celebrated cartoons.

Late in his career, however, he attempted painting in oil, but it required more bodily strength to stand up to a great work than he then possessed; and moreover, it demanded a long and arduous apprenticeship to acquire a mastery over the material and the manual execution of that difficult mode of art; although Michael Angelo, on the discovery of oil paints, pronounced the process only becoming the feebler practice of women. Such are occasionally the mistakes of prejudice, even with the greatest minds, touching the merits of recent discoveries; which should teach all arbiters of taste not too hastily to condemn any elegant invention, because it happens to be contrary to established practice.

We remember some of Mr. Cristall's works in water colours, which were of so high a scale of merit, so entirely efficient, that he could be no connoisseur who would object to them because they were executed in water colours. No process yet discovered, we venture to say, could have better expressed an emanation of his genius, than a composition which he exhibited in Brook-street. It was selected from one of our poets, the subject, *Youths Bathing*, a design that would have done credit to any of the ancient schools.

There is moreover a classic composition by this artist, in the collection of Mr. Wheeler, of *Virgilian Peasants*, which is conceived in the highest gusto of art. It is certainly the noblest production of water colour painting.

Every amateur of judgment must recollect the original and sterling taste which he has continued to display from year to year, in his single figures and compositions of English rustics, which have

contributed so largely to the interest of the exhibitions of the *painters in water-colours*. His fishermen, cottage groups, gleaners, and other pictures of humble life, may be pronounced, allowing for their broad, bold, and comparatively slight manner of execution, to rank with the most original and masterly productions of the modern school. Would we could say that Mr. Cristall could be included among the more fortunate of his compeers. Such, however, is public judgment, that the price of one indifferent Raffaele, or one doubtful Claude, paid by some credulous collector, amounts to a larger sum than would cover all the ingenious labours of his last twenty years.

THE WORKS OF ANTONIO CANOVA.

Engraved on Outline by Henry Moses.

THIS elegant work, which is published in monthly numbers, has several claims to patronage from the world of taste. First, As it tends to extend the sphere of the great and noble-minded sculptor's fame. Secondly, As it helps to diffuse a general taste for the polite arts; and, Thirdly, As it displays another specimen of the beauty and perfection of the British press, both as to the graphic and calcographic state of art.

We owe the introduction of this useful method of representation, touching form and composition of the works of sculptors and painters, to the munificence of Mr. Thomas Hope, who some years since patronized Mr. Moses, and gave to the artists of England, through the medium of his masterly and correct outlines, the graceful forms of the finest Greek statues. We say gave to the artists, for Mr. Hope paid for the plates, and presented them to the publisher, that the painters, sculptors, engravers, and other professors of the arts, might purchase the volumes in which they appeared, at the most reasonable price. Had this spontaneous offering been presented at the shrine of English taste, by a native, we should have proclaimed the generous deed as nobly patriotic. As it was so graciously placed there by a foreigner, however, we contemplate the act as still more noble, because it is still more generous, and we respect the deed accordingly.

There are too many useful works on sciences and arts, which are unattainable by the professor, from the large sums which are demanded for a copy. In that before us, we have no such cause for prohibition, as each number contains five beautiful out-

lines by this celebrated engraver, from statues, groups, &c. sculptured by the renowned Canova, with several pages of descriptive letter-press, printed on superb paper, at the very moderate price of *four shillings each Number*.

The utility of these works in outline, is greater than might be imagined by those who are satisfied by a mere cursory glance at every thing in the graphic art that is deficient in bold and striking effect; an indifference, by the way, too common with English amateurs, by whom the higher graces of drawing are held of minor importance; and so that a picture displays but splendid colouring and vigorous effect, a strict adherence to the other properties of composition can usually be dispensed with. That the British school of painting excels all other schools in these fascinating qualities, is universally admitted; and for many branches of that art, we confess that the original and poetic feeling exhibited in colouring and effect, amply compensates for the neglect of drawing. In portraiture and in landscape, an indefinite image of the prototype may be produced, which shall charm the spectator beyond the most laboured imitation. We have in proof of this but to instance certain works of Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, not only inimitable in their way, but superior in poetic and pictorial sentiment, to the productions of all other masters.

There are, however, subjects of a higher and more classic character that command a style of composition, of which the very foundation is elegance of form, and the superstructure perfection of drawing; without which, indeed, even much cleverness of conception, and meritorious exertion, falls so short of the mark, that the painter's faults are exposed even to the observation of persons who pretend to no judgment of the principles of art. To arrive at these superior excellences, the student must have recourse to the sublime forms and contours of sculpture, as exhibited in the statues and basso-relievos of the ancient Greeks; or those sculptures, the works of the most illustrious moderns, who emulate their style of composition. It is in vain for the painter to seek equally perfect models of human form in nature, as objects of his academic studies in drawing, for they no where exist. His study of form from the life, and its application on the canvas, is a matter of subsequent consideration.

These outlines, then, are valuable to the student, as they enable him to store his portfolio with a

variety of positions of well-studied form, in the most graceful and elegant contours. These he should contemplate in his closet, by which he could not fail to acquire improvement in his taste, as they afford a greater extent of material to enrich his mind with, when engaged in sketching his thoughts, in the delightful practice of composition. He, then, that would excel in the pursuits of high art, should endeavour to procure every scrap of the *classic antique*, and in his hours of leisure, seek profitable amusement in the contemplation of the endless varieties of form, simplicity, and grace, which are so exquisitely combined in such mighty works of human genius.

[To be continued.]

APOLOGY FOR PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

No. I.

SCARCELY have the gates of the Royal Academy closed upon the first day of its annual exhibition, and night spread darkness o'er the Strand, but on looking up at many surrounding attics, we behold the magnified shadows of many a head of critic, compositor, pressman, and printer's devil, reflected upon the dingy ceilings, from the blazing lamps within. We have often likened these upper stories to the camps of an invading enemy, busily preparing their literary missiles to discharge against the adjacent citadel of arts, on the approaching morn. 'Tis day again, and now the smutty heralds, with tin trumpets, issue forth, east, west, north, south, and proclaim the war of Literature against the Arts; and now the siege begins, and the thicker the bombs of satire shower their destructive shells upon the devoted heads of the besieged, so, louder and louder are the national huzzas!

What spirit is it presides over this annual warfare? It is of so preternatural a character and cast, that, to designate it by a fitting name, would puzzle those more cunningly skilled in the import of words than our unlearned selves.

This is the æra of a new and unheard-of persecution, invented in England,—too preposterous for the imitation of other regions, and the marvel of the civilized world!

But—to depart from idle metaphor—let us seriously ask, and put it to the good sense of the thinking part of the nation, whether the arts can flourish, (and why should they not?) when thus assailed by such increasing hosts of enemies and wanton calumniators as each succeeding year has

mustered, from the period when a few audacious satirists first commenced their unprovoked attacks upon the artists and their works?

It is now more than thirty years since those malignant writers, men of no mean perception, and abounding in wit—so much the worse—first began to mark down certain members of the native school of art for public sport. The opening spring exhibition was the season to beat up for game. It is an old adage,—that the aberrations of wise men constitute the chief consolation of the ignorant. There could then be no lack of open-mouthed blockheads to join in the chase. It argued bad taste, however, in men of such potent wit to play the yeomen-prickers and whippers-in—to head the field, and run down genius and talent for public sport. But these were traitors to the cause of learning, sciences, and arts;—corrupt sentinels, who sought rewards of the enemy, to point out a fissure or a hole, or where lay the weakest point for attack;—traitors in the strictest sense; for men of genius and talent of every peaceful art and science all over the world, should be of one fraternity: how much more strong, then, should be the ties among brethren of the same soil.

At the period of which we have spoken, these attacks were confined to the daring operations of at most half-a-dozen pamphleteers. But of late, the monthly, weekly, and even diurnal papers, unite forces, and assail the artists and the arts. Almost every periodical retains its critical censor on taste; and few can be named whose columns are not open to all anonymous enemies who chuse to try their hands in sending from a masked battery a random shot at the professors.

There would be less cause for dreading this confederacy of the press against the arts, were not the assailants so specious in their attacks. The public are persuaded by these self-elected censors, that the taste is wrongly directed,—that the English school is not impelled by that noble emulation which raised the renown of the great painters of old.

Portrait! portrait! portrait! the exhibition is filled with portrait! What then? Why, the study of portraiture is degrading to artists and the arts. This is the universal cry. And why not portraits? Because every lord mayor, and alderman, and deputy, and common-councilman, and every proud peer, and vain lady, and old beau, and silly coquette, are thrust in places that were better filled with historical paintings of classic story, to excite the age to great and glorious deeds!

How nobly these great critics think and feel! say the unsuspecting public. Surely the painters of our days are sadly degenerate. These reflections naturally arise in the minds of the readers of the "NOTICES OF ART."

Scarcely had the mortal remains of our great Reynolds been deposited in the tomb, but his illustrious fame became the object of animadversion, for prostituting his talent to portraiture. We shall copy some passages from the pamphlet in which the censures appeared. It is from the satirical pen of no less a wit than Anthony Pasquin, to whom and Peter Pindar we ascribe the origin of this war of literature against the arts.

The subject from which we quote, is that wherein TRUTH is made to delineate the PORTRAITS OF ALL THE ACADEMICIANS, some of whom we mean to select for future observation, as they are drawn with that mixture of wit, falsehood, and malignity, for which he was famed, and which mainly betrayed the public into those errors which have led to so false an estimate of the merits of our schools of art.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"That elegant flatterer of humanity on canvas," quoth he, "was born at Plympton in Devonshire, on July 16, 1723, where his father, depressed with a numerous family, pruned and starved, as one of those subordinate ecclesiastics, whose state is a reproach to the indolent fat prelates of this credulous island, who gorge on the luxuries of nature, and cast their offals indignantly to the patient and laborious curate." * * * * *

"Ere the wing of his fancy was in full feather, it was his good fortune to be protected by the late Lord Keppel, under whose auspices he visited Italy, and by an incessant and well-directed study, acquired, as he contemplated the best works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his limitless reputation as a portrait painter: though I never subscribed to his merits to that extent which his companions and panegyrists demanded.

"He swallowed potations of vile adulation, even to sickening; but as they were administered by the unskilful, they must have worked to the relaxation, and not to the strengthening of his judgment. * * * * *

"At the opening of the Royal Academy, he delivered the first of those discourses on painting which he annually continued, and which were supposed to have been previously illuminated by the pens of SAMUEL JOHNSON and EDMUND BURKE. The principles which he chiefly inculcated in these essays are erroneous, as they tend to maintain an idea that a disciple in painting can do as well without genius as with it; but as every writer upon the arts, in every language, had antecedently thought otherwise, perhaps the President believed that it was more advantageous to his fame to be singularly fallacious than customarily instructive.

"There certainly exists a disposition in our modern artists, to make the portraiture independent of the person represented; and for this disposition we are indebted to the la-

hours of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Not that I wish to convey any odium to his memory, but merely to prove to the rising race of artists, how ruinous it is to make hazardous attempts to which the capacity is not competent, when the only excuse that can be brought forward in justification of the error is, that the practice originated with a man whose genius and talents elevated him above common competition."

Surely this sarcastic writer had already heaped sufficient odium upon his memory, having charged him with swallowing *potations of vile adulation, to sickening*, and of having assumed to himself the honours of authorship due to his illustrious friends Johnson and Burke.

This indeed is too flagrant; for in the satirical attack upon Sir William Chambers, this same Anthony Pasquin writes, "*In SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS's presidency, the floor gave way, (of the Royal Academy,) when BURKE, and a few more of the illuminati, were eagerly listening to a theme they could not comprehend.*" This THEME, be it known, gentle reader, was the memorable DISCOURSE which Sir Joshua delivered in the great room of the Royal Academy, and the last of those discourses which we are just informed *Burke had illuminated by his own pen!*

We have observed in a former number, that such-revilers are governed by no moral principle; yet who could suppose that any writer would have the audacity to fabricate such palpable falsehoods, to injure the memory of so great and good a man!

"The pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds must be taken as a whole, to preserve his reputation," says this writer; "as if you attempt to disjoin them, the component parts are not of equal value. This is a compliment to his genius, in respect to composition and effect, but none when regarding his obligations to truth; as the ramifications of whatever is true, will operate like the atoms of beautiful Nature, and be highly valuable as a component part, though dismembered from the common origin. Much has been urged as to the superior information of his mind; but I do not think that the presumed information has tended to the aggrandizement of his reputation, as he almost unremittently confined himself to the VILE DRUDGERY OF PORTRAIT PAINTING, and left the path of sublimity, where high science is required, to be trodden by those whose intellects were unequal to the ulterior point of their desires."

VILE DRUDGERY OF PORTRAIT PAINTING!

The greatest painters, and the wisest philosophers have held portrait painting to be a high, difficult, and important branch of art. Is it not as interesting a department of painting as is that of making portrait statues and busts in sculpture? Will not future posterity behold the living resemblance of Johnson, in the picture of Reynolds, and the mind

of that great moralist, in the marble bust of Nolekins, with equal interest? Or do we value the painted resemblance of the unfortunate English monarch, transmitted to us by the pencil of Vanduyck, less than the faithful image of that princely patron of the arts, by the chisel of Bernini? We could almost wish that it had pleased the fates that the prince of limners had lived in the age of the prince of poets, that we might have contemplated a picture of Shakspeare by the pencil of Reynolds.

But why the literati should so continually disturb themselves upon this prevailing want of lofty-mindedness among our artists, and so loudly reprobate this national depravity of taste—this self-devotion of the public, which, in spite of all the moralizing and satirizing of the press, still continues to employ the best energies of our national school, is passing strange. It is certainly a gratuitous zeal on the part of our writers; and why the royal academicians do not profit by advice so disinterested, can only be accounted for by the grovelling spirit which urges them to paint substantial human forms—to live, rather than to wander in the paths of sublimity, in pursuit of classic shadows—to starve.

THE PATHS OF SUBLIMITY! There is so much sentiment and pathos in the phrase, that it might well inspire the painters to look to these paths, only that they have no classic enthusiasm. Indeed it is said of them as a body, that they are generally so perversely devoted to their own pursuits, as rarely to deviate from the path of nature; and excepting that they heartily wish well to all bodies of science, they trouble themselves with no one's business but their own. But with reference to the monthly, weekly, and daily literary channels, through which so much sublime advice is poured to waste, upon not only the painters, but the architects and sculptors, let us enquire into the operations of the classic gentlemen employed in their service, and whose pens are thus devoted to the improvement of the national taste.

We would ask some of these lofty-minded censors, whether their talents are not as commonly confined to the VILE DRUDGERY OF THE PRESS? and whether a host of men of classic learning, and high literary abilities, do not prostitute their talents by ministering to that national bad taste which revels in the contemplation of a monthly, weekly—yea, a daily, detail of human vice and folly, which fills the columns of our numberless journals? Further, we would enquire how it happens, that among men who can express such fine sentiments upon

the misapplication of the talent of members of other professions, so many shall be found who stoop to the vile drudgery of flying from post to pillar, at the mandate of their employers, to collect the speeches of mob orators, with circumstantial, horrible details of rapes and murders; to report police examinations; to be spectators of pugilistic matches, and chroniclers of the offensive terms of the ring; to be present at public executions, and other meetings and exhibitions, which are approached by ways as remote from the *sublime paths* which they prescribe for other men, as is wealth from poverty, or peace from war.

There can be no substantial objection to candid criticism, from whatever source it may flow. If it be sound and orthodox, all its tendencies are good; it opens the eyes of the professor to his errors, and corrects the public judgment; it is mutually beneficial to the patron and the patronized. But we do presume to think, with due deference to these classic gentlemen, who aspire to recommend to artists a better path to fame, that it would become them, as classic guides, to lead the way. For surely it is not unreasonable to expect, that those whose polite education and refined sentiments are such, that they cannot endure to behold a modern statue, because it is not a Phidias, nor a painting, because it is not an Apelles, nor a building, because it is not a Callicratides, should never condescend to pen any other than classic subjects themselves. Such should give to the world new epics, tragedies, comedies, odes, and pastorals, like those of Greek and Roman days; for Homer and Pindar, Euripides and Terence, Horace and Virgil, impelled by those great notions which our enlightened writers prescribe for our unenlightened artists, condescended not to rake in the ditches and kennels of Parnassus for paltry gold!

[To be continued.]

THE MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. VII.

HANDEL.

HANDEL's father purposing to visit one of his sons, who was valet de chambre to the Duke of Saxe Weisenfeld, Handel earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to accompany him; but his request was peremptorily rejected. The father set off in a chaise, and when he had travelled a few miles, he was surprised at the sight of his son, who, with a strength greatly surpassing his years, had set out on foot and overtaken the carriage, the progress of which had been retarded by the badness of the roads. After a sharp animadversion, and some reluctance, the little suppliant was per-

mitted to take his seat, and gratify his earnest desire of visiting his brother.

At the Duke's court, Handel was not so closely watched by his father as at home. He enjoyed many opportunities of indulging his natural propensity; and he contrived, occasionally, to play upon the organ in the Duke's chapel at the conclusion of divine service. One morning the Duke hearing the organ touched in an unusual manner, inquired of his valet who was the performer. The valet replied that it was his brother, and mentioning at the same time his wonderful talents and predilection for music, and his father's repugnance, the Duke sent for them both. After other inquiries, the Duke was so much pleased with the spirit and talents of the boy, that he pleaded the cause of nature; he represented it as a crime against the public and posterity, to rob the world of such a genius; and finally persuaded the father to sacrifice his own scruples, and to permit his son to be instructed in the profession for which he had evinced so strong an inclination. A more interesting scene can hardly be conceived, than Handel listening to the arguments of his powerful advocate, and making his final triumph over the reluctant prejudices of his parent.

When Handel became blind, though he no longer presided over the oratorios, he still introduced concertos on the organ between the acts. At first he relied on his memory, but the exertion becoming painful to him, he had recourse to the inexhaustible stores of his rich and fertile imagination. He gave to the band only such parts of his intended composition as were to be filled up by their accompaniments; and relied on his own powers of invention to produce, at the impulse of the moment, those captivating passages which arrested attention, and enchanted his auditors.

It was a most painful spectacle to see the venerable musician, whose efforts had charmed the ear of a discerning public, led by the hand of friendship to the front of the stage, to make an obeisance of acknowledgment to his enraptured audience.

When Smith played the organ at the Theatre, during the first year of Handel's blindness, Sampson was performed, and Beard sung, with great feeling:

"Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The recollection that Handel had set this air to music, with the view of the blind composer then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were affected even to tears.

DE MUSICA.

As arte of nombres and mesures seruethe to diuinite, so doth the arte of melody for musyk; by the whyche accorde and melodye is knowne in sowne, and in songe is nedeful to know mystyk meanyng of Holy Writte; for it is sayd that the worlde is compownd and made in a certayne and proportion of armeny, as *Yaydor* sayth *libro tertio*.

And it is sayd that heuen gooth aboute with consonauncy and accorde of melodye. For musyk meuyth affection, and excyteth the wyttes to dyuerse dysposycyon. Also in bataylle the noyse of the trompe comfortyth werryours, and the more stronge that the trompyng is, the more stronge and bolde men ben to fyghte; and comfortyth shyemen to suffre alle the dysseases and trauelle. And comforte of voyes pleasyth and comfortyth the hert, and inwyties in all dyssease

and traueylle of werks and werynesse. And musyk abatyth maystry of euyl spyrytes in mankynde, as we rene of *Dauid* that deliuered *Saul* of an unclene spyryte by craftie of melodye. And musyk excyteth and comfortyth bestis and serpentis, foules and delphines to take hede therto; and so veynes and synewes of the body and puls therof; and so all the lymmes of the body ben so cled togdyer by vertue of armonye, as *Isider* sayth. Of musyk ben thre partyes, Armonica, Rethemica, and Metrica. Armonica dystyngueth grete and smalle in sownes, and hyghe and lowe, and proportionall chaunging of voys and of sowne. And armonia is swete accorde of songe, and cometh of due proporcyon in dyuerse voyces, other blastes, towchyng and smytynge sownes; for, as *Isider* sayth, sowne cometh of voys, as of mowthe and jowes; other of blastes, as of trompes and pyper; other of towchyng and smytynge of cymbale and harpe; and other suche that sowneth with smytynge and strokes. Voys comyth to one accorde, as *Hugucyon* sayth, for in all melodye nedyth many voys, other sownes, and that accordyng; for one voys pleasyth not so moche as the voys and songe of the cnokken, and yf many dyscordith, the voys plesith not; for of such dyscorde comyth not songe but howlyng, other yellyng; but in many voyces accordyng in one is proporcyon of armony and melodye other sweet symphonia. And so *Isider* sayth that symphonia is temperate modulacyon, accordyng in sownes hyghe and lowe. And by this armony hyghe voys accordyth, so that if one dyscordyth it greueth the berynge; and such accordyng of voys highte Euphonia, that is sweetness of voys, and highte also Melodia, and hath that name of sweetnesse, and of Mel, that is honey: and the contrary is called *Diaphonia* fowle voys and dyscordyng. To make melodye of armonye nedyth, diastema, diesis, tonus, Iperludius, podorius, arsis, thesis, and swete voys, and temperate sowne. Dyastema is a couenable space of two voyces, other of moo accordyng. Diesis is the space and doynge of melodye, and chaunging out of one sowne into another. Tonus is the sharpnesse of voys, and is difference and quantite of armony and standyth in accent and tenor of voys. And musycious maketh therof systene partyes. *Iperludius* is the laste therof and moost sharpest; and *Podorius* is moost heuie of alle, as *Isyder* sayth. Nois is reuenge of voys, and is the beginnynge of songe. Thesis is settinge, and is the ende, as *Isyder* sayth: and so songe is the bendyng of the voys, for some passeth streight, as he sayth, and is to fore songe. And every voys is sowne, and ayeen warde; for sowne is the objecte of berynge, for all that is perceyved by herunge is called sowne, as breking of trees, smytynge togdyer of stones, hurlyng and rusyng of waues and of wynde, chytteryng of byrdes, lowyng of bestys, voys and gronyng of men, and smytynge of organes. And a voys is properly the sowne that comyth of the mouth of a beest, and sowne comyth of ayre smytte ayeenst an harde body; and the smytynge is sooner seen than the sowne is heard, and the lyghtnyng is sooner seen than the thonder is herde. A voys is moost thynne ayre smyte with the wreste of the tonge: and some voys sygnifyeth and tokenyth by kynde, as chytteryng of byrdes and gronyng of syke men. And some tokenyth at wyll, as the voys of a man that is ordeyned, and there shape by heste of reason to telle out certain wordes. The voys berith forth the worde, and the worde that is in the thoughte maye not come oute but by helpe of the voys, that it oute bryngeth. And so fyrst the inwyte gendrieth a worde in the

thoughte, and puttyth it afterward out of the mouthe by the voyce; and so the worde that is gaudyd and conteyned by inwyte, comyth oute by the voys, as it were by an instrumente, and is knowe. The voyce that is disposed to songe and melodye hath these proprietees, as *Isyder* sayth. Voyces, he sayth, ben smalle, subtil, thicke, clere, sharpe, and shyll. In subtil voys the spyryte is not strong, as in chyldren and wymmen; and in other that haue not grete synwes, stronge and thicke; for of small strynges comyth smalle voys and subtil. The voyces ben fatie and thych whan moche spyryte cometh oute, as the voys of a man. The voys is cleare that sowneth well, and ryngyth wythout any hollownesse. Voyces ben lowde, and drawith a longe, and fylleth soone all the place, as the noyse of trumpes. The harde voys is hose, and also the harde voys is gryme and gryely whan the sowne thereof is vyolente, and as the sowne of thondre, and of a felde bete with grete malles. The rough voys is hose and sharplyd by smalle, and is stuffyd and durth not longe, as the sowne of erthen vessel. Voys uniuolenta is nesse and plyaunt.

That name uniuolenta, of *Viuo*, that is a lytyll belle nashly bende. The perfyghte voys is high, swete, and stronge, and clere; hyghe to be well herde, clere to fille the eeres, swete to pleyse, and not to fere the berynge, and to comfort the hertes to take hede therto. Yf ought herof fayleth, the voys is not perfyghte, as *Isyder* sayth. Here ouer is armonia of organes, that comyth of blaste whan certayn instruments be craftly made and duly blowe, and geuyth by quantyte of the blaste craftly, dyuers dyuersite of organes and instrumentes, as it fareth of organes, trompes, and pipes, and other suke that geuyth dyuerse sownes and noyse. *Organum* is a generall name of all instrumentes of musyk, and is nethelesse specially a propriete to the instrument that is made of many pipes, and blowe wyth blowes. And now holy church used only this instrument of musyk, in proses, sequences, and ympnes; and forsakyth for men's use of mynstralsye all other instrumentes of musyk.

The *Turkes* sounde fyrste the trompe. *Virgil* spekyth of them, and sayeth that the voys of the trompe of *Turkes* lowyth in the ayre. Men in the olde tyme usyd trompes in batayle to fere and affraye their enmyes to comforte theyr owne knyghtes and fyghtyng men; and to comforte hose of werre to fyghte and to rese and smyte in the batayle; and tokenyth worship wyth vitory in the fyghtyng, and to call them agen that begyn to fle. And usyd also trompettes in feestys to call the people togider, and for business in praysonge of God. And for cryenge of welthe of joye the *Hebrewes* were commaunded to blowe trompettes in batayle, in the begynnyng of the newe moone, and to crye and warne the comyng of the Jubile, the yere of grace, with noyse of trompes, and to crye and reste to all men. As *Isyder* sayth, *Libro XVIII*.

A trompe is properly an instrument ordeyned for men that fyghteth in batayle, to crye and to warne of the sygnes of batayle. And where the cryer's voys may not be herde for noyse, the noyse of the trompe should be herde and knowen. And *Tuba* hath that name as it were *Tona*, that is, holow wythin, and full smoth for to take the more brette, and is rounde wythout, streyghte attie the tromper's mouth, and brode and large at the other ende; and the tromper with his honde putteth it to his mouth, and the trompe is rayd upwarde and downward, and holde forth ryght; and is dyuerse of noyse, as *Isyder* sayth. For it is somtyme blowe to arraye bataylles, and somtyme for that bataylles

sholde smyte togeder, and somtyme for the chase, and to take men in to the hoste.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA.

Alessandro Stradella, one of the greatest Italian musicians in his time, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century; he was both a very fine singer, and an exquisite performer on the harp, an instrument in which he greatly delighted; over and above which qualifications, he possessed a talent for vocal composition, sufficient alone to have rendered him famous to all posterity. He was for some time composer to the opera at Venice, under an appointment of the magistrates of that republic, and frequently sang on the stage, cantatas and other of his own compositions, accompanying himself on the harp.

His character as a musician was so high at Venice, that all who were desirous of excelling in the science were solicitous to become his pupils. Among the many whom he had the instruction of, was one, a young lady of a noble family of Rome, named Hortensia, who, notwithstanding her illustrious descent, submitted to live in a criminal intimacy with a Venetian nobleman. The frequent access of Stradella to this lady, and the many opportunities he had of being alone with her, produced in them both such an affection for each other, that they agreed to go off together for Rome. In consequence of this resolution, they embarked on a very fine night, and, by the favour of the wind, effected their escape.

Upon the discovery of the lady's flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual method in that country of obtaining satisfaction for real or supposed injuries: he dispatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady, giving them a sum of money in hand, and a promise of a larger if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, the assassins received intelligence that those whom they were in pursuit of were at Rome, where the lady passed for the wife of Stradella. Upon this they determined to execute their commission, wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum for them to fly to, as soon as the deed should be perpetrated.

Upon the receipt of letters for this purpose, the assassins made the best of their way towards Rome; and being arrived there, they learned that on the morrow, at five in the evening, Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They failed not to be present at the performance, and had concerted to follow Stradella and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the blow. The performance was now begun, and these men had nothing to do but to watch the motions of Stradella, and attend to the music, which they had scarce begun to hear before the suggestions of humanity began to operate upon their minds; they were seized with remorse, and reflected with horror on the thought of depriving of his life a man capable of giving to his auditors such pleasure as they had but just then felt. In short, they desisted from their purpose, and determined, instead of taking away his life, to exert their endeavours for the preservation of it: they waited for his coming out of the church, and courteously addressing him and the lady, who was by his side, first returned him thanks for the pleasure they had received at hearing his music, and informed them both of the errand they had been sent upon, expatiating upon the irresistible charms, which of savages had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their execrable

purpose; and concluded with their earnest advice that Stradella and the lady should both depart from Rome the next day, themselves promising to deceive their employer, and forego the remainder part of their reward, by making him believe that Stradella and his lady had quitted Rome on the morning of their arrival.

Having thus escaped the malice of their enemy, the two lovers took an immediate resolution to fly for safety to Turin, and soon arrived there. The assassins being returned to Venice, reported to their employer that Stradella and Hortensia had fled from Rome, and taken shelter in the city of Turin, a place where the laws were very severe, and which, excepting the houses of the ambassadors, afforded no protection for murderers; they represented to him the difficulty of getting these two persons assassinated, and for their own parts, notwithstanding their engagements, declined the enterprize. This disappointment, instead of allaying, served but to sharpen the resentment of the Venetian: he had found means to attach to his interest the father of Hortensia, and, by various arguments, to inspire him with resolution to become the murderer of his own daughter. With this old man, no less vindictive and malevolent than himself, the Venetian associated two ruffians, and dispatched them all to Turin, fully inspired with a resolution of stabbing Stradella and the old man's daughter wherever they found them. The Venetian also furnished them with letters from Mons. l'Abbé Estrades, then ambassador of France at Venice, addressed to the Marquis of Villars, the French ambassador at Turin. The purport of these letters was a recommendation of the bearers of them, who were therein represented to be merchants, to the protection of the ambassador, if at any time they should stand in need of it.

The Duchess of Savoy was at that time regent; and she having been informed of the arrival of Stradella and Hortensia, and the occasion of their precipitate flight from Rome; and knowing the vindictive temper of the Venetians, placed the lady in a convent, and retained Stradella in her palace as her principal musician. In a situation of such security as this seemed to be, Stradella's fears for the safety of himself and his mistress began to abate, till one evening, walking for the air upon the ramparts of the city, he was set upon by the three assassins above-mentioned, that is to say, the father of Hortensia, and the two ruffians, who each gave him a stab with a dagger in the breast, and immediately betook themselves to the house of the French Ambassador as to a sanctuary.

The attack on Stradella having been made in the sight of numbers of people who were walking in the same place, occasioned an uproar in the city, which soon reached the ears of the Duchess; she ordered the gates to be shut, and diligent search to be made for the three assassins, and being informed that they had taken refuge in the house of the French Ambassador, she went to demand them. The Ambassador insisting on the privileges which those of his function claimed from the law of nations, refused to deliver them up; he nevertheless wrote to the Abbé de Estrades, to know the reason of the attack upon Stradella, and was informed by the Abbé that he had been surprised into a recommendation of the three men, by one of the most powerful of the Venetian nobility. In the interim, Stradella was cured of his wounds, and the Marquis de Villars, to make short of the question about privilege and the rights of ambassadors, suffered the assassins to escape.

From this time, finding himself disappointed of his re-

venge, but not the least abated in his ardour to accomplish it, this implacable Venetian contented himself with setting spies to watch the motions of Stradella. A year was elapsed after the cure of his wounds; no fresh disturbance had been given to him, and he thought himself secure from any further attempts on his life. The Duchess regent, who was concerned for the honour of her sex, and the happiness of two persons who had suffered so much, and seemed to have been born for each other, joined the hands of Stradella and his beloved Hortensia, and they were married. After the ceremony, Stradella and his wife having a desire to visit the port of Genoa, went thither with a resolution to return to Turin: the assassins having intelligence of their departure, followed them close at their heels. Stradella and his wife, it is true, reached Genoa, but the morning after their arrival, these three execrable villains rushed into their chamber and stabbed each to the heart. The murderers had taken care to secure a bark which lay in the port; to this they retreated, and made their escape from justice, and were never heard of more.

ACCOUNT

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

(THE FRIEND OF POPE.)

Written by Himself.

WITHIN a few years after a war against the Dutch was declared, though not until a squadron of our ships had endeavoured to intercept and surprise their Smyrna fleet a little unfairly; of which design we failed very oddly, and by a fault that had certainly been punished under a wise administration. *Sir Edward Spragg*, who heard nothing of the war, returned home in company with those very *Smyrna* merchants, and with his whole squadron sailing faster than they, passed by ours that lay in wait for them; and yet *Sir Robert Holmes*, our commander, and alone trusted with the secret, would not so much as communicate it to *Sir Edward Spragg*, because he must have commanded both squadrons (as being the superior officer,) and consequently deprive him of a prize, which instead of that proved an errant Tartar; for the *Smyrna* merchants, together with their Dutch convoy, made their part good against *Sir Robert Holmes's* squadron, and so got safe home, merely for want of *Sir Edward Spragg* being called to his assistance.

The Duke of York, always eager after military fame, and Admiral of England, commanded the fleet in person that summer, which made me go a volunteer once more, though I confess with not half so good a will as before, my heart being engaged at that time, and I shall never forget the tenderness of our parting.

I waited on the Duke in his own ship, where I intended to stay, but meeting the Earl of Ossory there, who was both my kinsman and friend, and commanded the *Victory*, a second-rate ship; he invited me so earnestly to be with him, that I accepted his kindness, and afterwards found I could not have been any where else so well on several accounts; since no man ever did more bravely than he on all occasions. Soon after I had some experience of the Duke's firmness in any resolution he had once taken; for though he grew so very kind to me as to favour me in much greater matters, yet I could never prevail on him to grant me one

request, which at that time I thought it a little hard to be denied. My request was, that if in the next engagement he perceived any ship to fail of doing its duty, by reason of her captain's being killed (which was but too usual) he would send me an order to go on board and command her immediately; whereby, instead of being an insignificant volunteer, I might have an opportunity of doing the fleet some service, and of gaining some honour. But though he knew it well, and allowed the reason of the thing as being the only way of making the volunteers useful; yet he counted it too great an alteration of the settled orders, which gave the lieutenant in such a case the same power which his captain before had, though seldom found to make a good use of it.

Our scouts having been negligent, *De Ruiter*, with his whole fleet surprised ours at Southwold Bay; so that, weighing anchor in great haste, we had much ado to defend ourselves from their fire-ships. *De Ruiter* himself was seen nobly to go in a boat from ship to ship to direct and animate his men, ordering all his ships to attack only our great ones; which not being much above twenty, were hard put to it by such a great number of theirs: yet the enemy had no success to boast of except the burning of our *Royal James*, which having on board her not only a thousand of our best men, but the Earl of Sandwich himself, Vice Admiral of England, was enough almost to style it a victory on their side, since his merit in sea affairs was most extraordinary in all kinds. He dined in *Mr. Digby's* ship the day before the battle, when nobody dreamt of fighting, and shewed a gloomy discontent, so contrary to his usual cheerful humour, that we even then all took notice of it, but much more afterwards.

The enemy also was once master of the *Royal Katherine*, and had sent away her captain, *Sir John Chibely*, with most of her men, to be kept prisoners in other ships, a few only remaining there whom they stowed under hatches, with a guard over them. But the boatswain being among them, with his whistle encouraged the rest to knock down all the sentinels first, and then to fall on all the Dutch above deck; by which brisk action, they redeemed that considerable ship. The boatswain's name was Small, whom I had an opportunity of knowing well afterwards, when I had the command of that ship. He was a non-conformist, always sober, meek, and quiet, (even too mild for that bustling sort of employment) and very often gave me an image of those enthusiastic people who did such brave things in our late civil war, for he seemed rather a shepherd than a soldier, and was a kind of hero in the shape of a saint.

But the Duke of York himself had the noblest share in this day's action; for when his ship was so maimed as to be incapable of service, he made her lie by to refit, and went on board another that was hotly engaged, where he kept up his standard till she was disabled also, and then left her for a third, in order to renew the fight, which lasted from break of day till sun-set; about which time, the whole French squadron happened to sail close by the Lord Ossory's ship, and I well remember there did not appear so many shot in them all as in his Lordship's single ship, whose condition was considered too bad to keep the sea any longer. I then found by experience in this engagement, how much there is of custom in the matter of courage, which makes old troops so formidable; for, in the morning, when the enemy's shot came on both sides of us, I thought it impossible to escape without losing a limb at least, and was accordingly pretty

uneasy; but about the afternoon, when the broadsides came only one way, though without interruption, I began to grow a little less sensible of the danger, which yet I was very glad to see ended at night. By that time I was very sufficiently tired, but yet had much ado to sleep, by reason of the noise still sounding in my ears, which remained so for some hours, just as if the shooting had still continued. I observed also two things, which I dare affirm, though not generally believed. One was, that the wind of a cannon bullet, though flying ever so near, is incapable of doing the least harm; and indeed were it otherwise, no man above deck would escape. The other was, that a great shot may be sometimes avoided even as it flies, by changing one's ground a little; for when the wind sometimes blew away the smoke, it was so clear a sun shiny day, that we could easily perceive the bullets that were half spent fall in the water, and from thence bound up again among us, which gives sufficient time for making a step or two on any side; though in so swift a motion, 'tis hard to judge well in what line the bullet comes, which, if mistaken, may by removing cost a man his life instead of saving it.

As soon as I came to *London*, (whither I made all the haste imaginable, for reasons not hard to guess,) I found by my reception every where, that my Lord Oxsory's kind and partial letters had arrived there before me; for the King made me some particular compliments, and offered me the choice of commanding the *Henry* or the Royal *Katherine*; the captain of the first having been killed, and the other taken prisoner. I chose the *Katherine*, and since I have been so fond of a troop of horse, it is no wonder I was now extremely pleased with the command of a royal ship, better in all respects than my Lord Oxsory's, and of a rate above what I could have pretended to; for he even who was so much more considerable on all accounts, had only a third-rate ship granted him at first, whereas the *Katherine* was then the best of all the second-rate ships.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

AN

Historical Novel, by the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 1824.

HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.

To bestow a volume of praise on the anonymous author of *Waverley*, would not, perhaps, add a single one to the thousand, thousand readers of his voluminous works: or to compose a volume of censure upon the haste with which his never-resting genius supplies the press, would not lessen the number to the amount of the same insignificant unit. For, if from the commencement of the precarious trade of authorship, one votary of the muses was ever destined to escape the miseries, that more or less have assailed all other mortals, who sought a living by their literary labours, it is surely he. It will be recorded to his lasting fame, however, that if ever mortal merited the felicity that has waited on his career, it would be one, who like him, gifted with genius, and the power to please, has

used such rare attributes, as became a wise and good man.

Were we to repeat what has been already said, that those three volumes, added to the six from his admired pen, amounted to nine within twelve months. What then? The answer is ready. He has not buried his talent under a bushel, and living in the precarious atmosphere of the north, has practically applied the thrifty adage,—“Make hay whilst the sun shines!” Though, perhaps, the term *precarious* thus applied, is now a foolish figure, for all the benignant aspects of the heavens seem to shed their influence over that thriving division of old England's map.

The works of this renowned writer, may well be likened to many a curious thing. And first, to the shop of worthy Lundy Foot, of Irish renown. He, the good soul, just within his threshold, placed a tub, on which was placed a flat cover of another tub, that held a peck of snuff; and when that peck was gone, on it was placed another, from which each needy wight, too poor to buy, might take a passing pinch. Now some took one, and then returned and took another. Some took more, and yet old worthy Lundy Foot grew rich, and lived and died respected. So with Sir Walter Scott, we had nearly said, being half asleep over our dull work, which few, alas, will read. So with he, the author of famed *Waverley*. Each poor wight must take a passing scrap from his never failing book,—some one, some two, and some three or more, and he be never a whit the poorer. We could fabricate another comparison or two, but as we may feel assured our readers would rather be, for the present at least, the readers of *St. Ronan's Well*, we offer for their entertainment the scraps which we have in common with our neighbours, torn out of this new book, and as a salvo to our consciences for such delinquency, give free permission to all passing strangers, to make free with an equal or a double portion of our humbler ware.

INTRUSION.

“A beautiful morning, sir, for such a foggy d—d climate as this?” said a voice close by Jekyl's ear, which made him at once start out of his contemplation. He turned half round and beside him stood our honest friend, Touchwood; his throat muffled in his large Indian handkerchief, huge gouty shoes thrust upon his feet; his bob-wig well powdered, and his gold-headed cane in his hand, carried upright as a serjeant's halbert. One glance of contemptuous survey entitled Jekyl, according to his modish ideas, to rank the old gentleman as a regular-built quizz, and to treat him as gentlemen of his Majesty's guards think themselves entitled to use every

unfashionable variety of the human species. A slight inclination of a bow, and a very cold "you have the advantage of me, sir," dropped as it were unconsciously from his tongue, were meant to repress the old gentleman's advances, and moderate his ambition to be hail fellow well met with his betters. But Mr. Touchwood was callous to the intended rebuke; he had lived too much at large upon the world, and was far too confident of his own merits to take a repulse easily, or to permit his modesty to interfere with any purpose which he had formed.

"Advantage of you, sir?" he replied; "I have lived too long in the world not to keep all the advantage I have, and get all I can—and I reckon it one that I have overtaken you, and shall have the pleasure of your company to the well."

"I should but interrupt your worthier meditations, sir," said the other; "besides, I am a modest young man, and think myself fit for no better company than my own—moreover, I walk slow, very slow.—Good morning to you, Mr. A—A—I believe my treacherous memory has let slip your name, sir."

"My name!—Why your memory must have been like Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go before he caught it. You never heard my name in your life. Touchwood is my name. What d'ye think of it now you knew it?"

"I am really no connoisseur in surnames," answered Jekyl: "and it is quite the same to me whether you call yourself Touchwood or Touchstone. Don't let me keep you from walking on, Sir. You will find breakfast far advanced on at the well, Sir; and your walk has probably given you an appetite."

"Which will serve me to luncheon time, I promise you," said Touchwood; "I always drink my coffee so soon as my feet are in my pabouches—it's the way all over the East. Never trust my breakfast to their scalding milk and water at the well, I assure you; and for walking slow, I have had a touch of the gout."

"Have you," said Jekyl; "I am sorry for that; because if you have no mind to breakfast, I have—and so Mr. Touchstone, good morrow to you."

But although the young soldier went off at double quick time, his pertinacious attendant kept close by his side, displaying an activity which seemed inconsistent with his make and his years, and talking away the whole time, so as to shew that his lungs were not in the least incommoded by the unusual rapidity of motion.

"Nay, young gentleman, if you are for a good smart walk, I am for you, and the gout may be d—d. You are a lucky fellow, to have youth on your side; but yet, so far as between the Aultown and the Well, I think I could walk you for your sum, barring running—all heel and toe—equal weight, and I would match Barclay himself for a mile."

"Upon my word, you are a gay old gentleman!" said Jekyl, relaxing his pace, "and if we must be fellow-travellers, though I can see no great occasion for it, I must even shorten sail for you."

So saying, and as if another means of deliverance had occurred to him, he slackened his pace, took out an ivory case of segars, and, lighting one with his *brûquet*, said, while he walked on, and bestowed as much of its fragrance as he could upon the face of his intrusive companion, "Vergeben sie mein herrlich bin erzogen in kaiserlicher dienst muss rauchen ein kleine wenig."

"Rauchen sie immer fort," said Touchwood, producing a huge meerschaum, which, suspended by a chain from his neck, lurked in the bosom of his coat, "habe auch mein pleischen—schen sie den lieben topf;" and he began to return the smoke, if not the fire, of his companion, in full volumes, and with interest.

"The devil take the twaddle," said Jekyl to himself, "he is too old and too fat to be treated after the manner of Professor Jackson; and, on my life, I cannot tell what to make of him. He is a residenter too—I must tip him the cold-shoulder, or he will be pestering me eternally."

Accordingly, he walked on, sucking his segar, and apparently in as abstracted a mood as Mr. Cargill himself, without paying the least attention to Touchwood, who, nevertheless, continued talking, as if he had been addressing the most attentive listener in Scotland, whether it were the favourite nephew of a cross, old rich, bachelor, or the aid-de-camp of some old, rusty, firelock of a general, who tells stories of the American war.

"And so, Sir, I can put up with any companion at a pinch, for I have travelled in all sorts of ways, from a caravan down to a carrier's cart; but the best society is the best everywhere; and I am happy I have fallen in with a gentleman who suits me so well as you—that grave, steady attention, reminds me of Elfi Bay—you might talk to him in English, or any thing he understood least of—you might have read Aristotle to Elfi, and not a muscle would he stir—give him his pipe, and he would sit on his cushion as if he took in every word of what you said."

Captain Jekyl threw away the remnant of his segar, with a little movement of pettishness, and began to whistle an opera air.

"There again, now! That is just so like the Marquis, another dear friend of mine, that whistles all the time you talk to him. He says he learned it in the reign of terror, when a man was glad to whistle to shew his throat was whole." * * * *

RESOURCES.

"My sister will never marry," said John Mowbray.

"That's easily said," replied the writer; "but as broken a ship's come to land. If any body kenn'd o' the chance she has o' the estate, there's mony a wheel-doing man would think little of the bee in her bonnet."

"Harkye, Mr. Micklewham," said the laird, "I will be obliged to you if you will speak of Miss Mowbray with the respect due to her father's daughter and my sister."

"Micklewham," said Mowbray, "you are a ——" and then he stopped short.

"What am I, Mr. Mowbray?" said Micklewham, somewhat sternly, "what am I? I wad be glad to ken what I am."

"A very good lawyer, I dare say," replied St. Ronan's, who was too much in the power of his agent to give way to his first impulse. "But I must tell you, that rather than take such a measure against poor Clara as you recommend, I would give her up the estate, and become an ostler or a postilion, for the rest of my life."

"Ah! St. Ronans," said the man of law, "if you had wished to keep up the auld house, you should have taken up another trade than to become an ostler or a postilion. What ailed you, man, to have been a lawyer as weel as other folk?"

My auld master had a wee bit of Latin, about *cerum domini gentemque legatam*, which signified, he said, that all lairds should be lawyers."

"All lawyers are likely to become lairds, I think," replied Mowbray; "they purchase our acres by the thousand, and pay us, according to the old story, with a multiplepoinding, as your learned friends call it, Mr. Micklewham."

"Weel—and mightna you have purchased as weel as other folks?"

"Not I," replied the laird. "I have no turn for that service. I should only have wasted bombazine on my shoulders, and flour upon my three-tailed wig;—should but have lounged away my mornings in the Outer-House, and my evenings at the play-house, and acquired no more law than what would have made me a wise Justice at a Small Debt Court."

"If you gained little, you would have lost as little," said Micklewham; "and albeit you were nae great gun at the bar, ye might ay have gotten a sheriffdom or a commissaryship, among the lave, to keep the banes green; and sae ye might have saved your estates from deteriorating, if ye didna mend it mickle."

"Yes, but I could not have the chance of doubling it, as I might have done," answered Mowbray, "had that inconstant jade, Fortune, but stood a moment faithful to me. I tell you, Mick, that I have been, within this twelvemonth, worth a hundred thousand—worth fifty thousand—worth nothing, but this remnant of this wretched estate, which is too little to do one good while it is mine, though, were it sold, I could start again and mend my hand a little."

"Ay, ay, just fling the helve after the hatchet—that's a' you think of. What signifies winning a hundred thousand pounds, if you win them to lose them a' again?"

"What signifies it!" replied Mowbray. "Why, it signifies as much to a man of spirit, as having won a battle signifies to a general; no matter that he is beaten afterwards in his turn,—he knows that there is luck for him as well as others, and so he has spirit to try it again. Here is the young Earl of Etherington will be amongst us in a day or two—they say he is up to every thing. If I had but five hundred to begin with, I should be soon up to him."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Micklewham, "I am sorry for ye. I have been your house's man-of-business—I may say, in some measure your servant, and now I am to see an end of it all, and just by the lad that I thought maist likely to set it up again better than ever; for, to do ye justice, you have aye had an e'e to your ain interest, sae far as your lights gaed. It brings tears into my auld een."

"Never weep for the matter, Mick," answered Mowbray, "some of it will stick, my old boy, in your pockets, if not in mine—your service will not be altogether gratuitous, my old friend—the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Weel I wot is he," said the writer, "but double fees would hardly carry folk through some wark. But if ye will have siller, ye maun have siller; but I warrant it goes just where the rest gaed."

"No, by twenty devils!" exclaimed Mowbray, "to fail this time is impossible. Jack Wolverine was too strong for Etherington at any thing he could name; and I can beat Wolverine from the Land's End to Johnnie Groat's;—but there must be something to go upon—the blunt must be had, Mick."

"Very likely—nae doubt—that is always provided it can be had," answered the legal adviser.

"That's your business, my old cock," said Mowbray. "This youngster will be here perhaps to-morrow, with money in both pockets; he takes up his rents as he comes down, Mick.—think of that, my old friend."

"Weel for them that has rents to take up," said Micklewham; "ours are lying mither ower low to be lifted at present. But are ye sure this Earl is a man to mell with?—are ye sure ye can win of him, and that if ye do, he can pay his losings, Mr. Mowbray? Because I have ken'd mony ane come for wool, and gang hame sharn; and though ye are a clever young gentleman, and I am bound to suppose ye ken as much about life as most folk, and all that; yet some gate or other, ye have aye come off at the losing hand, as ye have ower mickle reason to ken this day. Howbeit—"

"Oh, the devil take your gossip, my dear Mick! If you can give no help, spare a drowning me with your pother. Why, man, I was a fresh hand—had my apprentice-fees to pay—and these are no trifles, Mick. But what of that? I am free of the company now, and can trade on my own bottom."

"Aweel, aweel, I wish it may be sae," said Micklewham.

"It will be so, and it shall be so, my trusty friend," replied Mowbray, cheerily, "so you will but help me to the stock to trade with."

"The stock?—what d'ye ca' the stock? I ken nae stock that ye have left."

"But ye have plenty, my old boy. Come, sell out a few of your three percents; I will pay difference—interest—exchange—every thing."

"Ay, ay, every thing, or naething," answered Micklewham; "but as ye are sae very pressing, I hae been thinking—Whan is the siller wanted?"

"This instant!—this day!—to-morrow at farthest!" exclaimed the proposed borrower.

"Wh—ew!" whistled the lawyer, with a long prolongation of the note; "the thing is impossible."

"It must be, Mick, for all that," answered Mr. Mowbray, who knew by experience that impossible, when uttered by his accommodating friend in this tone, only, when interpreted, meant extremely difficult.

"Then it must be by Miss Clara selling her stock; now that ye speak of stock," said Micklewham, "I wonder ye didna think of this before."

"I wish you had been dumb rather than that you had mentioned it now!" said Mowbray, starting as if stung by an adder. "What, Clara's pittance!—the trifle my aunt left her for her awn fanoiful expences—her own little private store, that she puts to so many good purposes? Poor Clara, that has so little! And why not rather your own, Master Micklewham, who call yourself the friend and servant of our family?"

"Ay, St. Roman's," answered Micklewham, "that's a' very true; but service is nae inheritance! and as for friendship it begins at home, as wise folks have said long before our time. And for that matter, I think they that are nearest sib should take maist risk. You are nearer and dearer to your sister, St. Roman's, than you are to poor Saunders Micklewham, that hasna sae mickle gentle blood as would supper a hungry fien."

"I will not do this," said St. Roman's, walking up and down with much agitation; for, selfish as he was, he loved his sister, and loved her the more on account of these po-

cularities which rendered his protection indispensable to her comfortable existence. "I will not," he said, "pillage her, come on't what will. I will rather go a volunteer to the continent, and die like a gentleman."

He continued to pace the room in a moody silence, which began to disturb his companion, who had not been hitherto accustomed to see his patron take matters so deeply. At length he made an attempt to attract the attention of the silent and mullen ponderer.

"Mr. Mowbray,"—no answer,—"I was saying, St. Ronan's,"—still no reply.—"I have been thinking about this matter,—and—"

"And what Sir?" said St. Ronan's, stopping short, and speaking in a stern tone of voice.

"And to speak truth, I see little feasibility in the matter any way; for if ye had the siller in your pocket to-day, it would be a' in the Earl of Etherington's i' the morn."

"Pshaw! you are a fool."

"That is not unlikely," answered Micklewham; "but so is Sir Bingo Binks, and yet he's had the better of you, St. Ronan's, this twa or three times."

"It is false!—he has not," answered St. Ronan's fiercely.

"Weel I wot," answered Micklewham, "he took you in about the salmon fish, and some other wagger ye lost to him this very day."

"I tell you once more, Micklewham, you are a fool, and no more up to my trim than you are to the longitude.—Bingo is got shy,—I must give him a little line that is all,—then I shall strike him to purpose.—I am sure of him as I am of the other,—I know the fly they will both rise to,—this cursed want of five hundred will do me out of ten thousand."

"If you are so certain of being the bangster,—so very certain, I mean, of sweeping stakes, what harm will Miss Clara come to by your having the use of her siller? you can make it up to her for the risk ten times told."

"And so I can, by heaven!" said St. Ronan's "Mick, you are right, and I am a scrupulous, chicken-hearted fool. Clara shall have a thousand for her poor five hundred,—she shall by —; and I will carry her to Edinburgh for a season, or perhaps to London, and we will have the best advice for her case, and the best company to divert. And if they think her a little odd,—why d—n me, I am her brother, and will bear her through it. Yes,—yes,—you're right; there can be no hurt in borrowing five hundred of her for a few days, when such profit may be made on't both for her and me.—Here, fill the glasses, my old boy, and drink succoos to it, for you are right."

"Here is succoos to it, with all my heart," answered Micklewham, heartily glad to see his patron's sanguine temper arrive at this desirable conclusion, and yet desirous to hedge in his own credit; "but it is *you* are right, and not *me*, for I advise nothing excepting on your assurances that you can make your ain of this English earl, and of this Sir Bingo, and if you can but do that, I am sure it would be unwise and unkind in any one of your friends to stand in your light."

"True, Mick, true," answered Mowbray.—"And yet—and yet, cards and dice are but bones and pasteboard, and the best horse ever started may slip a shoulder before he get to the winning-post,—and so I wish Clara's venture had not been in such a bottom.—But, hang it, care killed a cat,—I can hedge as well as any one, if the odds turn up against me,—so let us have the cash, Mick."

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. X.

SOME days before Mr. Garrick's departure for England, as Mrs. Butler, her daughter, myself,* and some other company, were walking on the terrace, we had the satisfaction to see the much-admired hero come galloping up to the house. He soon joined us; and to the great regret of us all, particularly of Mrs. Butler, announced his intention of leaving Dublin the next day. Whilst we were engaged in conversation, the lady of the house went away abruptly; but soon returned, bearing in her hand a sealed packet, which she delivered to Roscius, thus addressing him at the same time:—"I here present you, *Mr. Garrick*, with something more valuable than life. In it you will read my sentiments; but I strictly enjoin you not to read it till you have passed the Hill of Howth."—We all looked surprised at this extraordinary presentation, especially *Colonel Butler's* chaplain, who was one of the party. As the lady inclined somewhat to prudery, and had always appeared to be governed by the most rigid rules of virtue, we could none of us guess the purport of the present, though her conduct seemed to admit of a doubtful interpretation. But *Garrick*, who was as conscious of possessing the gifts of nature to as liberal a degree as any man breathing, took the packet with a significant graceful air; concluding without hesitation that it contained, not only a valuable present, (the giver having the power, as well as the disposition, to be generous) but a declaration of such tender sentiments, as her virtue would not permit her to make known to him whilst he remained in the kingdom.

After dinner Mr. Garrick took his leave; and he was no sooner departed, than Mrs. Butler informed the company, that the contents of the valuable packet with which she had presented her visitor, were nothing more than "*Wesley's Hymns*," and "*Dean Swift's Discourse on the Trinity*," adding, that he would have leisure, during his voyage, to study the one, and to digest the other. You may be sure that we all enjoyed the joke. As for my own part, I could scarcely keep my risible faculties in any order, when my imagination presented to me Garrick's disappointment at finding the contents of the packet so very different from what he had concluded them to be. I must inform you that, at our next meeting, *Mr. Garrick* acquainted me, that upon opening the packet, and seeing what it contained, he was so much chagrined, that instead of benefiting by the *Christian* precepts to be found therein, he, in the most heathenish manner, offered them up a sacrifice to Neptune."

"No man is wise at all hours," says the proverb. And never was this adage more completely verified than in the following anecdote. That such *silly, goody goody* stuff, as his epistle contained, should ever fall from the immortal pen of the immortal Roscius, even in the most careless and relaxed moments, 'was strange, was passing strange.' This *LITTLE great man* was to have two benefits during the season; and that they might not come too near each other, it was agreed that he should have one of them early in it. He had fixed on *Jane Shore* for his first benefit: and on application being made to me to perform that character, I absolutely refused it, alleging the objection he had made to my playing *Constance*, namely, my youth. Finding that entreaties were ineffectual, he prevailed on *Mrs. Butler* to make use of her interest with me; sensible that I could not refuse the solicitations of a lady to whom I was bound, not only by the

ties of gratitude, but those of policy. And whilst he made this application, that he might leave no method of obtaining my consent untried, he wrote me a note at the same time, which occasioned the following laughable incident, and furnished conversation for the whole city of Dublin. In his note he informed me, "That if I would oblige him, he would write me a *goody goody* epilogue; which, with the help of my eyes, should do more mischief than ever the flesh or the devil had done since the world began." This ridiculous epistle he directed, "To my soul's idol, the beautified Ophelia;" and delivered it to his servant with orders to bring it to me. But the fellow having some more agreeable amusement to pursue than going on his master's errand, he gave it to a porter in the street, without having attended to the curious direction that was on it. The porter upon reading the superscription, and not knowing throughout the whole city of Dublin, any lady of quality, who bore the title either of "my soul's idol," or "the beautified Ophelia," naturally concluded it was intended to answer some jocular purpose. He accordingly carried it to his master, who happened to be a newsmen; and by his means it got the next day into the public prints. The inditer of this high-flown epistle, it must be supposed, was not a little mortified at its publication.

• Mrs. George Anne Bellamy.

CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF EARLY TIMES.

REVELS AT THE INNS OF COURT.

It seems that the recreation in dancing was in ancient times, practised by men of the gravest professions. It is scarcely more than an age since the judges, in compliance with ancient custom, danced annually on Candlemas-day, in the hall of Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane. Dugdale, speaking of the revels at Lincoln's Inn, gives the following account of them:—

"And that nothing might be wanting for their encouragement in this excellent study (the law), they have very anciently had dancings for their recreation and delight, commonly called revels, allowed at certain seasons; and that by special order of the society, as appeareth in 9th Hen. VI. viz. that there should be four revels that year, and no more; one at the feast of All-hallowen, another at the feast of St. Erkenwald; the third at the feast of the Purification of our Lady; and the fourth at Midsummer-day: one person, yearly elected of the society, being made choice of for director in those pastimes, called the master of the revels. Which sports were long before then used." And again he says, "Nor were these exercises of dancing merely permitted, but thought very necessary, as it seems, and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times; for by an order made 6th Feb. 7 Jac., it appears that the under barristers were, by decimation, put out of commons for example's sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of this society, when the judges were present; with this, that if the like fault were committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred."

BARDWELL, ON PAINTING.

(Continued.)

1. **FLAKE-WHITE**, or *fine white*, is the very best white we have. This colour should be ground with the finest poppy oil that can be made. At present our white is bad, on ac-

count of the oil, which is not really poppy. White is a friendly working colour, and comes forward with yellows and reds, but retires with blues and greens. It is the nature of all whites to sink into whatever ground they are laid on; therefore they should be laid on white grounds.

2. **IVORY-BLACK**, is the best black we have: it is a colour which sympathizes and mixes kindly with all the others. It is a true shade for blue. Ivory black and a little Indian-red make the best general shadow-colour that can be. It is ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil. Black is a cold retizing colour.

3. **ULTRAMARINE**, is the finest blue in the world. It is a tender retiring colour, and never glazes; and is a beautiful glazing colour, it is used with poppy oil.

4. **PRUSSIAN** is a very fine blue, and a kind working colour. It is ground with linseed oil, though I think nut oil is more proper. It should never be used in the flesh, but in the green teint, and the eyes.

5. **LIGHT-OCRE** is a frindly mixing colour, and of great use in the flesh, it is usually ground with linseed oil, but nut oil is better. All yellows are strengthened with reds, and weakened with blues and greens.

6. **LIGHT RED** is nothing but fine light ochre burnt; this and white, by mixing, produce the most perfect flesh colour that can be made. It is a beautiful, clean, kind, working colour, but too strong for the white, and therefore will grow darker. It should be ground and used with nut oil.

7. **NO VERMILLION**, but what is made of the true native Cinnabar, should ever be used. It will not glaze, but is a fine colour when it is glazed. It is ground with linseed oil, and should be used with drying oil.

8. **CARMINE** is the most beautiful crimson that can be; it is a middle colour between lake and vermillion, is a fine working colour, and glazes delightfully, it should be ground with nut oil, and used with drying oil.

9. **LAKE** is a tender, sympathizing, deep red, but of no strong body, therefore it should be strengthened with Indian red. It is the best glazing colour that can be used. It is ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil.

10. **INDIAN RED** is a strong, pleasant, working colour, but will not glaze well, and when mixed with white, falls a little into the lead. It is ground and used as the lake.

11. **BROWN PINK** is a fine glazing colour, but of no strong body; in the flesh it should never join, or mix with the lights, because this colour and white antipathize, and mix of a warm dirty hue, for which reason their joinings should be blended with a cold middle teint. In glazing of shadows, it should be laid before the other colours that are to enrich it; it is one of the finishing colours, and therefore should never be used alone in the first painting. It is strengthened with burnt umber, and weakened with terra-verte, ground with linseed oil, and used with drying oil.

12. **BURNT UMBER** is a fine warm brown, and a good working strong colour, it is of great use in the hair, and mixes finely with the warm shade.

TO OUR FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letter from Mr. ***** containing the Hudibrastic verses, is very kindly received. The length of the article, and its proposed continuity, precludes its insertion in our limited page. We should prefer the anecdotes of artists. More than one well-written epistle on the subject of the recent distribution of the medals at the Royal Academy, have been sent to us, which, for reasons that shall be hereafter stated, we beg to decline making public. Several very friendly and kind epistles have come to hand, for which we return our most grateful thanks.

WINE AND WALNUTS will commence next week.

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25, Paternoster-row.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No XVI.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF PICTURES.

SURELY no Briton, having a regard for the intellectual improvement of his country, can take a retrospective view of the last half century, as it has effected the progress of the fine arts, without present feelings of gratulation; for we have, after years of alternate expectation and disappointment, at length arrived at a period when, under the benign auspices of an enlightened sovereign, the concerns of art are becoming an object of consideration with the thinking class of society,—at the court, in the city, and in every part of the empire.

It had been constantly deplored, however, among the enlightened few to whose exertions we are principally indebted for this auspicious change, that although the people had long manifested a growing interest for the affairs of taste, the government of the country, which at once could have given the wonted impulse, to raise the arts to that height which become a great nation, had made no demonstration of its being a subject becoming their cognizance.

We have now, however, a most cheering era opening upon us. His Majesty's munificent views for the promotion of the arts among his subjects, are upheld by his ministers, who appear nobly determined to support this great national object with zeal. Cherished by the benignity and influence of such exalted patronage, if judiciously directed, the arts and sciences cannot fail to flourish.

The advantages which have resulted to the country from the purchase of the Elgin marbles, and the erection of the gallery at the British Museum, for the Townly and Phygalian Marbles—the first acts of our legislature in favour of the arts, have been extensive even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine advocates for the measure. The throwing open this magnificent gallery for the inspection of the public, has wrought a general improvement in the national taste. It has afforded a constant source of gratification to tens of thousands of his Majesty's subjects, who never enter this national institution but with grateful feelings for the indulgence. Had the gallery and its classic contents, then, cost the nation ten times the sum, it would still reflect honour upon the Prince and the

government under whose wisdom and public spirit the structure had been raised.

The steady spirit of perseverance of the Royal Academy during a long period of national apathy for the works of the English school, by the mutual exertions of its members, in forming its annual exhibitions, improving year after year, prevented native genius from being entirely overlooked. These meritorious exertions, aided by a few patriotic noblemen and gentlemen, friends to genius, alone preserved the reputation of our arts. Indeed we may safely repeat a few; for if it were generally known how very limited was the list of patrons, and at the same time how extensive were the claims which many of the professors, now departed, had upon public taste, the rising generation might blush for those who were the contemporaries of these neglected founders of our school of arts.

Looking thus retrospectively, we can never recur to the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who founded the British Institution in Pall Mall, but with feelings of respect and gratitude. Future generations of artists will hold their honoured memories in veneration. The views of this enlightened body of patrons, as they effected the general interests of the arts in England, were not confined to the operations of an annual exhibition of the works of the English school. They looked much further. Their object was not so much to improve, we may almost say, as to create a public taste; for the exhibitions at Somerset House, though supported by all the congregated talent of the country, could be said to produce little more advantage to the arts, than that of raising funds, by the public admission money, to support the schools of instruction for the students,—an application of the funds, as we have before observed, most noble and disinterested on the part of this respected body.

The public love for novelty, the noble directors of the British Institution foresaw would, for a time, have filled their rooms, to view the works of the rising school. With painting, as with music and the drama, the veteran performer is apt to be forgotten in the passion for new faces. Hence, we repeat, with becoming deference to the ruling powers, whom we duly honour, that the veteran Royal Academicians have a claim upon the munificence of the government, as preceptors of that

LONDON, JANUARY 24, 1824.

lected, although now canonized by certain connoisseurs—perhaps for being dead.

To attain this desired object,—the improvement of national judgment, on the affairs of art, for taste must be created—the most effectual means were those which these noble directors so wisely proposed, namely, the forming an additional exhibition of the paintings of the old masters. At first the measure was contemplated with fearful anticipations, by certain distinguished persons, kindly disposed to the interests of living talent; but experience has demonstrated, that the measure was wise, and its operation has been beneficial instead of injurious to our most distinguished professors.

It is well known, that for ages there had been a growing predilection for the works of the old masters. There is still a prejudice in favour of their superior merits; so potent indeed, that many a picture of questionable merit is purchased at a public auction for large sums, upon the mere reputation of a name; which name has likely been bestowed by certain fashionable impostors, who can be hired as sponsors by any unprincipled picture-dealer who will pay for the fraud.

Now, for all this prejudice, even whilst these exhibitions of the finest works of the old masters have been open at the British Gallery, sums, of late, have been paid by our sovereign, and by the most noble and most enlightened of his subjects, for the best specimens of living talent—for pictures of the English school, equal to those that have been paid for the finest examples of the old masters!

apartment to receive the munificent the apartment another for Banks, Bar seven hundred

Over the Picture Gall collection receive late Mr. An valuable specimen Sir George guished among this national

On the of as the Statue as we learn, for an extensive marbles. Tent, will be lections of n are complete down, and building, to deposited the pies so large

The lofty down, and th it is intended elegant iron be a semicirc

forwarded by the munificence of the British Institution, and what is projected by the addition of this National Gallery at the British Museum,—all tending to give importance to the Fine Arts, and to raise the British school to a rank worthy of our mighty empire, we shall reserve our suggestions for the future welfare of those distinguished artists whose talents have created this school, for our next Number.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

UNTIL the establishment of this excellent institution, our great town was almost without any place of resort that could gratify that laudable curiosity which inquired for information, as to the annual progress of the arts. February, March, April, and May had passed away before the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and many of the fashionable world, after a sojournment in town during these months, were leaving the metropolis before Somerset House closed. We have often felt inclined, in our zeal for the welfare of its members, to suggest whether it would not have furthered the interests of the exhibition, and the arts generally, if the annual display of their ingenious labours had commenced earlier in the spring.

February is advancing upon us, and we hail its approach as the renovation of the season of mental gratification; when, after the dark and dismal months of November, December, and January are passed away, we again enter the gallery in Pall Mall, and behold scenes of every region of the globe, in the pictorial splendour of morning, noon, and evening, glowing on the canvas with all the charms of nature, until, wrapt in the delightful illusion, we forget that we have left winter yet lingering without these enchanted walls.

On the Friday and Saturday of the last week, many of the graphic labours of the preceding year were received at the British Institution; and as soon as they are disposed upon the walls, the exhibitors will be admitted to a view of the *toute ensemble*, and will proceed to glaze and varnish their respective pictures. It is then that many a conscious student, on comparing his efforts with those of his compeers, will secretly determine to put his genius in more severe training, to prepare for the next year's course, and then whip and spur the idle jade to win the cup of Fame.

We have seen some few of the works of the rising school, which we anticipate will add to the reputation of their ingenious authors. Others, we

have heard of, in terms of praise. There is an increasing list of candidates for public favour; we fervently hope they will deserve applause, and that Patrons will increase, commensurate with improvement and desert.

Mr. Brockedon has sent a cabinet picture, of a particularly interesting composition, *Rafaele and his Mistress*. He is seated before his easel, and with a look of animation, is directing her attention to her own portrait, which he is depicting, as it appears, inspired by the ardour of his affection, and enthusiasm for his art.

The interest of this composition is increased, from the locality of the scene. The chamber is that in which this illustrious painter wrought those designs, which, indeed, appear to have been rather the effects of inspiration, than the labour of mortal hands. The easel, too, on which the picture is placed, is a copy from that which *Rafaele* used.

Mr. Edwin Landseer has chosen a subject for his intelligent pencil, which cannot fail to attract general notice:—The familiar fable of the *Monkey and Cat*. This he has treated with peculiar humour. Puss, however, is not a personification of the willing *Cat's-paw*. The monkey is a thorough rogue, a complete epitome of mischief and cunning, the combined effects of which are admirably told, by a series of incidents, truly characteristic, and best designated by the term applied to the episodes of Hogarth—"graphic wit." The monkey has wrapped the cat in a shawl, to protect himself from her claws, a masterly manœuvre, and worthy the political adroitness of that animal which most resembles a class of a species, that we shall not venture to name, referring the curious in these speculations to the cynical Voltaire. Mr. Landseer has also sent two other subjects—the *Puppy* and *Frog*, and *Itinerant Musicians*.

Mr. Eastlake, whose compositions of the *Banditti* were so deservedly noticed in the last year's exhibition, at Somerset House, has consigned five pictures to the care of an eminent brother artist, which will be seen on the walls of this Institution. Four of these are of the same class of subjects, one of which, a *Bandit Chief*, in the agony of death, at the feet of his mistress, at the instant after being shot by the Pope's guard, is a performance of great merit. Indeed, the whole are picturesque compositions and painted with a masterly hand. The fifth picture is a landscape composition, designed in the true gusto of the Italian School. We understand that these five pictures are already the pro-

perty of patrons, who, superior to prejudice, are pleased to judge for themselves, and thus generously manifest their taste, by rewarding living talent.

It is whispered, that one of the pictures noticed on this short list, (not Eastlake's) has obtained for its author, a spontaneous offer of two hundred guineas, and that this liberal proposal was made by the firm of a distinguished publisher in the city of London.

Mr. Hilton has sent a subject from *Comus*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. Mr. Martin, his *Love among the Roses*. Mr. Etty, lately returned from Rome, has added one to the collection. Messrs. Hayter, Jones, Burnet, and others, public favourites, have also contributed.

REVIEWS.

The Works of Canova. Engraved in outline by Henry Moses. London: Septimus Prowett, 269, Strand.

Mr. Moses may be instanced as one of the few who, having discovered his *forte*, has judiciously persevered in the exercise of his peculiar talent, with a steady determination to raise himself superior to competition. We should have much more to admire in various styles of art, if the student who had the sagacity to find out the best of his abilities, would allow prudence to direct the faculty, and then we should see the art pushed much nearer to perfection in all its departments.

We have the pleasure to notice another number of Outlines engraved by this artist, from the marbles of Canova, which makes the fifteenth of the elegant and useful publication. It rarely happens, however zealous the artist may be to preserve his reputation, or however anxious may be the publisher to fulfil his engagements with the public, that a work has proceeded with that uniformity which could prevent one part being preferred to another. In the work before us, however, the most fastidious can discover no deviation from the original number, unless indeed it be that the last may be still better than the first—an improvement only visible perhaps to the keenest eye; for we feel assured that each plate has been the result of equal study and equal care. Were it not so, some plates must of necessity have been darker, and some lighter, and some of the outlines less distinct, even from the application of the chemical process for biting in the etching.

In this last Number, there are five plates: a Monumental Design erected to the Memory of Count de Souza; Venus dancing with the Graces; Instruction, Piety, and Meekness. The two last are single draped figures: Venus and the Graces, and Instruction, are groups, most elegantly designed, and exquisitely engraved. This work we again earnestly press upon the attention of the collector: indeed we should be surprised if a publication so beautifully printed, so reasonable in price, and so valuable an acquisition to the library of the connoisseur, could be seen without recommending itself.

Examples of Ornamental Sculpture in Architecture. Drawn from the Originals, of Bronze, Marble, and Terra-cotta, in Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy. By LEWIS VULLIAMY, Architect; and engraved by Henry Moses. London: Lewis Vulliamy, Septimus Prowett, &c.

THIS first Number of a folio publication may be received as a sufficient specimen to warrant the expectation of a superb volume on Greek ornaments—a study, as applicable to many departments of art, particularly to students in architecture, of no small importance. To the amateur, too, it cannot fail to be acceptable; and to every polite scholar it must be interesting, as it not only illustrates many points of classic history, but has a direct tendency to improve the taste.

We owe much indeed to the enlightened spirit of enterprise which has led certain of our architects to trace their noble science to those remote regions which gave it birth. It is to this energetic, and we may add enthusiastic, spirit of research, that we must ascribe the high character which we have acquired for architecture; for it is acknowledged that in England the science has attained to a rivalry with that of the Athenian age.

Of this work we shall speak more at large in a future Number, begging at present to recommend it to the patronage of all those who are patriotically disposed to favour the arts of their country.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1824, 8vo. Longman and Co.

(Continued from p. 231.)

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE.

THE veneration and esteem with which we regard the names of those recently departed, who have been our contemporaries, and whose distinguished talents have done honour to our own day, naturally leaves a regret, that we have never sought an opportunity of beholding their persons at least. We had often felt a desire to fall in the way of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, a lady who has contributed so much to our intellectual delight; but we were not fortunate enough to obtain our wishes. The regret is vain. In proportion to these feelings, however, must be measured the gratification of reading the memoirs of such persons, and the collection of this year cannot fail to excite the deepest interest.

The biographer, in his estimate of characters thus lately departed, and so closely interwoven with the best and tenderest affections of the living, who yet mourn their loss, has a difficult and delicate task to perform. To gratify public curiosity, and at the same time, to spare the feelings of family regard, are circumstances that require no small degree of consideration. In the balancing of these difficulties, our author has exhibited good taste and an

amiable heart. We are made acquainted with all we have pretensions to know, and it must be left to the inquisitive researches of future biographers to tell all that may be told of this lady. The author says—

“Among the eminent Englishwomen who have contributed by their talents to the intellectual character of their country, the name of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe will always stand highly distinguished.

“Mrs. Radcliffe was a native of London, and was born on the 9th of July, 1764. By a communication, which we shall annex to this brief memoir, it appears that her family and connexions were of the most respectable description. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married at Bath, (where her parents then resided,) William Radcliffe, Esq. a graduate of Oxford; and who, intending to pursue the profession of the law, kept several terms at one of the Inns of Court; but changing his resolution, was never called to the bar. Mr. Radcliffe subsequently became the proprietor and editor of the English Chronicle.

“Soon after her marriage, the powers of Mrs. Radcliffe's mind began to develop themselves in the production of a series of romances, of which it is not too much to say that they rank with the best that have appeared in the English language. They have been translated into every European tongue; and have been everywhere read with enthusiastic delight. Of the peculiar character of Mrs. Radcliffe, we cannot convey a more adequate notion, than by quoting the following extracts from a prefatory introduction written by Mrs. Barbauld to ‘The Romance of the Forest,’ which, with ‘The Mysteries of Udolpho,’ was incorporated by that lady into her edition of *The British Novelists*.

“Though every production which is good in its kind, entitles its author to praise, a greater distinction is due to those which stand at the head of a class; and such are, undoubtedly, the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, which exhibit a genius of no common stamp. She seems to scorn to move those passions, which form the interest of common novels; she alarms the soul with terror; agitates it with suspense, prolonged, and wrought up to the most intense feeling by mysterious hints and obscure intimations of unseen danger. The scenery of her tales is in ‘time-shook towers,’ vast uninhabited castles, winding staircases, long echoing aisles; or, if abroad, lonely heaths, gloomy forests, and abrupt precipices, the haunt of banditti; the canvas and the figures of *Salvator Rosa*. Her living characters correspond to the scenery; their wicked projects are dark, singular, atrocious. They are not of English growth, their guilt is tinged with a darker hue than that of the bad and profligate characters we see in the world about us; they seem almost to belong to an unearthly sphere of powerful mischief. But to the terror produced by the machinations of guilt, and the perception of danger, this writer has had the art to unite another, and possibly a stronger feeling. There is, perhaps, in every breast at all susceptible of the influence of imagination, the germ of a certain superstitious dread of the world unknown, which easily suggests the idea of commerce with it. Solitude, darkness, low-whispered sounds, obscure glimpses of objects, fitting forms, tend to raise in the mind that thrilling mysterious terror, which has for its object the ‘powers unseen, and mightier far than we.’ But these ideas are suggested only; for it is the peculiar management of this author, that though she gives, as it were, a glimpse of the world of terri-

ble shadows, she yet stops short of any thing really supernatural; for all the strange and alarming circumstances brought forward in the narrative are explained in the winding up of the story by natural causes, but in the meantime the reader has felt their full impression.”

JOHN KEMBLE, ESQ.

THE memoir of the late John Kemble, Esq. we are much pleased with, as it comprises in a few pages the leading features of his meritorious and honourable career. The following anecdote is so entirely worthy of a noble-minded old English Peer, that we transcribe it with our most respectful esteem for the illustrious house, from whence so memorable an act of munificence emanated. Wealth and rank, thus united, so far from exciting envy against the noble possessor, wins the affection, and secures the applause of mankind:—

“So long back as when at the York Theatre, Mr. Kemble was in need, of a few soldiers to enrich certain processions, and he therefore applied to an officer of a regiment stationed in that city, for permission to engage some of his men. The officer rudely refused, observing, that his men had better things to learn than the duties of a theatre. Mr. Kemble repulsed, but not vanquished, renewed his application to the then Earl Percy, who had higher authority; and his Lordship granted the permission required, and indeed directed that the men should assist Mr. Kemble in any way in which he could render them servicable. Several years passed, the York days were over, and Mr. Kemble had become the proud favourite of London, when, one morning Dr. Raine, the head master of the Charter House, called upon him, and stated, that he was commissioned to request, on the behalf of a nobleman, Mr. Kemble's assistance in the education of his son. Mr. Kemble replied, that he was compelled, from want of leisure, and on other accounts, to decline all such occupation, and therefore, much as he regretted it, he was under the necessity of refusing the application of his friend. Dr. Raine observed as he was leaving the room, that he lamented the refusal, as the Duke of Northumberland would be greatly disappointed. On hearing the name of the nobleman, Mr. Kemble desired the Doctor to stay, and immediately said, ‘the Duke has a right to command me.’ Accordingly he attended the present Duke for some time, giving him lessons on elocution. But no satisfactory return was made, or even seemed to be contemplated by the noble family. Time went on. The day of kindness came. On the very morning upon which the theatre was burnt down, his Grace wrote to Mr. Kemble, and proffered him the loan of 10,000l. upon his personal security, if it would be a convenience to him. It was a convenience. Mr. Kemble accepted the offer with readiness and gratitude, and paid the interest, as the quarters became due, to the steward. On the day, however, upon which the first stone of the New Covent Garden Theatre was laid, the Duke wrote again to Mr. Kemble, and, observing in his letter, that he had no doubt that day was one of the proudest of Mr. Kemble's life, and that his Grace was anxious to make it one of the happiest, inclosed the cancelled bond.”

Mr. Kemble, they remark, was “a scholar and

JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN, ESQ.

Of this gentleman, so conspicuous for his great influence in the commercial world, and so much respected for his private virtues, there is an interesting memoir. But it is in his capacity as an enlightened connoisseur, and as a liberal patron of the arts, that we particularly respect his memory. The following extract from this memoir, we trust, will be acceptable to our readers, as it relates to his gallery of pictures, which contains—

The Woman taken in Adultery, and the Adoration of the Magi, Rembrandt; Apollo and Sileus; Annibal Caracci; Bacchanalian Scene, by Nicola Poussin; Susanna and the Elders, Ludovico Caracci; Christ in the Garden, Corregio; St. John in the Wilderness, Annibal Caracci; Three Titians; Venus and Adonis; Ganymede, and a Concert; Two very fine Rubens; the Rape of the Sabines, and another; The Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo; Five exquisite Landscapes, by Claude; Two of Gaspar Poussin's; Portraits of Philip IV. of Spain, and his Queen Velasquez; Landscape, by Cuyp; Portrait of Pope Julius II. by Raphael, and the celebrated Head of Gervasio, by Vandyke.

"The way in which Mr. Angerstein became possessed of this picture, affords a striking illustration of the liberality of his character. It belonged to a gentleman who was the confidential clerk of a great mercantile house in the city, and who having some taste for the arts, had gradually got together a small collection of paintings. Mr. Angerstein hearing of this particular picture, called to see it, and was so much charmed with it, that he wished to purchase it. The proprietor asked five hundred guineas for his favourite. Mr. Angerstein thinking that too much, offered three hundred; which offer was declined."

Comedy,' and 'I

*Memoirs of R
Hadyn.*

THE recent for Music, an amateurs of this encouragement to memory the same science ago. A Royal the early part of were created for cini were appointment—parties increased in the subscribers; the years, benches, and manuscripts. The brilliant royal lordlings gay, arrous strains that ears, were cons and the glorious sweet sounds, dream.

Music again in may last. We gant arts and sc taste may go on

At length, a translation of his life is out, to use the phraseology of the Row; and who on opening at the frontispiece, but must smile courteously, on beholding the visage of the lively genius? "He who of all men," (sayeth his biographer) "during the last twelve years, has been most frequently the subject of conversation, from Moscow to Naples, from London to Vienna, from Paris to Calcutta. His glory, already, knows no other bounds than those of civilization, and yet he has scarcely attained his thirty-second year."

Fame is not always regardless of her votaries: she hied her to *Peter Schlemihl's* market, and putting her legs in the seven-leagued boots, which Peter had returned, she speeded faster than the winds, to trumpet forth her favourite Italian's renown. Wilkie, Rossini, and Sir Walter! what benignant planets prevailed at your births!

Now, then, for the book: we, too, would fain add a drop, to help fill the measure to this great artist's fame.

Rossini was born at Pesaro, a little town on the Gulf of Venice, in Feb. 1792. His parents were musical, though not in the highest class. His father was a third rate performer on the French horn; his mother a very pretty woman "a *seconda donna*" of very passable talents.

"Rossini's portion from his father was the true native heirship of an Italian: a little music, a little religion, and a volume of Ariosto. The rest of his education was consigned to the legitimate school of southern youth, the society of his mother, the young singing girls of the company, those *prima donnas* in embryo, and the gossips of every village through which they passed. This was aided and refined by the musical barber, and news-loving coffee-house keeper of the papal village."

It was not till Rossini was twelve years of age that he began to study music. *D. Angelo Tesci* was his first master. Under this professor, our young musician made considerable progress in singing and the rules of counterpoint; great hopes were entertained of his becoming a fine tenor singer. In 1807 he entered the Lyceum of Bologna, and became pupil to *Padre Stanislao Mattei*. His first musical composition, "*Il pianto d'Armonia*," was made here in 1808. Soon after its appearance he was chosen director of the *Concordi*, a musical society in the Lyceum. The first opera of Rossini's brought forward on the stage, though not the first written, was "*la Cambiale di Matrimonio*." This was performed at Venice, in 1810, where he had been sent by a young lady of great beauty and fortune.

In 1811, Rossini's friends procured for him an engagement at Ferrara; during his last season there he composed, "*Ciro in Babilonia*," an oratorio of considerable merit. After this he returned to Venice: here it appears he was treated a little cavalierly by the *Impressario* (Director) of *San Mosé*, who thought, no doubt, that Rossini's want of money would prevent retaliation; but he was a little mistaken.

"In quality of composer, Rossini's power over the orchestra was absolute, and he could oblige them to execute whatever he composed. In the new opera, therefore, of '*La Scala di Seta*,' which he made for the insolent *impresario*, he brought together an assemblage of all the extravagancies and whimsical combinations, in which it may well be supposed, a head like his is sufficiently fertile. For instance, in the *allegro* of the overture, the violins were made to break off at the end of every bar, in order to give a rap with the bow, upon the tin shades of the candlesticks. It would be difficult to imagine the astonishment and indignation of an immense concourse of people, assembled from every quarter of Venice, and even from the *Terra Firma*, to hear the new opera of the young *Maestro*. This public, who during the greater part of the afternoon had besieged the doors; who had been forced to wait whole hours in the passages, and at last to endure the 'tug of war,' at the opening of the doors, thought themselves personally insulted, and hissed with all the vengeance of an enraged Italian public. Rossini, not in the least moved by all this uproar, coolly asked the trembling *impresario*, with a smile, what he had gained by treating him so cavalierly. He then quitted the theatre, and started at once for Milan, where his friends had procured him an engagement."

This *jeu d'esprit* brought the *Impressario* to his senses, and Rossini about a month afterwards, made his peace with the humbled manager, and returned to Venice. Here he produced at the same theatre, two *farze*, (operas in one act) and during the Carnival of 1813, the celebrated opera of "*Tancredi*."

"No adequate idea can be formed of the success which this delightful opera obtained at Venice;—the city, which of all others, is considered as most critical in its judgments, and whose opinions as to the merits of a composition, are supposed to hold the greatest weight. Suffice it to say, that the presence of Napoleon himself, who honoured the Venetians with a visit, was unable to call off their attention from Rossini. All was enthusiasm! *tutto furore*, to use the terms of that expressive language, which seems to have been created for the use of the arts. From the gondolier to the patrician, every body was repeating

'*Mi rivedrai, ti rivedro.*'

In the very courts of law, the judges were obliged to impose silence on the auditory, who were ceaselessly humming

'*Ti rivedro.*'

Of this, we have been credibly informed by many persons who were witnesses of the singular fact."

This delightful piece of music, "*Tu che accen-*

some few lines; it is the famous '*Tu che accendi*,'—that and in the greatest number of places. The story goes at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious *cantilena*, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek litany which Rossini had heard some days previous chanted at Vespers, in a church on one of the islets of the Laguna, near Venice.

"At Venice it is called the *aria del risi* (air of rice); the reason is this;—in Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the *gran signore* to that of the *piccolo maestro*, invariably begins with a plate of rice; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an indispensable rule for the cook to come a few minutes before dinner is served up with the important question—*bisogna mettere i risi?* (shall the rice be put down?). At the moment Rossini came home in a state of desperation, his servant put the usual question to him; the rice was put on the fire, and, before it was ready Rossini had furnished his celebrated *Di tanti palpiti*."

During Rossini's residence in Venice, (1812-13) he produced, besides "*Tancredi*," "*L'Italiana in Algeri*," an Opera that was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and remains to this day one of the greatest favourites with the public. In the autumn of 1812, he went to Milan, where he composed "*La Pietra del Paragone*," considered by some of his admirers as his *chef d'œuvre* in the buffa style. Rossini cannot avoid occasionally speaking with delight of this period, notwithstanding the indifference he in general manifests, and on which he piques himself not a little. In 1813, he visited his native town and his family, for which he has always expressed the

made any standpoint insight into theatre, thus]

"From this Italy, some idea which Rossini left visited in succession from three to he was received tanti of the place passed with his shoulders at the neck to set to music genius, Rossini was mirer, (the Count him the works of comedies of Machiavelli Burati; he is fully these libretti."

have I heard him the Nine, who stands hours after came to gloria del più gran

"After two or three Rossini begins to re- rès, and full to work self in studying the sing at the piano, and driven to the point of tailing 'of their fair and happy ideas, but which was necessary cause the prima donna tone. Sometimes in but a bass who could before the first representation

sical impromptu, perhaps a portion of a *misère*, to the great scandal and annoyance of the good Catholics in their beds. At length he reaches his house, and shuts himself up in his chamber; and it is at this, to every-day mortals, most ungenial hour, that he is visited by some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. These he hastily scratches down upon odds and ends of paper, and next morning arranges them; or, to use his own phrase, *instruments* them, amidst the same interruptions of conversation as before. Figure to yourself a quick and ardent mind, susceptible of every impression, and capable of turning to advantage the most trifling occurrence, or passing observation. When composing his '*Mosé*,' some one said to him,— 'What, you are going to make the Hebrew sing! do you mean to make them *twang* it, as they do in the Synagogue?' The idea struck him at once, and he sketched out on the spot a rough draft of the magnificent chorus, so much admired in this opera, and which is observed to begin with a kind of nasal twang, peculiar to the synagogue.

"The labour of composition is nothing to Rossini; it is the rehearsal that annoys him. It is during those bitter moments that the *Povero Maestro* has to undergo the torture of hearing his happiest ideas, his sweetest and most brilliant airs disfigured by every dissonance of which the human voice is capable. 'It is enough to make one his ownself,' would Rossini exclaim. He goes away from the rehearsal mortified to death; what pleased him in the morning now fills him with disgust.

"Yet painful as such rehearsals may be to a young composer, I cannot help considering them (says his biographer) as the triumph of Italian sensibility. It is there that, assembled round a crazy piano, in an out-house (here dignified by the name of *ridotto*, green-room) of the theatre of some little town, such as Reggio or Villettri, I have seen eight or ten poor devils of actors rehearse, to the accompaniment of the noise and clatter of a neighbouring kitchen: I have heard them catch at once the most fugitive and rapid impressions that music could produce. It is here that the amateur of the north would stand astonished to hear persons perfectly ignorant of music, incapable of playing a common waltz on the piano, or even of describing the difference between one tone and another, sing and accompany by *instinct*, and with admirable spirit, music the most singular and original, and composed by the master almost under their very eyes. They commit a hundred faults; but, in music, such faults as are committed only through an excess of feeling or an over-earnestness to excel, are instantly pardoned, like those faults in love which proceed from an excess of ardour.

"But let us return to our little Italian town, which we left in the anxiety, or rather in the agitation, that precedes the day of the first representation of an opera.—At length the most important of evenings arrives. The Maestro takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; people have flocked from ten leagues distance. The curious form an encampment around the theatre in their calashes; all the lanes are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance, the town has the aspect of a desert: all the passions, all the solicitudes, all the life of a whole population is concentrated in the theatre.

"The overture commences; so intense is the attention, that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion,

the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds, or hissed, or rather howled, at without mercy. It is not in Italy, as in other countries, where the first representation is seldom decisive, and where either vanity or timidity prevents each man from intruding his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinions of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they belabour the backs of the seats with their canes, with all the violence of people possessed.

"Rossini presides at the piano during the three first representations, after which he receives his eight hundred or one thousand francs (not quite 42l.), is invited to a grand parting dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and he then starts *col veturino*, with his portmanteau much fuller of music paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course in some other town, forty miles distant. It is usual with him to write to his mother* after the first three representations, and send her and her aged father the two thirds of the little sum he has received. He sets off with ten or twelve sequins in his pocket, the happiest of men, and doubly happy, if chance should throw some fellow-traveller in his way, whom he can quiz in good earnest. On one occasion, as he was travelling *col veturino*, from Ancona to Reggio, he passed himself off for a master of music, a mortal enemy of Rossini, and filled up the time by singing the most execrable music imaginable to some of the words of his own best airs, to shew his superiority to that animal, Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies."

With this anecdote, so highly creditable to Rossini, we take leave of these memoirs for this week, purposing in our next number to give the author's opinions on the compositions of this able *Maestro*.

* His early letters to his mother, are addressed, "All' ornatissima Signora Rossini, Madre del celebre Maestro, in Bologna."

Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry, &c. &c. by T. CROFTON CROKER, 4to, Murray, London, 1824.

THE appearance of a quarto volume, of four hundred pages, descriptive of the *Isle of Erin*, without a single page of party politics, is a sort of literary phenomenon. Yet such a work has issued from the British press, in the beginning of the year 1824! We, however, are to be numbered among those, who, whilst feeling every of kind sympathy for the sufferers in that devoted country, had rather dwell upon the peaceable domestic habits, and ancient manners and customs of its inhabitants, than of those troubles, which our best wishes cannot lessen, nor our interference mend. We have not had leisure to afford more than a hasty perusal of this work, although we have seen enough to satisfy

ourselves, that there is neither a want of information, nor of amusement, to render it interesting to the reader. The work commences with a brief but very interesting history of the country, and the national character of its inhabitants appears to be drawn with discrimination, and with truth. The author thus commences this part of his description :

"The present Irish character is a compound of strange and apparent inconsistencies, where vices and virtues are so unhappily blended, that it is difficult to distinguish or separate them. Hasty in forming opinions and projects,—tardy in carrying them into effect, they are often relinquished before they have arrived at maturity, and are abandoned for others as vague and indefinite. An Irishman is the sport of his feelings; with passions the most violent and sensitive, he is alternately the child of dependency or levity; his joy or his grief has no medium; he loves or he hates; and, hurried away by the ardent stream of a heated fancy, naturally enthusiastic, he is guilty of a thousand absurdities. The extremes of temperament Giraldus Cambrensis has correctly depicted when he says, 'When they (the Irish) be bad, you shall no where meet with worse; if they be good, you can hardly find better.' With a mind inexhaustible in expedients to defeat difficulties, and act as a substitute for the conveniences of life, which poverty denies, the peasant is lively in intellect, ardent in disposition, and robust in frame; nor does he readily despond under disaster, or yield to obstruction, but moves forward in his rugged course, with elevated crest and a warm heart; with a love of combat and of inebriation, he is fond of excitement and amusement of any nature.

"The virtues of patience, of prudence, and of industry, seldom are included in the composition of an Irishman. He projects gigantic schemes, but wants perseverance to realize any work of magnitude; his conceptions are grand and vivid, but his execution is feeble and indolent; he is witty and imprudent, and will dissipate the hard earnings of to-day, regardless of to-morrow; an appeal made to his heart is seldom unsuccessful; and he is generous with an uninquiring and profuse liberality.

"Such is an outline of the Irish character, in which there is more to call forth a momentary tribute of admiration, than to create a fixed and steady esteem. When excitement is withdrawn, a state of sullenness and apathy succeeds; and hence, an Irishman surrounded by difficulties and dangers, associated with strangers in a foreign land, is full of energy and expedient; but herding with his own countrymen, he no longer appears the same person; and were it not for the occasional flash of wit or invention elicited by some unexpected occurrence, the casual spectator would pronounce him to be an essence of stupidity and perverseness; yet the strength of attachment to their native land is wonderful; and in banishment, or even emigration, there is an air of romance thrown around every recollection of the country where they have toiled for mere existence.

"In the secluded Irish mountaineer, the nobleness of savage nature has merged into the dawn of civilization, that, without conferring one ray to cheer or ameliorate his condition, affords him imperfect glimpses of the superior happiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of other countries.

"When turbulent and disaffected men agitate such a body, it becomes difficult to tranquillize those who have only life to lose, and every thing to gain. * * *

"The political creed of an 'United Irishman,' says the author, "is exhibited in a curious form of examination which took place in the gaol of Wexford, and is preserved in Jackson's Narrative :

"Q. Are you straight?—A. I am.

"Q. How straight?—A. As straight as a rush.

"Q. Go on then?—A. In truth, in trust, in unity, and in liberty.

"Q. What have you in your hand?—A. A green bough.

"Q. Where did it first grow?—A. In America.

"Q. Where did it bud?—A. In France.

"Q. Where are you going to plant it?—A. In the crown of Great Britain."

In a subsequent part of the work, the author thus proceeds in the development of the Irish character :—

"There is something remarkable in the ideas of freedom and independence vaguely floating in the mind of an Irish peasant; they seem only inferior to his pride, which exists in a degree wholly irreconcilable with his condition. A thousand evils are the result. 'I would, since your honour bids me, but I scorn to demean myself,' is a reply proof against any argument that reason or propriety can suggest. Bishop Berkely has mentioned a kitchen-wench in his family, who refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from the ancient kings of Ireland; and it would be ludicrous, were it not melancholy, to observe the consequence derived from this 'pride of ancestry.' The usual language of condolence on a change of fortune is, 'He whose father was a real and undoubted gentleman, and whose mother was born and bred a gentlewoman, aye, and her mother before her.' Every person, therefore, in Ireland is a gentleman, or was a gentleman, or is related to a gentleman; and hence unfortunately arises a self-conviction that they are privileged to the enjoyment of '*attus cum dignitate*,' and that their ancestors having formerly possessed estates, they are therefore entitled to them. * * * * *

"Poor, proud, and sensitive, the Irish character is one to excite our pity, were not those feelings in some measure deadened by the counteraction of others; and yet no doubt can be entertained of their innate existence. In communicating with the peasantry, every account given by them is in a strain of hyperbole. I have heard the resident of a mud cabin speak with perfect assurance of his 'drawing-room,' an apartment in the roof, to which he ascends by means of a ladder; and the foot-way through his half acre of cabbage garden, has become the 'road through his farm.' As a fair specimen of what Mr. Bush not unaptly terms 'Hibernian importance,' perhaps I may be excused for the well-known answer, 'Timber and fruit,' given from a coasting-vessel freighted with birch brooms and potatoes, when hailed by a revenue cruiser off Cork harbour, to ascertain her cargo.

"The letter of a village piper, requesting payment for his professional exertions at some little fête given by the lady of the manor, is a curiosity in its way, and I can vouch for its genuineness, being acquainted with the parties.

"To The Hon. Mrs. B—

"MADAM,

"The bearer hereof is the piper that played for your lordable family at the Terrace, on the 12th inst. and I am

referred to your honour for my hire; your ladyship's pardon for my boldness would be almost a sufficient compensation for my labour. "PATRICK WALSH."

Speaking of the neighbourhood of Killarney, to which all travellers in search of the picturesque, make a point of visiting, the author says,—

"The beauties of this celebrated spot have been so often and so fully described, as to render any thing I could say on the subject superfluous. Although the noble expanse of water, and the vast hills that tower in great strength and pride, excite general admiration, to me the great magic of Killarney has ever been its seclusion and retirement. The quietude of sequestered dells, still glassy lakes, and overhanging woods dipping into the water, is unbroken, and the silent spirit of the place diffuses a profound tranquillity over the senses.

"The shore of Muckross Lake is perhaps the most romantic. Worn by the action of the water into numerous grotesque caves, that repose beneath the leafy gloom of luxuriant trees, every irregularity out of which fancy has imaged forth is referred with a marvellous tale to O'Donoghue, and each object receives a local importance from antiquated legend. Nor should the less trodden shore of Glengariff, about ten miles from Bantry, and seated at the head of that bay, remain unexplored by admirers of the "magnificently rude" in nature, to whose attention it may be recommended without fear of disappointing their most sanguine expectation.

"It has been remarked by more than one artist of eminence, as a comment on the Irish landscape, that the forms of the trees are more graceful and capricious than in England. 'Your trees,' said a gentleman to me, 'partake of your natural character—wild and irregular; they both assume extraordinary ramifications, that, treated with justice by a master-hand, appear noble features, but of which an unskilful delineator produces only clumsy caricature.

"The oak of Ireland in particular, has long been famous. Popular tradition not only derives the cudgel of every Pat, or as it is figuratively termed, 'his sprig of Shillela,' from woods of that name in the county of Wicklow, but also the roof of Westminster Hall, and other buildings of the same age; the timbers which support the leads of King's College, Cambridge, built in 1444, as well as the roof of Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, are said to be of Irish oak; and to these may be added the wainscotted chambers of the Royal Library at Paris, founded in 1365, by Charles V. An extensive purchase of the timber of Shillela was made in Charles II.'s time by the Dutch, to pile the ground on which the Stadt House is built; and pipe staves were largely exported about that period from Dublin to London."

We were particularly pleased with the author's account of Cork, as it affords a gratifying proof of the superior happiness of that community, which studies to improve its condition, by the cultivation of its intellectual resources, and although the arts there are yet but in their infancy, we venture to hope, from the spirit of encouragement which our author tells us pervades this part of Ireland, they may in time arrive to maturity.

"In estimating the present rank which Cork is entitled to hold, from other causes than its commercial celebrity, the names of Barry, Butts, and Grogan* are marshalled in conjunction with reference to the fine arts. What local credit those names reflect, I have never been able to discover. It is true that city was the birth-place of the two former, and the residence of the latter, where he lingered through a laborious existence, without patronage or encouragement. Barry, it will be recollected, left Cork when a boy, and never returned to it. His genius developed itself in Italy, assisted by directions from Edmund Burke,—the works of the old masters having roused his expansive but uncouth mind into a ferocious rivalry; and his surly reply, when reminded of his birth-place, was, 'Cork gave me birth, 'tis true, but it never would have given me bread.' Jonathan Butts, less known than Barry, painted compositions of landscape and ruins, something in the manner of Claude, with a rich and flowing pencil, and emigrating to Dublin as a scene-painter to the theatre, earned for many years an itinerant subsistence. It is therefore an injudicious and idle boast to revert to the past.

"The exertions of some amateurs produced in 1815, a small exhibition of their own works jointly, with those of the few resident artists, which, perhaps, on account of its novelty, was well attended, and led to the formation of a society for the promotion of the fine arts. Circumstances having placed the management in unqualified and indolent hands, exhibitions were for two or three seasons produced, so worthless, as rather to offend than attract the public. A small subscription had been raised towards its support, sufficient for its existence; but the society has gradually sunk into insignificance, notwithstanding some laudable exertions in its behalf, by Lord Listowel, who was chiefly instrumental in obtaining from the King the presentation of a good collection of plaster casts.

"The state of literature in Cork is certainly more promising than that of the arts; and there is, if not a profound spirit of research, at least a general love of reading. The Cork library, the earliest literary institution, founded in 1790, is a truly valuable and well-regulated establishment. It is supported by the small annual subscription of one guinea from each member, and the collection of books on subjects of popular interest, is extensive and admirably selected.

"The institution derives its chief support from an annual parliamentary grant, and was founded by charter in 1807. From the individual exertions of Mr. Hincks, it may be said to have emanated; and, that it has conferred important benefits on the South of Ireland, is evident; but at present, like many other chartered houses, a lethargic, or rather, an illiberal party spirit, seems to have benumbed the inclination to be of public service.

"Three or four professors are attached to the institution, each of whom delivers an annual course of lectures, on various branches of natural history, chemistry, and agriculture, which being fashionable are numerously attended by the ladies. Its library also contains an excellent collection of scientific works; and the Museum, (the only one in the city) possesses some minerals, and efforts have been made towards a geological arrangement of the specimens. In other branches of natural history, the museum is extremely defective, and its antiquities undeserving any notice. Several literary and scientific societies have recently sprung up in Cork, which have been spiritedly supported by young men,

whose abilities promise to excite a revolution favourable to the advancement of literature."

The native, and almost universal disposition for waggery, which prevails among a certain class, may be understood by the following instance, which is a fair specimen of that love for drolling, which is, perhaps, peculiar to the people of Ireland, whose wit is various, as the occasion that gives it birth, and whose *naïveté* is always ready and ever new.

"Many curious anecdotes are told relating to its ('Amethystine mine') first discovery, which of course created what may be termed a sensation in Cork, and induced some of the jewellers to speculate largely in the purchase of Amethysts. One of these stories partakes so much of the spirit of waggery, ever superabundant in Cork, that I cannot resist its insertion. A lump of sugar candy was procured by two or three of those mortals who are fond of enjoying a laugh at the expense of others, and carefully bedaubed with clay, through which the delicate glistening points of its crystals projected. This being placed in the hands of a boy well instructed in his part, was offered for sale to a lapidary, who had for some days, previous, eagerly bought up every amethyst brought into his shop. 'Some of them find purple stones,' said the boy, with an air of simplicity, 'but here is a yellow stone, and I'll not sell it under a guinea:' the bargain was soon struck, the money paid, and the lapidary, imagining he had obtained a fine topaz, and rejoicing in his good fortune, hastened to throw it into a basin of water, to soften the clay which concealed its lustre. His astonishment and dismay were somewhat great on finding the gem dissolved, and the muddy water delicately sweetened!—but all was not lost—he received an invitation that evening to a supper provided with his guinea, and, on the entrance of a bowl of punch, was asked if he did not usually sweeten it with 'syrup of topaz.' Finding the laugh against him, he had no resource but to join in it with the best grace he could."

* It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning James Cavanah Murphy, the author of many elaborate works on Spanish Architecture and Antiquity; particularly, 'Accounts of the Alhambra and Batalha,' and that costly publication, the 'Arabian Antiquities of Spain.'

Peter Schlemihl: from the German of Lamotte Fouque, with Plates by George Cruickshank. London: G. and W. B. Whittaker.

On a recent perusal of the elegant volumes of the Rev. Mr. Frognal Dibdin, and dwelling with that indescribable interest, which we always feel on viewing the graphic representations of ancient towns, with which his tour is so admirably illustrated, we felt ourselves in an ancient street, at Nuremberg, opposite the house of Albert Durer. The venerable painter, with all the associations of the art in those remote days, stole into our thoughts, and we fancied that the "*Death on the Pale Horse*," and other pictorial phantoms of his creative brain, were

still prevailing fancies with the living mortals, who inhabited the crazy dwellings in this street, which our intelligent traveller, (Mr. Dibdin,) tells us, still retains his name—*Albert Durer-street*.

A little volume, entitled *Peter Schlemihl*, has just fallen into our hands, and the subject is so congenial to the notions we had formed, that we might well fancy this book was printed from a manuscript, lately discovered in some old press in old Albert Durer's crazy mansion. It is truly German, and conveys us back to the age of superstition, when crouching round the winter fire, the worthy neighbours of old Albert might likely be listening to some such story, until the great bell of Nuremberg told them it was time to rake out the embers, and retire to bed.

To describe this story, which we have read with amusement and delight—we own ours to be at times, at least, a strange old-fashioned taste—would destroy the interest of the book. There are some tales that lose all their *gist* by the officious office of whispered anticipation; and garrulous as we may sometimes be, we will not deprive the reader of the pleasure of developing the subject. Let the author tell his own tale.

"How I was startled when I saw the old man in the grey coat behind, and advancing towards me! He immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I in my turn uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still, with a bare head, in the sunshine, as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach: I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattle-snake. He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me:—

"Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopped him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon—'In the name of heaven, Sir,' I cried out in my anguish, 'what can I do for one who—' We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply.

"After a momentary silence, he again began—'During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir,—will you allow me to say so—I observed, with unutterable astonishment, the beautiful, beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps, without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet. Forgive me this, I confess, too daring intrusion—should you be inclined to transfer it to me?'

"He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? He is crazy, thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible, as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied:—

"How is this, good friend? Is not your own shadow enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain, indeed!" He began again: 'I have in my pocket

many matters which might not be quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little."

"A chill came over me: I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy, to set matters in order.

"Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant—I do not quite understand your meaning; how can my shadow—' He interrupted me—'I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket: how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining rods, mandrake roots, change pennies, money extractors, the napkins of Bolando's Squire, and divers other miracle workers, a choice assortment; but all this is not fit for you—better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap, restored spick and span new; and also a fortune-bag, which belonged to him.' 'Fortunatus's fortune-bag!' exclaimed I; and, as great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double duncs seemed sparkling before my eyes.

"Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag.' He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately-sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick vordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more. I stretched out my hand—'Done! the bargain is made—I give you my shadow for your purse.' He grasped my hand, knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot;—he lifted it up;—he rolled it together, and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket."

The author, after depicting with considerable ingenuity the miseries which a shadowless man is condemned to undergo, and for which the possession of an inexhaustible purse of gold could not compensate, proceeds,—

"The deepest pity seemed to inspire the fairer sex; but my soul was not less wounded by this than by the contumely of the young, the proud disdain of the old, especially of those stout and well-fed men, whose dignified shadows seemed to do them honour. . . . To leave nothing untried, I sent Bendel with a costly brilliant ring to the most celebrated painter in the city, requesting he would pay me a visit. He came—I ordered away my servants, locked the door, sat myself by him, and after praising his art, I came with a troubled spirit to the great disclosure, having first enjoined on him the strictest secrecy.

"Mr. Professor,' I began, 'can you paint a false shadow for one, who in the most luckless way in the world has lost his own?'—'You mean a reflected shadow?'—'To be sure.'—'But,' he rejoined, 'through what negligence could he lose his own shadow?'—'How it happened,' replied I, 'that does not matter, but—' I impudently began again with a lie, 'last winter, when I was travelling in Russia, it froze so severely, during the extraordinary cold, that his shadow was frozen to the ground, and it was impossible for him to get it free.'

"And I,' said the Professor, 'could only make him a sheet shadow, which he would be apt to lose again on the slightest motion, especially for one whose genuine shadow was so badly fixed, as must be inferred from your account; the simplest and wisest determination for him who has no shadow, is not to go in the sun.' He stood up, and walked away, after having sent through me a piercing glance which mine could not endure."

Friendship's Offering; or, The Annual Remembrancer. A Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift for 1824. London: Lupton Relfe.

THE first little ornamental work in miniature, which was the most general, and the genteelst new year's gift, when our grandmothers were in their teens, was the Somerset House Almanack; so called from a print of the old palace of our dowager queens, which was folded in by way of frontispiece. These, elegantly bound in morocco, yellow, red, and blue, and all the intermediate colours of the rainbow, were inserted in a case of the same material, richly ornamented with gold. Long since out of date, these were succeeded by annual publications under a variety of titles, ornamented with vignettes, by Stothard, Burney, Corbould, and with tiny views of seats from the portfolio of the celebrated landscape gardener, the late Mr. Repton, which met with a circulation according to their respective merits. The trade carried on, in these elegant trifles, was immense, and the same class of publications still provides occasional employment for designers and engravers of book prints, supporting for the season, moreover, many an industrious family, wherein even the children can help to provide something to cheer the Christmas fire-side.

Something new for this season has been of late imported by Mr. Ackermann. The popular title *Forget me Not*, which passing through his ingenious hands, came forth a novelty, much improved, from his press.

We are living in an age, when even patents are invaded. We must not wonder then, that the success of *Forget me Not*, has excited other publishers to turn their thoughts to similar productions. One of these we have just received, entitled *Friendship's Offering*, which is very elegantly printed, and tastefully bound. The prints, however, are not of a poetic cast, being views of foreign cities and towns, and the writing is not in that taste which we think should characterise an offering, with this sentimental title. The prints are nevertheless interesting, and engraved with great neatness.

offering, we copy the follow-

TITION USEFULLY DIRECTED.

, the French Academy received the letter:—

loves the sciences, and conceives them ad, is desirous of founding a prize, to be ution which may be deemed to confer n society at large. Be it a sermon, a k in prose or poetry; be it history or a moral or political essay; a memoir learned inquiry; in short, belong its at can be named, none are to be ex- tion shall not depend on any question ther is requested than that the judges the productions of the preceding year, their knowledge, the present appears o promote the welfare of mankind.' ademy to decide whether its own mem- to contend for the prize.

thousand livres is herewith deposited interest of this sum is to be expended hich the prize shall consist.

are the grounds of the proposal:—A diculed a play, which was universally it *demonstrated* nothing. This was t be so, that a member of the state, judgment of a book, should ask, of Such is the question which I now put erature has been represented as one of y. Let her step forward in her own d we are a thoughtless and a frivolous

PAUPERISM IN EUROPE.

Among the 178,000,000 individuals who inhabit Europe, there are estimated to be 1,000,000 *beggars*, or persons who subsist at the expense of the community, without contributing to its resources. In Denmark the proportion is five per centum; in England ten per cent.; in Holland fourteen per cent.; in Paris (in 1813) 102,856 paupers out of a population of 530,000; in Liverpool, 17,000 out of 80,000; in Amsterdam, 108,000 out of 217,000. These numbers in every instance, it is believed, are on the increase.

Comparative view of the population, Revenue and Debt of the principal Modern States.

| | Populat. | Revenue. | Nat. Debt. |
|--|------------|------------|-------------|
| France | 29,000,000 | 36,000,000 | 184,500,000 |
| Austria | 28,000,000 | 12,500,000 | 73,000,000 |
| Spain (in Europe) | 17,000,000 | 6,500,000 | 135,000,000 |
| Great Britain (in Europe, Asia, &c.) | 68,000,000 | 50,000,000 | 801,000,000 |
| Netherlands with Colonies | 6,000,000 | 7,000,000 | 145,000,000 |
| Prussia | 11,000,000 | 7,000,000 | 28,000,000 |
| Russia with Poland | 52,000,000 | 14,500,000 | 50,450,000 |
| United States | 12,000,000 | 3,500,000 | 19,500,000 |
| Naples | 5,100,000 | 2,900,000 | 14,000,000 |
| Turkey in Europe | 9,500,000 | | |

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XIII.

Mrs. BELLAMY's benefit happening to be fixed, so as to fall on that of *Mrs. Cibber's*, and as those ladies' interests clashed, and it was likewise an opera night, Mrs. Bellamy requested Mrs. Hamilton to let her night be Monday, and take in exchange the Saturday which was appointed as her's.

cordingly on the Monday, at half an hour after six, before the play should have begun, she sent me word : would not perform the character of *Lady Græveairs*. me necessary, from so late a disappointment, to make apology to the audience, for the delay that must ensue. who loved mischief as he had done whilst at West-school, enjoyed the storm which he himself had and would not make the apology. *Smith* had kindly ken to play *Lord Foppington* ; but he was so frightened he could not do it. *Lady Betty* was therefore to shew her flounces and furbelows before their order to request the patience of the audience till *incent* could dress for the part which *Mrs. Hamilton* have performed.

petition was granted with repeated plaudits, and assurance from *Mr. Town* and his associates, that would revenge my cause. This they did the very next when *Mrs Hamilton* played the *Queen* in the Spanish and myself *Aloira*. The majesty of Spain then appeared in all the pomp of false jewels. She was so remarkable of these false gems, that *Colley Cibber* compared her to a furze-bush stuck round with glow-worms—as was extremely dark, and she had an objection to powder.

on her entrance she was saluted in a warmer manner as wished, and was prevented for some time from going, by that most disagreeable of all sounds to a dramatist, whether author or performer, *hisses*. At length, the tumult ceasing a little, she advanced, and addressed the audience in the following Demosthenean style :— ‘ O men and Ladies ! I suppose as how you hiss me because I did not play at *Mrs. Bellamy’s* benefit ? I would be reformed, but she said as how my audience stunk, and all tripe-people.’ When the fair speechifier had said so far, the pit seemed one and all transported at her bold oratory, for with one voice they *encored* her, but at the same time, ‘ Well said, *Tripe* !’ a title he retained till she quitted the theatre.”

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. X.

restoration of King Charles II. must be considered as a notable epoch in the history of music in two respects ; as the re-establishment of choral service, and the commencement of a new style in church music is to be dated from ; and, secondly, as it gave a new form to that music, which, in contradistinction to that of the church, is termed secular music. The instruments commenced in this latter appear to have been the lute, the fiddle, cornets, pipes of various kinds, and lastly, the latter of which were at length so adjusted with respect to size and tuning, that a concert of viols became a term in music.

not in England the violin had never been considered an instrument proper for a concert, or indeed of any other use than as an incentive to dancing, and that kind of mirth as anciently the concomitant of religious festivity, especially at Christmas, in the celebration whereof fiddlers were deemed so necessary, that in the houses of the nobility were retained by small stipends, as also cloaks and with the cognizance or arms of the family, like our-

tain other domestic servants. From the houses of great men to wakes, fairs, and other assemblies of the common people, the transition of these vagrant artists was natural.

In the times of puritanical reformation, the profession of a common fiddler was odious. Butler has spoken the sentiments of the party in the invectives of Hudibras against Crowdero and his profession ; and by the way, the following lines in his poems :—

“ He and that engine of vile noise,
On which *illegally* he plays,
Shall dictum factum both be brought,
To condign punishment as they ought.”

But farther, to shew in how small estimation the violin was formerly held in this country. It appears that at the time when Anthony Wood was a young man, viz. about the year 1650, that the tuning of it was scarcely settled ; for in the account given by him of his learning to play on that instrument, he says, that he tuned it by fourths, and the notation was borrowed from the tablature of the lute, which had then lately been transferred to the viol da gamba. But the King soon after his return to England, having heard Baltzar’s exquisite performance on the violin, took him into his service, and placed him at the head of a band of violins, but he dying in 1663, was succeeded by Mr. John Banister, who had been bred up under his father, one of the waits, as they are called, of the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, near London. This person was sent by Charles II. to France for improvement, but soon after his return, was dismissed the King’s service for saying that the English violins were better than the French.

By means of this circumstance, and the several particulars before enumerated respecting the taste of Charles II. for music, we are enabled to trace, with some degree of certainty, the introduction of the violin species of instruments into this kingdom, and to ascertain the time when concerts, consisting of two treble violins, a tenor, and a bass violin or violoncello, came into practice ; that they had their origin in Italy can scarce admit of a question ; and it is no less certain that they were adopted by the French.

During the residence of Charles at the court of France, he became enamoured of French manners and French music ; and upon his return to England, in imitation of that of Louis, he established a band of violins, and placed at the head of it, at first Baltzar, the Lubecker, and after him Banister, who, for a reason above assigned, was removed from the direction of it.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two communications offered through the friendly channel. J. B. P. Esq. will be accepted on the conditions proposed. The sooner they arrive, the greater will be our obligation. We have to thank several Correspondents, particularly those in the country, for the interest which they have been pleased to manifest for the success of our Gazette. To some of them we are indebted for valuable information, and very acceptable advice.

WINE AND WALNUTS is postponed for want of space. We have been shortening the Chapters ; so that after this week, these papers will be continued in a regular series. The contributions proffered by certain professors of the Fine Arts will be acceptable ; but we request the articles may not be too long for our limited page.

We particularly request, that application for the SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE may be made on the Saturday. Several newsmen were applied to for the last Number on the Sunday, but they could not be procured.

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No. XV.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

WINE AND WALNUTS.

New Series.

CHAP. II.

THE SPILLER'S HEAD CLUB.

"I WISH to my heart that old Master Cole would go home and send the cod-fish," said mine hostess Mistress Canterbury. "Od rot it, he has been gossiping there with that noisy parson Henley ever since twelve o'clock. Well, as my good man says, it is no affair of mine; but nevertheless, I think with Mistress Cole, no good can come of him for all his cloth, the more's the shame. She has good reasons for what she says, for though I should be the last to speak ill of a clergyman as comes to our house, he is the most profligatest parson I ever set my eyes upon, as I am an honest woman.

"There's the parson of the Fleet, who lives among people that spends every body's money, and pays nobody. Why, he has as much gentility in his little finger as this brawler has. Well, what now—who are you?" Here she was interrupted by an ill-looking, scowling fellow, bowing, and taking a letter out of his tobacco box, doubled in the middle to make it fit. "Who are you?"

"I am the messenger at Master Croker's, the sheriff's officer at Temple Bar, and have brought a letter from Mister Jemmy Spiller for one Colley Kibber, Esq. as you may see if you reads the direction."

"Colley Kibber, you num-skull, where did you go to school? it is Colley Cibber—very well, very well, I shall give it to him presently. What do you stand there for?—come, go about your business."

"I was waiting only, mistress, just to"—"For what?" enquired the hasty hostess. "Only just to ask you for summat to drink, as it is New Year's Day like."

"I give you something to drink, you varlet! There is a pump in the market place! Why I would not give a dram to your master."

"My master is as good a man as your master any day, you foul-mouthed woman," retorted the messenger.

"O! say you so," exclaimed the enraged Mistress Canterbury, emptying a bowl of water in his face. She was washing some five or six dozen of glasses for the coming club meeting in the evening. 'There, take that mister impudence, you wanted

something to drink, and there's a whole punch bowl for you; and tell your master, if he dares to show his pimpled nose here, I have another at his service. Come, take yourself off with a flea in your ear," added the hostess, opening the bar door and driving him out.

"I'll take the law of you, mind if I don't," said the fellow, the water streaming from his hair. "Mark you," addressing himself to a group of basket women, who had surrounded the door: "I call you, good women, as witnesses of an assault, from that red-haired brimstone. I'll trounce you for this, if I don't, my name's not——"

The sentence was cut short by a bunch of turnip tops that came in contact with his head from an unseen hand, in the twinkling of an eye, which was the signal for a general attack, and mister messenger took to his heels, and flew across the market amidst a shower of potatoes, turnips and cabbage stalks, and was out of sight in a few seconds.

Clare-market in these days was famed for club law and summary justice. Mistress Canterbury was idolized by the basket women, for, although at the Spiller's Head the "*grey mare was the better horse*," to use the old adage, she was an excellent woman in her way, and the kindest friend to the poor of any good man's wife in the whole parish of *St. Clement's Danes*.

"What is the matter, Nanny," said old Colin Canterbury, as he came up to the door with a huge Norfolk turkey, which he had just received from a man in livery. "What is the matter, good mistress of mine?" "Matter," said she, "why that ban-dog, hanging-faced ruffian from the spunging-house there by Temple Bar, has been here with a letter from Mister Jem Spiller, and wanted me to give him a glass for the sake of the new year. Fine times, forsooth, when such wretches prate to me in my own bar."

"Well, well, Nanny, why put yourself in a heat about such trifles? Old Croker is a good sort of man in his way."

"Trifles! yes, no doubt, I suppose if you had been in the bar the fellow would have got what he wanted."—"Perhaps he might," replied old Colin, smiling. "See, Nanny, my good mistress, here's a fine picture of a bird. Why he weighs a matter o' twenty pounds."

"Picture!" echoed the hostess. "Yes! you

LONDON, JANUARY 17, 1824.

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

er Laguerre to paint your picture, unken sot Jem Spiller, and hang write the sign of the Fool's Head." to it, hey, Dame Canterbury," who at that instant was coming

horns!" exclaimed Dame Can- s! from the lips of a parson too! save yourself by taking hold of ltar, but your cloven-footed mas- for all your gown and cassock—er parson."

w in *your* horns, Master Henley, olly old Cole, the fishmonger. tress Canterbury, I give you joy, e parson a Roland for his Oliver, . Upon my life, Master Henley, any for you, ha, ha, ha. Well y, and if we do not roast him for m the biggest sinner in all the

! Mister Cole, I should hear you hostess, her anger subsiding all ness. "But Mister Cole, if you that hypocritical gentleman who garment of holiness, you *may* or evil communication—"

"Ha, ha, ha, odd fish! you are right, my Colley boy. By the way, did you hear of my sermon to the craft? Ha, ha, ha. Colley, you know I love you, you dog. I only wish you could play to as full houses as I do. What a world we live in! Hey, my Colley! Ha, ha, ha. I thought the cordwainers had more brains; but the asses took it all in good part, and I pocketed the cash, ha, ha, ha.—I say, Colley, those sly old fish, my Right Reverend Lord Bishop Sprat, and my Lord Bishop Herring, think you they ever made so much at a charity sermon?—ha, ha, ha, ha. The merry rascals! I do verily pray for the cobblers. I query whether you could find a whole pair of boots within the bills of mortality—ha, ha, ha, haugh. And then, how 'twill raise the price of Cordovan! What would old Praise-God-Barebones say to this—the round-headed leather-seller? What a rare monopoly for the puritanical old regicide. And then the Dons suspect my loyalty, Colley! What next? I'll tell you, my cock of trumps, (*whispering*) they were jealous of my talents, and so I never got a fellowship. Loyalty! Confound their impudence. Why, my prince of Buskin-heroes, Colley, take care of your boots, for as sure as the prince is no prince at all, your Cordovan boots shall fetch you five guineas the pair.

have not so much logic in your head as a whirligig, or I'd prove to you in five minutes, that the whole thing is"—

"Past your comprehension," replied Colley Cibber. "Fye! fye! John Henley, do not let us play with edge-tools."

"Well, well, perhaps you are in the right, Colley; but if you are for sober conversation, why, let us have something to drink; for there lies the fundamental error. You reasoners frighten all the social, for their sober doctrines are always dry. What say you to a glass of punch?"

"Not for the world;—punch before dinner! Make a whirligig of my head indeed!"

"Have you any party-coloured objection to a modicum of negus, Mister Sober-sides?—Waiter, bring me an eighteen-penny bowl of red-wine slip-slop."

"Yes, Sir."

"And score it to Mister Cibber."

"Yes, Sir."

"And, hark ye, waiter, let it be hot, and not too weak, for verily it is very cold. Hip! waiter! ask your master to let us have a winter log to pile up the fire. Now we shall be snug, Colley."

"But I must go and cater, and have a confab with mine hostess, Parson."

"Mine hostess! Colley, have you any objection to a pipe? Waiter, bring pipes. Yes, mine hostess!—Pray, Colley, (*in a whisper*) does not our buxom landlady put you in mind of Dame Quickly?"

"Not at all," replied Cibber.

"That is because you are a player," said Parson Henley, "for," (puffing at his pipe, which he was lighting with a twisted play-bill) "for—*puff*—for all the impenetrable—*puff*—blocks mis-nomered actors, or observers of charac—*puff-puff*—ter, may this pipe be my last, if you sock-and-buckin gentry are not the dullest dogs at dis—*puff-puff*—crimination. It is true as the gospel, as I hope to be saved—*puff-puff*—for, excuse me, Colley, you are all mimics of one another—*puff-puff*—and as for going to school to old Dame Nature—*puff*—as did the players of old, damme, Sir, you all follow one another like so many bleating sheep after old rattle-cannister. Yes, it is the fact—*puff-puff*—all baa-baa-baaing after the bell-wether. Why, waiter, you have been pumping on this tobacco."

"It is Freeman's best, Sir. Master had it in fresh this Christmas."

"O! he had, had he? then Master Freeman

deserves to be taken to the pump; for if it be not as dank as the November morning-prayer-man's wig at Saint Paul's, then there's not a cuckold within the sound of Bow-bells. And so, Colley, come, no heel-taps—*puff-puff*—and so you have not speculation enough to perceive a resemblance of Mistress Nanny Canterbury to the landlady of the Old Boar's Head—*puff-puff*—now I have."

"Be it so," replied Colley Cibber; "but I have not. Blind as a body may be, however, Master Parson, I can make out a resemblance of your worship to old Sir John, making due allowance for your lack of wit. Now Sir, our hostess is as excellent a piece of household goods as ever did credit to a bar. She is hasty, but as faithful a rib as ever honest host deserved, and worth her weight in gold."

"Ah! Master Colley, you are a favourite, and I've a mind to '*be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock pigeon over his hen*.' But come, then, now let us know who is he, the said Don, whom you met there at the Mitre. Is the fellow worth his company? But let us have no riddle-marees. I'd rather burst with curiosity than guess again. I hate your guessers; your guessers, to a man, were always triflers—hum-drums—fools!"

"Don't be impatient, my jolly Parson; keep yourself sober till night; all in good time, doubtless you will see the Don. So, good bye to ye,—I must to business; for know you not that I am providore?"

"Cry your mercy! Master Roscius. Do me a kind turn.—That old rogue Crump the poultry-terer, on the side of the market, I hear, has purloined some woodcocks; get a brace or two,—you know how to coax. But," (holding him by the skirt,) "you shall not go kissing our hostess under the mistletoe, by the Lord, until you have satisfied my curiosity; so out with it. Who is this new comer to-night?"

"Deuce take me if I have not forgotten," said the player. "Let me think.—Surely—why, did not I let out his name?—*Count Heidegger*."

"Count Heidegger! I have it,—*Count Heidegger*." then you are a jolly fellow! Thank you, Colley; now cocks. I'm free; but mind, remember the woodcock. I'll give you a lift in the Hyp-doctor, only mind the woodcocks."

"That said woodcock is a most dainty bird," observed the player, "I served an old grave-looking trader in a brown wig, shaking the ashes out of his pipe."

"Would they were big as turkeys," said orator an Henley.

and as common as larks," added the stranger. "Why, no," replied Henley, "for then every head might feed upon them, and they are only for their betters. Pray, Sir, may I be so bold, to be a visitor at the Spiller's Head Club to-morrow?"

"I am, Sir."

"I am sorry for it, Sir," replied Henley.

"Why so, Sir?" enquired the stranger.

"Because I shrewdly guess, you are licking your lips in anticipation of this said *scolopax rusticola*."

"Take yourself easy, I beg, Mister Parson Henley," replied the good-humoured stranger, smiling, "I am that old rogue, Crump, and you may depend upon my best services."

"The devil you are!" exclaimed the audacious

Henley; "then I am in high luck;" and shaking him, shook him cordially by the hand, saying, "I am heartily glad to meet you, Master Crump."

"What! are you of the Crumps of Chedoke?" "Come, Sir, to our better acquaintance," said Henley, "I have here two glasses of negus; 'here's to your health and mine!'"

"I have heard my great uncle Zachary say, that

Henley was a pleasant mad-cap, until, determined by a career of extravagant folly, he became a complete brawler, and a sot. "He

should countenance those undertakings which support the high character of the British art, and the extensive losses which some of our artists have experienced of late, in their endeavours to serve the cause of literature and the arts, would have ruined any man who had traded on a limited capital: for we have done so many various works that we could name them, that the fulfilment of every obligation on the part of the publisher, whilst they have disregarded their moral, if not legally, bound themselves, to know, and were we to expose the proceedings of defaulters, even without mentioning names, would be down as *subscribers*, to certain persons who were an honour to our age, by whose patronage projectors were exposed to ruin, many a gentleman, who appeared in the world as a patron of art, might be brought to a conscious shame.

We are assured, on indisputable authority, that when an engraving was proposed, and the artist from the fine portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, hundreds were emulous to have their names high on the list of subscribers, from which they should obtain, by a public sale, the fruits of their loyalty, in blending themse-

which truth of costume, in a pictorial on of a real event, is sure to effect on the intelligent connoisseur, to whom he addresses the highest efforts of his art. Advantages, too, are held out to the concur great theatrical exhibitions. In per-historical play, the costume is of the importance; for from the stage the public get what is useful to be generally known, from the press; and the nearer a dramatization is wrought up to truth, the greater general advantages derived from these moral, and delightful mimic spectacles. I have recently penned these observations, when I had to open a part in the first volume of which we had previously overlooked, the author speaks to the same point.

ed taste which, with regard to other matters of been so happily cultivated in this country, during reign, has not only given a general stimulus to introduced into painting and scenic representations, an historical correctness with which our are unacquainted. Good drawing and correct acting with well-delivered sentences, are now sufficient without chronological accuracy. Though respect, claiming our applause, Alexander and rude and velvet are as offensive on the canvas as a gold lace coat and wig, and his favor-sponding habit, at the theatre. In the reigns of Edward III. and William III., the judicious and critical not in vain lay open the stores of the classic and captivating elegance made them the general pleasure and painting: though they could not at be heroes of antiquity from the addition of a periwig.

Realities, however, are now banished: in matters of ornament, or ancient civic costume, whether we see reproductions of our historical artists, or view a theatrical representation, we feel transported to the very era of which we are witnesses. And why, in respect to armour, should accuracy be deemed unworthy of regard? Paintings since the time of Charles I. the warrior-ages, are represented in the military costume of the period; and yet, as great a variety has existed in the dress of the warriors of successive eras, as in the modern. The truth is, artists have neither understood themselves, nor been able to find sources of information elsewhere. The modern practice is to draw from the armorial bearings in the tower; and yet, notwithstanding the fact that armorial bearings are not a suit there older than the time of Henry III. indeed, have possessed themselves of detached armorial bearings to be more correct; but this has enabled them to state more faithfully the appearances of steel: a no modern attempt at an historical classification. It is known that chain armour was ancient and although there is little now in existence, it is being constantly palmed upon the public as European antiquity."

of this character delights, by the re-

search which brings to view so many interesting scraps descriptive of the habits of early times, which the general historian rarely introduces, from the fear of breaking the thread of his narrative; yet history loses its greatest charm, by the absence of this necessary knowledge. It is amusing traits like the following, which convey us back to the period described.

"The Normans placed their chief reliance on their cavalry, while the Saxons depended on the compact masses of their infantry. Normandy, indeed, furnished, as it still does, most excellent spirited little horses, capable of great fatigue; but William, we are told, preferred the Spanish breed. Thus on the eve of battle:

'Son bon cheval fist demander
Ne peust l'en meilleur trouver
Des Espaigner il ont envée
Un roi pas moult grant amitié
Armes ne presses ne doubtaist
Se si sires n'esperonast
Gautier Giffart leur amené
Qui a Saint Jame avoit este.'

'He gave orders for his good horse,
A better than which could not be found.
From Spain had it been sent
By a king, who had for him the greatest friendship:
It feared neither arms nor the press of battle,
If its riders merely spurred it.
Walter Giffard brought it with him,
Who had been at Saint Jago.'

"From this description it appears to have been an Arabian, or a cross from one. Indeed, we know that that breed was in high esteem with the Normans, as Robert, duke of Gloucester, in Stephen's reign, first improved the English horse by the importation of Arabians, with which he stocked his park at Powis Castle.

"Not only did the Normans pay attention to their cavalry, but they introduced the art of shoeing horses, as at present practised, into England; for though the Britons had been taught the use of them by the Romans, their pedolau were probably considered too clumsy to be adopted by the Saxons. The Roman horse-shoe, or pedillum, lapped over, and was tied round the hoof of the horse, and therefore occasioned a rattling sound. All the horses in the tapestry appear shod, but the want of correct drawing in this respect will not allow us thence to determine, whether they were in the Roman or modern fashion.

"Henry de Ferrers, or de Ferrariis, who accompanied the Conqueror, took his name it seems, from having been appointed to superintend the shoeing of the horses, as *præfectus fabrorum*, a circumstance which his posterity commemorated in their armorial bearings. William also gave to Simon St. Lis the town of Northampton, with the hundred of Falkney, then valued at 40l. per annum, on condition of providing shoes for his horse. We see the infancy of the art in the great value set upon the production; and, indeed, so late as the time of Edward I. the rarity of horse-shoes is evident from their being demanded besides the horse. Thus, in the *Plac. Cor. 13*, Edw. I. we read: '*Henricus de Averyng tenuit manerium de Morton in com. Essex in capite de domo; rege per serjan-tium inveniendi unum hominem cum uno equo preclii x. s. et*

MERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

n, et uno sacco de coreo, et una brochea
contingerit dominum regem ire in
a sumtibus suis propriis per quadraginta
ring held the manor of Morton, in the
apite of our lord the king, by the ser-
man with a horse, value ten shillings,
one sack of barley, and one iron buc-
happen that our lord the king should
Wales, at his own proper expense for

be ninth century used only to shoe their
it is probable that the Normans, in like
their steeds constantly shod. That the
e shoes, in France was, however, with
the discovery of one which belong-
ilderic, and was found, with many other

This would intimate that the practice
or above five centuries before the landing
ngland.

, are worthy of remark, being some-
yle, rising very high before and behind,
differing in this respect from those of
eem to have been little more than a
* * *

s differed but little from those of the
the neck was rather shorter, the pyra-
neave on every side, which afterwards
and spike of the pryck-spur; and the
ng straight, curved."

has actually committed this error.

raphy and Obituary for the Year

sure the price of a book by its size, rather than by
the value of its contents.

Now with reference to many of those which
appear in the afore-named miscellany, they were
gratuitous contributions by literary gentlemen,
most of whom, well acquainted with the history of
the defunct, wrote *con-amore*, and at their ease.

Here, however, we have a closely printed octavo
volume for the past year, collected almost entirely
by one author, a labour which, to do justice to the
subject, might well employ twenty. These diffi-
culties being premised, we are not disappointed to
find that the annual obituary is not entirely what
we could desire, but rather surprised at the in-
dustry and talent which must have been exerted
in bringing together such a body of valuable infor-
mation within so limited a time.

It has been objected, and we think not fastidi-
ously, that too little has been said of some distin-
guished persons, whose names are herein recorded,
and too much of others, of whom the public were
little curious to know even any thing. But the
author of a work like this, may be compared to the
portrait painter, who, whatever may be his ambi-
tion, cannot always employ his pencil in "*limning*
of heroes." Indeed, it is difficult for the biogra-
pher, such is public taste, to know where to draw
the line for the legitimate honours of rank, are

We will recur to our subject, however, and give a specimen of this very interesting publication, beginning with an extract from the memoirs of our old friend Joseph Nollekins, Esq. R.A.

We shall abridge the account of this distinguished sculptor from the work before us, from which we learn, that Mr. Nollekins was born in Dean-street, on the 22d of August, 1737. His parents were foreigners: his father, a native of Antwerp, was an artist; his mother a Frenchwoman. The productions of Mr. Nollekins in the early part of his career, afforded but little promise. It was under Mr. Peter Scheemaker (the most eminent sculptor in England of that day), that he learned the mechanical part of his art. Some of his first studies were from very fine casts from the antique, in the gallery of the Duke of Richmond. These early efforts were rewarded by premiums from the Society of Arts. Finding that England was not the place to gain much improvement in his art, he went to Italy, and studied under Cavaceppi. He remained there about nine years, and during his residence, made considerable progress in his profession. Mr. Nollekins received the first premium ever presented by the Royal Academy to an English sculptor. The author observes,

"With that acuteness that distinguished him through life, Nollekins quickly discovered that the ignorance and vanity of the greater part of the Englishmen who then visited Rome might be turned to good account; and he became a dealer in antiques, and in the modern productions of Roman art. Many reasons concurred to make his assistance sought, both by the needy Italian artists, and by the wealthy English nobility; and he at once improved his fortune, gave general satisfaction to his clients of all descriptions, and steadily prosecuted his professional studies."

During his residence at Rome he executed many very fine busts, among them were one of Sterne, (the only one known,) and very fine busts of Garrick and Mr. Stephen Fox. It is said that he never excelled the last mentioned bust; yet at the time it was executed, its price was but 12 guineas.

Mr. Nollekins returned from Italy in Dec. 1770, having saved sixteen hundred pounds, and married the daughter of Mr. Justice Welch, with whom he received a handsome portion. He took a house in Mortimer-street, where he remained for the rest of his life. Here for many years he was patronized by persons of the highest rank, particularly by his late Majesty, with whom he was a great favourite.

"It was probably owing to the deficiencies of his education and to the force of early habits, that Mr. Nollekins

could never boast of much refinement in manners. On the contrary, indeed, although he was very much respected by all who were on very intimate terms with him, the simplicity of his deportment, and the total absence of any attention to the ordinary usages of polished life, afforded them frequent subjects of amusement. As a specimen of his *naïveté*, it is related of him, that in spite of the previous admonition of his friends, he would go up to his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, take him familiarly by the button, like an everyday acquaintance, ask him 'how his father did,' and express pleasure at hearing the king was well: adding, 'Aye, aye! when he's gone, we shall never get such another.' Once when his late Majesty was sitting to him for a bust, he fairly stuck one point of a pair of compasses in the king's nose, in ascertaining the distance between that and the under lip. His Majesty, with his accustomed good-nature, laughed heartily at meeting with a person apparently insensible of the interval which separated a monarch from the rest of the world. As for Mr. Nollekins, he handled kings and noblemen as if they were common folks; and had no other notion, but that it was his business, when employed upon a bust, to set about it in the regular way, and to make the best thing of it he possibly could; considering that one man's head differed from another's only as it was a better or a worse subject for modelling."

Mr. Nollekins died in April, 1823, in the 86th year of his age. He was attacked with paralysis in 1819, of which he never perfectly recovered. The following anecdote, the author of this biography has taken from a recent publication, "Table Talk."

"I saw this eminent and singular person one morning in Mr. Northcote's painting room. He had then been for some time nearly blind, and had been obliged to lay aside the exercise of his profession; but he still took a pleasure in designing groups, and in giving directions to others for executing them. He sat down on a low stool, (from being rather fatigued) rested with both hands on a stick, as if he clung to the solid and tangible; and had an habitual twitch in his limbs and motions, as if catching himself in the act of obliquing a lip, or a dimple in a chin; was bolt upright, with features hard and square, but finely cut; a hooked nose, thin lips, an indented forehead, and the defect in his sight completed the resemblance to one of his masterly busts. He seemed by time and labour to have wrought himself to stone."

(To be continued.)

Beauties of the Dulwich Picture Gallery. London. Welton, 21, Fleet-Street.

THE liberality with which the late Mr. Desenfans opened his house to artists and amateurs—that house wherein every apartment was filled with paintings of the old masters—will long be remembered with esteem for that worthy foreigner. On his decease, this valuable gallery was devised to Sir Francis Bourgeois. It fortunately happened by this change, that the world of taste sustained no loss; for it is well known that the collection was not only accessible to his friends, and to the whole

, but to all who, delighting in it, applied for permission. On Francis, this valuable collection I say, unaccountably bequeathed Dulwich, where a gallery has their reception, and where the days, have the gratification of ew them, free of expence.

assumes no higher pretensions a Guide to the Collection. It

consists of more than three hundred discover the merits of a tenth part of more time and study than a great can afford to bestow, even supposing have qualified them for the task. It is s that the following pages are written; I, not so much to point out the beauties, shorten the road to these beauties. * * is to pass through each room, and stop alone which seem to present the most g features, without, however, pretentive estimate of the different objects, ice of them as may tend to increase the xamining them, and assist his memory sure in absence.

The first room in which we find our gallery, consists chiefly, (as I have tion,) of landscapes by Flemish artists, very highest class in their department know not where such another collection

scapes which are scarcely any thing in themselves, but which derive their chief power of affecting us, from the manner in which they are treated. Many, and indeed most of Claude's landscapes, would convey very pleasing associations to us, even if they were depicted with the most ordinary skill, and in the most common-place manner. But the landscape before us would be a mere impertinence, treated by almost any other hand than that of Cuyp. It represents a broken foreground entirely bare of trees, with a centre group of two men and two cows, another group of cows and figures in the half distance on the right; a dark rock rising on the extreme right; a dazzling sunset on the extreme left; and all the rest retires into a misty distance. The whole is suffused with a rich golden light, and steeped in a thin air, which seems to be glowing and flickering with the heat which has rarefied it. There is a fascination about this picture, which is unaccountable on any received principles of art, and which is at the same time indescribable. There are no marks of the pencil about it. You cannot tell how it got there, unless it has been breathed there; and you cannot be sure that it will stay before you,—that it is not an illusion of the mind—a vision of the golden age, and that when you take your eyes off it, it will not, when they return again, have disappeared. I confess that this picture, and one or two others that I have seen by the same artist, (one in particular at Petworth) give me a more apt idea of the golden age of the poets, than all the classical ones expressly intended to typify it—even those of Claude and Poussin themselves. The truth is, Cuyp had more imagination than any other landscape painter; and he also blended together imagination and absolute reality, in a manner which nobody else did.

“ Before taking leave of this exquisite work, let me strenuously advise the visitor to look at it from different points

Prose, by a Poet, in 2 vols, 12mo. Longman, and Co. 1824.

WHETHER, on opening an anonymous new book, the reader is to meet with prose-ing by a poet, or poet-ising by a proser, is a matter of chance. It not unfrequently happens, however, that wiser readers than we pretend to be, put on their critical spectacles, and turn over page after page, before they can make up their minds upon the question; for, touching a book *without a name*, there is no prescience in the case, even with the wisest of the wise.

On beholding a picture, the critic connoisseur exclaims at once, "Faith, this is good—it is charming—upon my conscience, it is very fine." *Au contraire*, the same learned and sagacious wight, even whilst wiping the glass appended to his button-hole, will shake his wise noddle, and whisper, "This is no marvel; it is very so-so indeed;" and raising his voice as he applies the magnifier to his sight, concludes with, "Sir, it is execrably bad!" Could we at once read a book, as we can read a picture, what a world of reading should we be spared!

On opening the first page of the first volume of this little work, of only seventeen short lines, we were satisfied that page the second would be worthy a perusal; and the eleven pages of the dialogue between the Reader and this Book, to use the author's heading, which are bestowed by way of introduction, satisfied us that the author had a head. We anticipated a book of original merit,—we read his prose, and we were not deceived.

Now, if the poet author of this book would, for we are inclined to think he could, draw a character in poetry as truly and as feelingly as he has painted her in prose, what a touching poem might we add to the collections of our English bards,—the theme so novel,—the *Old Woman*.

It is to be numbered amongst the greatest blessings of the age, that our most elegant and learned writers, with few exceptions indeed, use their pens in the cause of virtue. We speak of the authors of books. Were it not so, then might England become another Nineveh or Babylon; for every day's sad experience has shewn, that two or three men of imposing talent, with a solitary genius at their head, have laboured so successfully for the Prince of Darkness, that even the best exertions of a host of the good and wise can scarcely counteract their influence. How dreadful, then, would be the consequences, were men of genius and learning,

instead of thus enrolling themselves under the holy banner, to go over to the enemy, who thus make war upon all things sacred, all things pure, and all things holy!

The national taste has long been diverted from that species of writing which did honour to the last age, when Addison and Steele, Johnson and Hawksworth, by their almost divine Essays, did even more than the pulpit in reforming the manners of their compeers. Would that we could behold a revival of that taste, and that our youth might, as heretofore, be led to the Temple of Virtue by the Graces.

The spirit which pervades the essays that compose these two volumes, has a tendency to revive a taste for this species of composition. The subjects are generally well conceived, and illustrated in that lively and elegant language, which cannot be read with indifference. The main object of our greatest essayists has always been to amuse whilst they instruct. None, therefore, can succeed in this style, but authors who are capable of adding to a knowledge of the manners and customs of society, something of invention and fancy to adorn their portraits. In these requisites our author is not deficient; and we can with pleasure earnestly recommend his prose, which, with all its truth, is occasionally rich in poetic feeling, as a delightful addition to the library of the drawing-room.

The novelty of the aforementioned subject—An *Old Woman*—is so ably drawn, and does so much credit to the author's feelings, and, if it were not egotistical, we might add, is so congenial to our own, that we shall transcribe the greater part of the article, with one observation, which we beg to offer to the serious consideration of those who, reading this specimen of the writer's talents, we hope may buy the book; namely, that if they should liken the description to any worthy old being thus circumstanced, whom they may chance to know, and being blest with wealth, that the tear which the fiction may excite may be sanctified by drying the tear of a forlorn sister in Adam, and in comforting the aged heart yet a little while, ere it is called to end its sorrows in the grave.

After an interesting, and, alas! too faithful description of the wretchedness of the far greater proportion of poor aged women, the author continues:—

"Let us take a sketch from the life—a general picture, of course—of one of these well-deserving but ill-rewarded beings, from the cradle to the grave; and it will be seen, that in every stage of advancing existence, through a series

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

been her chief business to promote the late the sufferings of those with whom d. Hard indeed is her lot, to want in she has expended her health and her

born in a poor man's family; and there such an event, for nature will be glad r melancholy the prospect of futurity. enough to survive a few years of bad and perhaps cruel usage from rude paves, among whom she has been left an er is she able to carry a child, than she nurse; her little arms are strained to big as herself, and her feeble knees en which she kisses with transports of hilst it almost bears her down. Thus, is taught by the sweetest feelings of premature toil, the lessons of love, and g self-will and self-indulgence to the f others; she scarcely ceases to be an itiated in the practical duties of a mo- ry because the sun shines, the shower ots, and the birds sing for her; sleep is pleasant, and food delicious; she the secret of being discontented with eting what she has not.

sisters grow up under her, they gra- a the delightful though oppressive em- but it is only to give her the opportu- harder and less amiable tasks. She her's assistant in housekeeping, that is, of all the family; she cooks, and id washes, and works, when she ought

Meanwhile, though pinioned to time and place in her duty, like a wren sitting on nine eggs, every one of which must be hatched, yet as even the brooding mother flits occasionally from the nest, 'to pick a scanty meal,' and then returns with double ardour to her task, so our indefatigable maiden seizes the hasty opportunity, whenever it occurs, if it be but for a moment, to steal out and exchange a word or a look with the youth of her choice, and felt as if there were something in life worth living for, to the poorest of its possessors. And so there is.

"Preliminaries are soon arranged, where being thrice asked at church is all the legal formality required; they are married, and she has a home of her own, such as it is; but she is charmed with being mistress of herself, and heedless of the future. Her husband lives with her a few years, and they are as well off as other folks; their children are multiplied—so are their troubles; trade fails; her partner is unfortunate or improvident; his health is broken, and he dies before his time; or he falls into bad company; his morals are debauched; he goes for a soldier, or runs away nobody knows whither; and she is left in middle age, a widow, or a widowed wife, with a numerous offspring, the oldest of which is hardly fit for apprenticeship. These grow up around her, if they are not dispersed by the overseers, according to her own character, in habits of industry or sloth, subsisting frugally on their honest earnings, or miserably on parish allowance. One by one, however, they leave her; the sons are scattered abroad; some settle in humble occupations, others are rovers, and enter the army or seek their fortunes at sea; the daughters, in their turns, engage in domestic service, or in manufactories, from whence, in the course of nature, (as it is in low life) they are duly married off; and while she is growing old, her immediate suc-

"The aged and unprovided females of the present day are also in less favourable circumstances than, it may be hoped, those who are treading in the steps of womanhood after them, to the same extremity of helplessness, are likely to be placed in when they arrive there. Formerly there were few Christian and benevolent institutions for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor,—no societies among their superiors, for bettering their condition, and more effectually helping them, by teaching them to help themselves. Such genuine charities are now both numerous and flourishing throughout the land. Those, therefore, of the feeble sex, who now form the advanced guard in the march of human life, and already verge on the confines of the grave, having passed that limit beyond which mortal strength is declared by the voice of inspiration to be 'labour and sorrow,'—those who are thus circumstanced at this time, have fewer resources and consolations than their successors are either wisely preparing for themselves, or by anticipation enjoying through the beneficence of others. There is, therefore, the greater need to urge with importunity the practice of that part of 'pure and undefiled religion,' which is 'to visit the widows in their affliction;' seeing that a few more seasons will utterly sweep away the living race of old women, and hurry them beyond the reach of wrong or compassion from their fellow-creatures.

"But independent of casual disadvantages, these sufferers, in their lowest state, have a peculiar claim, on account of their sex, on the veneration and gratitude of both sexes;—a claim on their own, springing from the purest sympathies of a sister nature;—a claim on ours, founded on the strongest obligation that can bind one being to another,—the obligation of birth. When the Almighty had taken Eve from the side of the man whom he had created, and brought her unto him, Adam said, 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' The debt which the first woman thus owed to the first man, her daughters have been repaying through all generations. Every son of Adam has been born of a woman, and beholden for his very substance to a mother, from the fountain of whose blood his veins were first filled, and from the pulsation of whose heart vital motion was first communicated to his own; of every one, therefore, who assumes to be an hereditary lord of this nether creation, woman may say, as literally as Adam said to Eve, 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' 'Man that is born of a woman!' is so beautiful an expression, that in the whole compass of language there is not another connected with terrestrial existence, that awakens deeper feelings—that associates so many affecting ideas, or comprehends more of what is lovely, and awful, and dear, in alliance with our social nature, while it touches with personal application every individual of the species. That the reader may be left in a tone of mind most happily prepared for every good word and work, these remarks shall be concluded with a repetition of the heart-searching and heart-melting expression, together with the context, which may be emphatically applied, in every image and sentiment, to the aged and desolate widow,—'Man,' as a generic term, including all the race of Adam, whether male or female,—'Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble.

"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

"As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up;

"So man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

Portrait of His Majesty King George IV. Sams, St. James's-street.

A PROOF impression of a plate has just come under our notice, which will be ready for publication, we believe, within a few days, which we have no doubt will be highly acceptable to the public, as it is not only a pleasing resemblance of our honoured sovereign, but an excellent specimen of the improved style of mezzotinto engraving on steel. It is from a drawing by W. Wivell, and engraved by T. Lupton.

The beautiful texture which this new material is capable of affording, under the tool of our admirable school of mezzotinto engravers, we trust will form a new epoch in this department of art, and will be hailed as the revival of a style of perpetuating the works of the most distinguished painters of the British school, whose superior knowledge of *chiaro scuro* is admirably adapted for this species of engraving, which, we lament to say, was declining in favour with the collector of prints.

Whilst on this subject, we feel great pleasure in being able to offer our testimony of approbation on a most successful experiment in this new process, which we have recently seen in a proof impression of steel plate, by Mr. Say. The subject, a *Bandit Reposing*, from one of the paintings of Mr. Eastlake, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year.

Our readers may remember the series of Pictures of Banditti, by this gentleman, who promises to add to the honours of our native school. The subject in question, Mr. Say has transferred from the canvas to the steel. We have seen nothing in this style of art of equal merit. The expression, contour, keeping, and touch, are so much in character with the prototype, that we should suppose, were we not assured that Mr. Eastlake was still in Italy, pursuing his studies with his wonted zeal, that he had taken lessons in the mezzotinto art, and had engraved it himself.

We hope the success of this print will be commensurate with its claims to the attention of the connoisseur; for we think it a step obtained in this style of engraving, inasmuch as we now perceive, that the most delicate execution of the painter, which constitutes so main a charm in cabinet pictures, can be copied with all the precision of touch by this beautiful process on steel.

HERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

*the Whim-whams, and Opinions
of Langstaff, and others.*

Continued from p. 213.)

with which the latter works of
have been sought, and the inter-
y have been read, induces us to
ct from this his first essay. We
men of waltzing, and now add a
quadrilling:—

ive, friend Muley, that the dancing of
otally different from the science pro-
oli; the country, indeed, is affected by
diseases, which travel from house to
city, with the regularity of a caravan.
st formidable is this dancing mania,
throughout the winter. It at first seiz-
f fashion, and being indulged in mode-
exercise; but in a little time, by quick
ll classes of the community, and became
The doctors, immediately, as is their
devising a remedy, fell together by the
her it was native or imported, and the
opinion traced it to a cargo of trumpery
had before hunted down the yellow fe-
e from the West Indies. What makes
formidable, is, that the patients seem in-
alady, abandon themselves to its un-
expose their persons to wintry storms

rational beings; nay more, their countrymen would fain per-
suade me they have souls! Is it not a thousand times to be in-
mented, that beings endowed with charms that might warm
even the frigid heart of a dervise;—with social and endearing
powers that would render them the joy and pride of the harem;
should surrender themselves to a habit of heartless dissipation
which preys imperceptibly on the roses of the cheek; which
robs the eye of its lustre, the mouth of its dimpled smile, the
spirits of their cheerful hilarity, and the limbs of their elas-
tic vigour:—which hurries them off in the spring time of
their existence; or if they survive, yields to the arms of the
youthful bridegroom, a frame wrecked in the storms of dissi-
pation, and struggling with premature infirmity. Alas,
Muley! may I not ascribe to this cause the numbers of little
old women I meet with in this country, from the age of eigh-
teen to eighty-and-twenty?"

The portrait of my Uncle John, is so prettily
drawn, that one can perceive the author began his
studies from nature. Indeed, we discover in it the
rudiments of that discrimination of character, which
gives so pleasing an air of originality to his more
mature labours. With this extract, we shall close
our notice of *Salmagundi*, observing, that we were
by a fortuitous circumstance, the means of bringing
the author first before the English public, as the
only copy of *The Sketch Book*, that had arrived
from New York, a part of the volume subsequently
published in London, was placed in our hands as a
literary curiosity, and extracted and sent by us con-
sistent to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

a quagmire, or a tumble into a ditch.—If my readers choose to accompany me in this expedition, they are welcome; if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

“ Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a school boy; for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts, and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river, as they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow; and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows, that bent down to its surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that his hair was grown a little greyer, and his forehead had lost some of its former smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of his former activity, and laughed heartily at the difficulty I found in keeping up with him, as he stumped through bushes, and briars, and hedges, talking all the time about his improvements, and telling what he would do with such a spot of ground and such a tree. At length after shewing me his stone fences, his famous two-year old bull, his new invented cart, which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was pleased to return home to dinner.

“ After dining and returning thanks,—which with him was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart,—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and without saying a word, sallied forth with some of those truly alarming steps, which daddy Neptune once took, when he was in a great hurry to attend to the affairs of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favorite sport; and though I always caught two fish to his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority; but puzzled himself often, and often, to account for such a singular phenomenon.

“ Following the current of the brook, for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill tops in golden lustre, and a kind of sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while the farmer from his rural labour, the ox from his toil, the school urchin from his primer, and bring the loving ploughman to the feet of his dairy maid.

“ As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun, beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half desponding tone, while he rested on his arm over an old tree that had fallen, ‘I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an evening, such a still, quiet scene as this, always makes me a little sad: and it is at such a time I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm on which ‘I have been young, but now am old,’ and every object around me that is endeared by long acquaintance,—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built or hospitals endowed with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty, by an

unfeeling landlord, or unprincipled knave;—but still when I pass such a day as this, and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum; to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing matches with my boy.’ As he ended he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and dropping it languidly by his side, turned himself towards home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic,—and so they were, for when I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!”

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XII.

FOOTE'S TRIP TO EDINBURGH.

As January, 1759, had pinched, so February, instead of being more calm and quiet, made the air of Covent Garden far from being softened; for it nipped the wit with increasing severity. Foote, therefore, as a resource, wrote to the manager at Edinburgh. Callender, (as near as I can remember,) was the name of that commander; the theatre at that time in Scotland was only a smuggling vessel, but now it is enlarged and dubbed a royal man of war. Mr. Callender wrote Mr. Foote word, that himself and his company would be proud of his assistance for a few nights, and assured him it was a compliment.

At that time birds of passage from London to Scotland were experiments unknown, for it was judged impossible for a London theatrical sun-flower to survive the chilliness of such a barbarous northern clime; but opinions and experience, which make fools wiser, have proved it to be not only a happy asylum, but as fine a hot house for the preservation, and as good a nursery for rare and delicate theatricals as ever those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden could at any time produce, in spite of the advantages that Covent Garden possesses, and is undoubtedly a well supplied market for all our wants and wishes.

Foote at Edinburgh, to use M. Ruthen's words, was quite a phenomenon. Every one in London stared at his strange disposition, to adventure from the metropolis of England, a journey of four hundred miles, to Edinburgh; and wondered that an actor of eminence should venture to a place, where at that time a sixty pounds benefit was a treasure. But that is no more surprising at this juncture, than to mention that the facetious Captain Farquhar, only eighty years ago at Dublin, had 100l. which was then thought to be an enormous sum.

And my different accounts only verify the same degree of increase of receipts at Dublin; but then the public, when they recollect how well performers lived thirty years ago on less incomes than they now have, are too apt to forget the difference there now is in the price of lodgings, coals, candles, meat, and drink, and in short, in every article of life, as well as the very expensive ornaments for the stage, with the very material article of hair dressing.

Edinburgh, where Mr. Foote first pointed out the road for Londoners to make excursions to, has made the most rapid strides in arts, elegance, and luxury, of any place in the three kingdoms.

Dublin, though wonderfully improved, was, thirty-two years ago, a noble, populous, and extensive city. Edin-

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

now really is; and, for my own part, I honour compels me to remember I ever and often returned, and never had to gain for Scotland, but my heart felt a thought of visiting once more those ad been lasting, and not vanished like

the North answered much better than age at that time being a place of resort for such independent persons as dared to and venture into that seat of profana-

1756, the Rev. Mr. Home was so distressed by his tragedy of *Douglas*, in the Edinburgh in the Canongate: for which heinous the kirk doomed him to banishment for writing and bringing on a public exhibited by play actors in Satan's tabernacle has worn off; and as the extremes are the inevitable consequence, I believe Edinburgh has hours in having many persons not too attending those duties of religion, for boasted in a violent degree of enthu-

received Callender's invitation, talked as if as if he had only been going to Drury the boxes were open to him; but on his return journey, when his hand went into his pocket he found there wanted the needful, and staying at home. "Well," says the experiment must be tried, but where's the most solicit that hound Garrick!" He Garrick lent him 100l. But then, he said; for, though he chose to grant the

This satire was whimsical and highly diverting; but certainly not doing Garrick justice, as the public and the stage are indebted to him for several pieces of great merit, and if he has not left sufficient fame to stand as one of the first of the English poets, yet he is above mediocrity, and is surely to be placed far superior to the worst; but wits must be forgiven for such little sallies.

THE OLD DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY.

I had likewise, about this period, says Miss Bellamy, the happiness to acquire the patronage of two ladies of the first distinction,—the late Duchess of Montague, then Lady Cardigan, and Her Grace of Queensbury. Both these ladies favoured me with their support, so far as to grace the theatre whenever I performed;—an attention which was the more flattering, as the latter had not honoured a play-house with her presence, since the death of her favourite Gay.

As Mr. Rich could not afford, from the receipts of the theatre, to allow me a salary equal to the success I met with, and the capital parts I performed, he gave me a benefit free of all expences, upon one of his *own* nights, in order to prevent discord in the company. Though the public appeared to be much interested in my favour, yet as I had but few friends, except those who, out of civility to Mr. Quin, espoused my interest, I had very little reason to expect it would prove lucrative.

Some days before that fixed for my benefit, I received a message, whilst I was at the theatre, to be at Queensbury-house the next day by twelve o'clock. As I thought it likewise incumbent on me to wait on the Countess of Cardigan, who had honoured me with equal marks of approbation, I dressed myself early, and taking a chair, went first to Privy-garden. I had there every reason to be pleased with the reception

be amiss to acquaint you, that her deformed body was a fit receptacle for her depraved mind.

According to Hogarth's rules, indeed, her person may be said to abound in all the graces annexed to the idea of beauty, as she had not a straight line about her, and her mind was no less crooked than her body. She had taken a dislike to me on her first coming over, but for what reason, I cannot account; and her aversion seemed to increase with my success on the stage. To such a height was it now risen, that it was the cause of much unhappiness to me; so that I was at length obliged to complain to Mrs. Jackson, who requested my mother to provide for her elsewhere, but without effect.

According to my expectations, I had no sooner returned from Queensbury-house, and informed my mother of the reception I had met with there, than this relation persuaded her that the invitation was merely a chimera of my own brain, generated by my insupportable vanity. So virulent was her behaviour, that in order to avoid her sarcasms, I pretended business at the theatre, in the evening, and went there.

Upon my entering the green-room, I was accosted by Prince Lobkowitz, who was then here in a public character, requesting a box at my benefit, for the *corps diplomatique*. After thanking his Highness for the honour intended me, I informed him they might be accommodated with a stage-box; and sending for the housekeeper, desired he would make an entry in his book to this purpose. But how great was my surprise, when he acquainted me I had not a box to dispose of,—every one, except those of the Countess of Cardigan, the Duchess Dowager of Leeds, and Lady Shaftesbury, being retained for her Grace the Duchess of Queensbury! I could not help thinking but the man was joking, as he himself had delivered me the message from her Grace the night before, and that I had found to be a deception. He however still persisted in what he said, and further added, that the Duchess had likewise sent for two hundred and fifty tickets. This made me more at a loss to account for the cavalier treatment I had received in the morning.

His Highness Prince Lobkowitz condescended to put up with a balcony for himself and friends; and I hastened home, at once to make known to my mother my good fortune, and to retaliate upon my inimical relation. To add to my satisfaction, when I got home I found a note from her Grace, desiring I would wait upon her the next morning. This being such an evident proof of my veracity, which it had given me inexpressible uneasiness to have doubted, I experienced proportionable pleasure from it.

I was, notwithstanding, so apprehensive of meeting with a second mortification, that I determined to walk to Queensbury-house, to prevent any person's being a witness to it, should it happen. I accordingly set out on foot, and was not totally free from perturbation when I knocked at the gate. I was, however, immediately ushered to her Grace's apartment, where my reception was as singular as my treatment had been the day before,—her Grace thus accosting me,—"Well, young woman, what business had you in a chair yesterday? It was a fine morning, and you might have walked;—you look as you ought to do now, (observing my linen gown.) Nothing is so vulgar as wearing silk in a morning. Simplicity best becomes youth. And you do not stand in need of ornaments; therefore dress always plain, except when you are upon the stage."

Whilst her Grace was talking in this manner to me, she

was cleaning a picture, which I officiously requesting her permission to do, she hastily replied, "Don't you think I have domestics enough, if I did not chuse to do it myself?" I apologized for my presumption, by informing her Grace that I had been for some time at Jones's, where I had been flattered that I had acquired a tolerable proficiency in that art. The Duchess upon this exclaimed, "Are you the girl I have heard Chesterfield speak of?" Upon my answering, that I had the honour of being known to his Lordship, she ordered a canvas bag to be taken out of her cabinet, saying,—"Queensbury can give no person less than gold;—there are a hundred and fifty guineas, and twenty for the Duke's tickets and mine; but I must give you something for Tyrawley's sake." She then took a bill from her pocket-book, which having put into my hands, she told me her coach was ordered to carry me home, lest any accident should happen to me, now I had such a charge about me.

THE MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. IX.

THOMAS ECCLES.

THOMAS ECCLES was one of those itinerant musicians, perhaps the last of them who in winter evenings were used to go about to taverns, and for the sake of a slender existence, expose themselves to the insults of those who were not inclined to hear them: there are none of this class of mendicant artists now remaining, but in the time of the usurpation they were so numerous, that an ordinance was made declaring them vagrants. A good judge of music, who had heard him play, gives the following account of him and his performance, "It was about the month of November, in the year 1735, that I with some friends were met to spend the evening at a tavern in the city, when this man, in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter; immediately upon opening the door, I heard the twang of one of his strings from under his coat, which was accompanied with the question, 'Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?' Our curiosity, and the modesty of the man's deportment, inclined us to say yes; and music he gave us, such as I had never heard before, nor shall again under the same circumstances: with as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of M. Handel, *Del minnaciar in Otho*, and *Spero si mio caro bene*, in *Admetus*; in short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us his auditors much at a loss to guess what it was that constrained him to seek his living in a way so disreputable. He made no secret of his name; he said he was the youngest of three brothers, and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the King of France. We were very little disposed to credit the account he gave us of his brother's situation in France, but the collection of solos which were known to have been published by him at Paris, puts it out of question." Upon inquiry some time after, it appeared that he was idle, and given to drinking. He lodged in the Butcher-row, near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time, who thought themselves disgraced by this practice of his, for which they have a term of reproach not very intelligible; they call it *going a-busking*.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No XIV.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

WINE AND WALNUTS.

New Series.

ORIGIN OF TAVERN CLUBS.

THE age of Charles the Second was that from whence we may properly date the origin of those convivial midnight clubs which rendered memorable so many taverns in the old metropolis, and which continued varying their character from licentiousness and wit, to wit and decorum, and occasionally sinking to licentiousness alone. Our most celebrated clubs, however, may be said to have succeeded each other in a pretty regular course of moral improvement, wherein wit, and learning, and social order prevailed. It is peculiar to England, perhaps, that literature and the arts and sciences owe much of their improvement to the convives of taverns, and that at these meetings the general topics of conversation were such, and so ably discussed, that could they have been recorded by a listening spirit, and put in print, they would have delighted and improved posterity.

It is true that there were a few nocturnal meetings somewhat similar to these, in Shakspeare's time, frequented principally by the convives of the drama,—as poets, wits, and players; which three capacities were not unfrequently united in one; for each poet was a wit, and each wit a poet, and wit and poet by turns were players. These enlivened the age of our virgin queen, and onwards they revelled through the reign of sport-and-pastime-loving James.

Then came a louring age for wit and social intercourse, when tavern signs were hung with mourning crape, and jolly Bacchuses were doomed to swing and creak in every wind astride their empty tubs, as obsolete; and *Chequers*, and the *Bunch of Grapes*, which erst invited to conviviality and good cheer, were held abominations in the eyes of clubs of rueful *Roundheads*. Then *Mirth*, and all his merry midnight crew, sadly out of case, might mump and mope, or tramp it east or west in Christmas snow, and seek in vain for smiling host or crackling fire, where they were wont to sing that social season in, or sit it out, till pealing bells in every tower rung welcome January.

Long lasted these dull days—but duller nights. Then came another change, when bells, so out of date, as steeple vanities invented for the devil's dance, (so said the saints) when bells, no longer dumb, found their noisy tongues again, and eagerly proclaimed the merry month of May. Then *Momus*, *Bacchus*, and old *Laughter* holding both his sides, grown somewhat thin, forsooth, and a long train of metamorphosed souls, who long had longed to laugh again, crowded on the heels of social Charles, and hailed the Restoration.

Lately I looked in at one of our old haunts,—the Rainbow, next the Temple Gate,—but how changed the scene! I sat in that same box where Johnson used to sit, resting my feet on that old table-rail where he had oft times, whilst musing, beat unconsciously many a short tat-too,—the old Drury rattle, as Garrick used to say, for drawing up the curtain of his mind, to shew us human life. Yes, how changed indeed! For in this old-fashioned room, now newly beautified, where half a century ago, rarely congregated worthies under a certain age,—chiefly men of known repute, and of long standing,—as physicians, authors, certain learned printers, topping publishers, and others,—opulent traders, friends, and social neighbours. In this old room, instead of these I beheld the boxes half filled with pale-faced youth, not one in twenty, twenty years of age,—some seemingly but half a year from school, each with a measure of pernicious spirits before him, or a mug of stout, and smoking the cigar. The change was grievous to behold; for what must be the future fate of such a nightly congregate of juvenile sots!

One of the most memorable of these old tavern clubs was the famed *Spiller's Head*. This meeting of wits, artists, humourists, and players, originated with the performers at Old Lincoln's Inn, about the year 1697. They were soon joined by many a worthy who will be hereafter named.

Colley Cibber was one of the founders, and the best president, not excepting even Tom D'Urfey, of all the social convives that ever filled the chair. Cibber, I have heard my great uncle say, of all men was the least ruffled by the opinions of the living, and the least sad at the absence of the dead.

LONDON, JANUARY 10. 1824.

of leisure, who were invited to join the morning excursion, and to take a dinner at his chambers on their return. I have known them on one of these visits extend their ride to five-and-twenty miles. The last of these pilgrimages was in the month of October, 1779, when he and three remaining worthies of the club at old Slaughters, made a round to Chiswick, saw the pictures at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, paid their respects at the tomb of Hogarth, returned by the way of Chelsea, saw the monument of Sir Hans Sloane, took coffee at Don Saltero's in Cheyne Walk, from thence to Westminster Abbey, to the recent grave of Garrick. Having performed these visits to the mansions of the dead, they drove to Leicester-square, where my great uncle got out to leave his card at Mrs. Hogarth's,—a custom he had never neglected on that day, from the period of her widowhood, and returned to the Temple at five.

It was on these evenings that a biographer might have gleaned what had never appeared in print; for the tables were covered with the prints, or books, or letters of these departed worthies, and the conversations, as a matter of course, related to the memory of their ingenious authors, their much loved and much regretted friends.

But to return to the subject proposed—the members of the Spiller's Head Club.—On a recent visit with an old virtuoso friend, to St. James's church in Piccadilly, where after service we walked to the altar to see the beautiful carvings of Grinlin Gibbons, on coming out at the west door, we looked for the old mural monument of Thomas D'Urfey

Some years over-righteous from the qu considered could name fully, and th recollect the opposed. “ exclaimed ou BEN JONSO obliterated b tions of the p tured, to the chapter—all cious, and as

“ Is it the man, known his lyric worl I should hoj “ He whom t ful censor of public paneg spared in our his errors, h qualities, and kind a record

I hope, wi incumbent of have the me almost persu that it may r read by fori associations t

which would rather have been postponed to a future, though no very distant period, had not so many kind correspondents of our little Miscellany urged an immediate continuation of the Essays published under that title.

In the next Number of the Somerset House Gazette, then, our readers will be introduced, if it be their pleasure, to a meeting of the artists, players, humourists, and wits, holding their anniversary of the SPILLER'S HEAD CLUB.

REVIEWS.

A Critical Enquiry into Ancient Armour, as it existed in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of King Charles II. In three Volumes. By SAMUEL RUSH MEYRICK, L.L.D. and F.S.A.

A WORK of this splendid character, considering its deep research, curious graphic embellishments, and interesting tendency to illustrate the early history of our country, has powerful claims upon the patronage of the enlightened and munificent few, who interest themselves in the promotion of the fine arts, and the improvement of the national press. Indeed, on opening a work like this, the subject seems at once to excite in our minds an eager curiosity to know its contents; and no sooner did our eyes glance upon the splendid costumes of our renowned heroes of old, but all the romantic and agreeable images of the days of chivalry appeared on the point of being realized again.

We lament, however, that the spirit of encouragement for such works has long been on the decline. This growing indifference cannot be ascribed to the want of means, but rather to the want of inclination to promote the concerns of taste. There is wealth enough for the full indulgence of every sense, diffused far and wide in this region of opulence, and abundance to spare for the gratification of mind, if that nobler attribute of humanity was not the minor consideration with those listless, incurious beings, who are burthened with more than they can spend,—of which unhappy class, England, of all the civilized countries in the world, is most encumbered. Whether this magnificent publication meets with patronage commensurate with its merits, or whether it makes its way slowly to the mansions where all else is expensive and grand,—

where the larder is bursting with dainties,—the table is oppressed with luxuries,—the stud is crowded with horses, and the cellars filled with wines,—where the horn of plenty pours forth the products of every region,—where all is full but the library, and that, too oft, is all but empty;—whether it be thus or not, we can commit no error in averring, that it ought to be found upon the library table of every mansion whose master is an Englishman, and a man of wealth.

Time was—and that not many years since,—when the ingenious projector of a new and expensive work issued his prospectus, that the subscribers, on placing their names on his list, paid in advance part of the sum, and the remainder by instalments, as the work proceeded, or when it was completed. This munificent custom is at an end. Were it not, then, that certain spirited projectors occasionally ventured their capital in the precarious speculations of expensive works, we might be reduced to yield the superiority of our press to those of foreign countries, and again import works of taste from those regions which have consented of late to receive our own. Surely the good genii of England will avert this evil, and spare the talent and genius of the soil from exposure to such unmerited reproach!

There has been much objection of late to books ornamented with coloured plates. We profess ourselves to be no great advocates for this style of illustration; not indeed from an objection to the custom itself, but to the slovenly and vile manner in which they are too frequently executed. In the work before us this objection would not be tenable; First,—Because a great part of the costumes derive their principal interest from being emblazoned; and, Secondly,—Because this part of the work is carefully done. The lordly science of heraldry owes almost its whole splendour to the gorgeous and imposing display of colour. Of the general utility of this and similar productions of the British press, we shall speak more at large in a future Number, and now proceed to give a few historical and biographical extracts from the work.

“Edward, immediately on his accession, though of comparatively a tender age, was so impressed with whatever was connected with the martial character of his country, which he knew would be cherished by nothing better than liberty, that in the very first year of his reign, a statute was passed respecting the *posse comitatus*, which might be termed a declaration of individual freedom. The section of the act to which I allude runs thus:—‘*Item le roy voet desormais nul soit charge de sot armer, autrement qu’il ne*

soleil en temps de ces auncestres roy d'Engleterre. Et que nul soient distreintz d'aler hors de leur countee, si non pas cause de necessite de sodeyne venue des entraunges enemys en roialme, et adonques soit fait come ad este fait avant ces heures par defence du roialme.—Also the king wills, from henceforth, that no one be at the charge of arming himself otherwise than has been the custom in the time of our ancestors, kings of England. And that no one shall be compelled to go out of his county, except on account of necessity, arising from the sudden invasion of strange enemies in the kingdom, and then the same shall be done as formerly, in defence of the kingdom.

"This king, too, introduced a practice which was constantly followed by his successors, of engaging with his subjects, and other persons, by indenture, to furnish soldiers at certain wages. Most of our armies, from this time, therefore, consisted of stipendiary troops. The terms soldier and stipendiary are etymologically the same; the first being derived from *solde*—pay, and the latter from *stipendium*—wages or hire. Nevertheless, custom has established a difference,—the soldier signifying one of the constitutional military, while the stipendiary implies one of the indented troops.

"The utility of the hobilers became so evident, that during this reign they were in the greatest request. In a table describing the garrison at Calais in the year 1350, there were sub comite kildari bannerets, 1; knights, 1; esquires, 38; hobilers, 27; sub. dom. Reginaldo Cobham bannerets, 1; knights, 6; hobilers, 19; archers on horse, 24; archers on foote, 32; sub. adom. Fulcone de la Freizus Hibernico bannerets, 1; knights, 1; esquires, 15; hobilers, 14. By their tenure they were bound to maintain a little nag, for the convenience of giving notice on the sea-coast of any invasion or peril; hence they were stationed at Portsmouth, and other maritime garrisons. In the year 1345, their pay was established and put on the same footing as that of the archers. Hitherto we have seen that the hobilers and archers were distinct; during this reign, however, there were hobiler-archers. Thus we have a writ,—*'Pro warda maris tempore guerra, pro hoberariis sagittariis inveniendis'*,—For the protection of the sea in time of war, for finding hoberary (hobiliary) archers. Again,—*'Pro expensis factis circa constabularios laborantes ad eligendum et duendum predictos hobiliaris sagittarios'*,—For expences incurred for constables' labour in choosing and conducting the aforesaid hobiliary archers.

"The arms and appointments of a hobiler, as directed by Edward III. were a horse, a hauberkon or armour of plate, a basinet, iron gauntlets, a sword-knife, and lance.

"Camden says, 'In old times there were set horsemen at purls, in many places, whom our ancestors called hobilers, who in the day should give notice of the enemy's approach,' and according to Spelman, this species of troops lasted till the time of Henry VIII. when they were succeeded by the demi-lancers.

"Thus, an army at this time consisted of the commander-in-chief, on whom attended a chaplain, a physician, and a crier; the different leaders of the respective bands, who had each their bannerers or standard-bearers, from the king to the baronet; the knights, with their esquires, and the men-at-arms with their sergeants. The cavalry was thus composed of men-at-arms, hobilers, and mounted archers. Under these were the infantry, who consisted of spearmen, bowmen, cross-bowmen, and pavissers, to which were also

attached gunners and artillers, pavylers, mynours, armorsers, &c.

"The bannerets and knights made a considerable figure in the armies, and the title of the former was particularly honourable, because it was conferred only on the field of battle, as the reward of valour.

"The men-at-arms, a title which had been in former reigns sometimes conferred on the heavy-armed infantry, under this became of a mixed character, expressing the knights fighting both on horseback and on foot. They often performed their chief service while dismounted, and then got on their horses to pursue the enemy. Froissart calls them not only *gens d'armes*, but lances, from their being armed with this weapon; and this latter name became afterwards peculiarly appropriated to them, as was that of demi-lancers to the hobilers. He also describes these last as '*hommes armez montez sur petites naguettes*,'—armed men mounted upon little nags. Hollinshead, speaking of the battle of Auroy, the 38th of Edward III. A.D. 1365, informs us, that 'the Frenchmen, after the manner of that age, every man hadde cutte his speare, (as then they used at what time they should join bataille) to length of five foote, and a short axe hanging at his side. At the first encounter there was a sore bataille, and truelie the archers shotte right fiercolle; howbeit, their shotte did but little hurte to the Frenchmenne, they were so well armed and pavesed. The archers, perceiving that, (being bigge men and light,) cast away their bowes and entred in amongst the Frenchmenne that bare axes, and plucked them out of their handes, and therewith fought right hardly.'

(To be continued.)

Salmagundi; or, the Whim-whams, and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, and others.

THIS work, it appears from the preparatory notice, contains the earliest production of that ingenious 'transatlantic writer, the author of 'Knickerbocker,' 'The Sketch Book,' &c. We recollect perusing with pleasure a few numbers of these amusing essays, as originally published in New York, previous to their appearance in this country in the present form. Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. from his elbow chair, introduces us in a very amusing style to the object of these essays. We cannot give a better idea to our readers of this entertaining work, than by transcribing his address:—

"We were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the public. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands, and answer to our names.

"Willing, however, to gain that frank, confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing, in this doubtless, 'best of all possible cities;' and anxious to spare its worthy inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand wise conjectures, not one of which would be worth 'a tobacco stopper,' we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight cue to the truth.

"Before we proceed farther, however, we advise every body—man, woman, and child—that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper; not that we write for money—for, in common with all philosophical wic-wacs, from Solomon downwards, we hold it in supreme contempt. The public are welcome to buy this work, or not; just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public and the publisher: we gain not a silver. If it be not purchased, we give free warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the sibyls, and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost for ever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher—for the sake of the public—and for the sake of the public's children to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearances we make: we are none of those outlandish geniuses who swarm in New York, who live by their wits, or, rather, by the little wit of their neighbours; and who spoil the genuine honest American tastes of their daughters with French slops and fricasseed sentiment.

"We have said we do not write for money; neither do we write for fame. We know too well the variable nature of public opinion, to build our hopes upon it: we care not what the public think of us; and we suspect, before we reach the tenth number, they will not know what to think of us. In two words—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves; and this we shall be sure of doing, for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work we edify, and instruct, and amuse the public, so much the better for the public; but we frankly acknowledge, that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of it. While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily: if we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and on all occasions we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry—for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life, and takes the world as it goes.

"We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world: nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded, bookworm cynics squint at the little extravagances of the Ton; but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep more than a Cerberus watch over the golden rules of female delicacy and decorum—we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate, in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world; nor will the gentlemen, who doze away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying; we mean those silly fellows who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was at Miss ——'s party."

Notwithstanding the author's rapturous pane-

gyric on his fair countrywomen, he assumes at times the wig of the censor. We cannot say the grave wig, however. How he fills the moral chair of this wise personage, may be seen by the opinions of William Wizzard, Esq. on the modern accomplishment of waltzing.

We are whispered by a cynical friend, that there is a censor's seat to be let on this side the Atlantic. Whether certain fond mammas, and certain blushing misses, their amiable daughters, would attend a lecture, and applaud this Squire Wizzard, were he voted therein, we are disposed to question. Were certain papas to listen to one of his discourses upon this strange pulling about of their daughters, however, we think they would return home, and expostulate with their madams and misses. Do, pray, look into the matter old gentleman! What a subject for a parody, hey? John Bull!

"Ye gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease,
Ah little do ye think upon such vagaries as these."

"Waltz—As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in 'gestic lore,' are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scornful to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder, to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—'About what, Sir?'—About the room, Madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room, in a certain measured step; and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured, that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of novelty, are continually changing their relative situations:—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, Madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mustiffs. After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for half an hour, or so, the lady begins to tire, and with 'eyes upraised,' in most bewitching languor, petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, Madam—closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome with extatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—'Well, Sir! what then?'—'Lord, Madam, how should I know?'"

(To be continued.)

designs, could he have procured English artists equal to the task. Luke Sullivan, we believe, was the only engraver on whom he could rely for assistance, and he frequently failed in the expression of that variety of passion and character which prevails in his dramatic pictures, so that Hogarth was commonly obliged to alter or obliterate what his ingenious colleague had failed truly to represent.

The French had long acquired reputation in this art. Nothing could exceed the magnificent engravings of Audran. Whilst Blome's folio Bible remained here a voluminous collection of historical engravings, subscription plates presented by the royal family, and the first nobility of the country, and which still remain existing records of the national ignorance of the time. Records of the vilest specimens of engravings that ever disgraced a civilized age.

We shall not here anticipate what we mean to offer upon the subject of engraving, further than to say, which we can in truth, that we have lived to see the period when this elegant and useful art has attained to an excellence, not surpassed by any foreign school—and when for *book-prints*, we challenge competition with all the world.

These observations occur on taking up an elegant little Anglo-French publication, entitled 'Choix des Classiques Français,' which we notice with particular satisfaction, not only for the esteem, which in common with others, we feel for the celebrated authors, whose writings thus judiciously selected by Monsieur Ventouillac, have contributed to delight

To each volume some passage of a small passage. They engraved in pleased to see the progress of a small passage. The last plate design, entitled ditable to his the same volume other busts.

engraved in the prefixed a specimen of the biography

"The same Montesquieu and Elizabeth.

"Sophia Res was brought up abilities, added tent to the task parent took with from the amiable fully recompense

"From her amusements not discovered an the suits, with that fails to lead to find

"She was a banker, at Paris. sions in the capital but her love of of the splendor

lieving the distresses of the unfortunate, compensated in a great measure for the constraint imposed on her by the new condition in which she was placed.

"Taking pleasure in the fulfilment of her duties, and having it in her power to contribute to the comfort of others, Madame Cottin might have passed her days in tranquility and even happiness, if lasting happiness were to be found in this world, but heaven has favoured us poor mortals with but a glimpse of this felicity, in order that we may appreciate it the better hereafter.

'Il fit l'eau pour couler, l'aigillon pour courir
Les soleils pour bruler, et l'homme pour souffrir.'

"The revolution which has since destroyed France, had already spread its terrific arm over this spot, and threatened its destruction. The fear of so great a public calamity scarcely left room for thoughts of personal danger. In the midst of this general distress, Madame Cottin had an additional cause for mourning. She had the misfortune to lose her husband in 1793. This loss threw her into the deepest affliction, and joined to the horrors excited by the crimes committed during the Revolution, increased the melancholy of a character naturally serious. Scarcely twenty years of age, she sought for consolation in study and friendship, and retired to a little *hermitage* she possessed in the *Valle d'Orisy*. Lady Morgan mentions, that during her residence in France, she had the curiosity to visit this valley, but the person to whom she addressed her enquiries respecting Madame Cottin, declared, that she had never heard any thing about her. Such, is the world! Virtue passes unnoticed on earth, like the gentle brook that waters it, quietly hiding itself in its bosom; whilst the overwhelming torrent which devastates the land, alone attracts the attention of man.

"The loss of fortune, which occasioned circumstances that would be here useless to notice, was to her but a trifling affliction; a moderate income was sufficient for her desires, and she regretted the want of affluence only because it deprived her of the gratification she experienced in relieving the distresses of others. She latterly procured the means for this purpose by her writings, and the sum she received for one of her productions (*Malvina*) was employed to save a friend who was proscribed, and who was unable from want of money to quit France.

"Madame Cottin, as we have already remarked, in her quiet retreat, devoted herself entirely to study; this seclusion was looked upon rather as the effect of a mind a little tinged with melancholy, than attributed to its right cause, for no one at that time had any suspicion of her possessing a genius that has since rendered her so justly celebrated. It was even supposed that she herself was not aware of it, until she received a visit from one of her cousins, with whom she had for some time maintained a regular correspondence. This lady not only opened the eyes of her friends to her great talents, but was perhaps the cause of making Madame Cottin herself sensible of the abilities she possessed. These letters had raised a high idea of her acquirements in the eyes of this relation, who was astonished on her arrival to find how little those about her, knew how to appreciate the merits of a woman who had shewn so much intellect. She lost no time in making known her opinions, which she was not at much trouble to prove; from this period, Madame Cottin, whose talents and inclination both led her to composition, could no longer resist the solicitations of her friends. *Claire d'Albe*, her first production, was published in 1795, which was soon followed by her other works.

"Living much secluded, and devoting herself thus to meditation, Madame Cottin was enabled to prepare in her mind, and bestow much reflection on the subjects she proposed treating; but when she did take the pen in hand, she wrote with prodigious rapidity. It is said that *Claire d'Albe* was written in a fortnight.

"Her first works appeared without the author's name, her object in writing being not so much to gain celebrity, as to gratify the pressing impulse of her imagination, which was never at rest. Her greatest delight was writing a tale; her greatest misery to hear it spoken of when finished. When the success of her publications brought her into notice, she looked back with regret to the time, when unknown to the world, she had lived in the bosom of her family in undisturbed tranquillity.

"By '*un inexplicable bizarrerie*,' Madame Cottin in her second work, in which she announces a third, strongly attacks female authors. '*Le temps qu'une femme auteur*,' says she, '*donne au public est pris de ses devoirs; lors meme qu'une mere de s'instruirait que pour ses enfans, la science la plus utile ne remplacera jamais le mal que leur fait son absence: pendant qu'elle écrit sur l'education elle liore ses enfans a des mains mercenaires, et tandis qu'elle disserte sur l'importance de ses devoirs, c'est une autre qui remplit les siens.*'

"Without wishing to revive a subject already too much discussed, we will only observe, that Madame Cottin was right in condemning *mères auteurs*. The mother of a family has every thing depending on herself. After her duty to God, the education of her children, their welfare and the happiness of her husband, ought to be her great objects through life. If these duties he properly attended to, but little time can be spared for literature. But, on the contrary, if a woman be content to renounce the pleasures of matrimony,—the delights of being a mother,—if like Madame Cottin, she is reduced by misfortune, to be as it were, alone in the world, why deprive her of an occupation, which at the same time is a solace to her grief, and renders her a useful member of society? The number of works written by ladies is too considerable, to permit us without great injustice, prohibiting their use of the pen—who would deprive literature of names so distinguished as those of Genlis, Cottin, Staël, Hannah More?

"Madame Cottin when mixing in society, took but little share in the conversation, unless, indeed, the subject happened to be any chat which particularly interested her, and even then, however, conscious of her own talents, she expressed her sentiments without egotism, indeed she was free from the least tincture of self-importance, which rendered her the more amiable, as few literary ladies have been known entirely free from such vanities. She was the idol of those who were fortunate enough to possess her friendship; and although it was impossible to know her, and not admire, yet she thought it her duty to be grateful for their attentions. During her illness, she was surrounded by those friends to whose happiness she had so often contributed, and was sensibly affected by their anxious attentions, '*que je suis heureuse*,' said she, '*d'avoir de tel amis pour me soigner.*'

"When attacked by her last illness, she was engaged in a work on Education. Some time previous to her death, she had undertaken a work on the Christian Religion, established by its internal Evidence. Madame Cottin, who was a protestant, had been from her infancy in the habit of reading the Holy Scriptures, and she studied them with

great attention in the latter part of her life. This study, in addition to reading Fenelon, of whose works she was a great admirer, qualified her in an eminent degree for the undertaking. It is greatly to be lamented, that she did not live to complete it. Madame Cottin died August 25, 1807, aged only thirty-four years."

Cato to Lord Byron, on the Immorality of his Writings.

"How poor! how rich! how abject! how august."

YOUNG.

WHETHER it be the greater wonder to behold an enlightened genius applying the glorious gifts bestowed upon him by the Deity, to an ungrateful warfare against Heaven, or to witness an enlightened age affecting horror at his designs,—madly encouraging his evil operations,—who could determine? This, however, is apparent, that the eagerness with which the writings of the author of *Childe Harold* have long been sought, and the delight with which they have been read, are melancholy proofs of the too general hypocrisy which prevails in England, and of that increasing depravity which will, if not timely checked, proceed onward to the subversion of all those notions of religion and morality, which made England strong in war, and virtuous in peace.

How parents who pretend to a regard for the spiritual welfare of their sons and daughters—for, alas! each have tasted of this mental poison—how parents could endure to see the works of Lord Byron in their hands, without a fearful apprehension of the consequences, seems too strange for belief, although we know that thousands are culpable for this dereliction from paternal duty.

Many of our periodical writers have ably exposed the pernicious tendencies of the works of this extraordinary poet; but unhappily, in too many instances, they have administered the poison too copiously for the efficacy of their antidotes. This too common error, though plausible reasons may be offered in extenuation of its prevalence, has not unfrequently raised an author into notice, by giving *eclat* to works, through injudicious quotations, and thereby exciting curiosity to read that which otherwise would have remained unknown.

At length a pamphlet has just appeared, entitled, "*Cato to Lord Byron, on the Immorality of his Writings.*" It is written by a masterly hand. The awful picture which the author has drawn of the dark-minded poet, cannot be contemplated even by the devotees to his evil inventions, without ter-

ror. The conversion of this wicked great man, however devoutly to be wished, is not to be expected by the admonitions of human wisdom, nor alas! we fear, by his own spontaneous contrition. All good men, however, must pray for his conversion, through the free grace of Him who alone knoweth the power of Satan over the proud heart of man!

Those who having been educated in the precepts of religion, and formed in the school of virtue, who have nevertheless been betrayed into indifference for the profaneness and shocking immorality that characterises his works, for the sake of the seducing charms of the poetry through which they are conveyed, will do well to read this address to Lord Byron. We entreat them to read it indeed, in expiation of their error,—particularly young persons, whose principles are not yet stubbornly bent upon preferring evil to good, or error to truth; for they may believe this awful assurance, though thousands are heedless of the fact, that next to the tremendous sin of writing impiously against the Deity, is that of daring to read such writings, knowing the transgression to be a wilful act of sin.

We would willingly have said more upon the subject, but the letter of Cato has been received so late, that we have barely time to afford it a cursory perusal: enough, however, to discover that it is a work which has long been desired,—that it is full of powerful argument, and cannot fail to enforce conviction upon the minds of all but the stubborn, the froward, and wilfully blind, of the terrible consequences that await the remorseless writer of such works as Don Juan, and the thoughtless votaries of all the *unholy ravings* of this mighty and perverted genius.

"MY LORD,

"It will probably occasion you no surprise that a poet who disregards decency, should subject himself to animadversion. In assuming the liberty of this address, I claim but a common and conceded privilege. 'An author's works (as you have yourself remarked) are public property. He who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases.' Generally speaking, indeed, we content ourselves with a silent judgment; but when the moral sense of mankind is attempted to be perverted, and their religious opinions and feelings are held up to contempt, a mere silent judgment can no longer be rested in. Our duty then runs in a higher form, and, where offence is crying, reprobation becomes virtuous.

"That you have afforded but too just a field for severe discussion, even your warmest admirers must admit. For my own part, I have not, I confess, been a regular peruser of your works. I have neither thought well enough of

nor of your motives, so far as they could be disclosed in giving them to the public, to be very solicitous for the expected seasons of their appearance. You have written more than it has fallen to my lot to meet but I have read enough to convince me, that had I not known less of them, I should have sustained no

is not my intention minutely to examine the grounds which the poetry of Lord Byron claims, and has been read as deserving of its high reputation. Few will be so possessed of genius, and none will wish to rob genius of its reward. My views in the task I here impose on myself are of another kind. It is the *immoral* writings that will constitute with me the chief of investigation. It is the deformity that attaches to a Christian and as a man. Yet I say not that I will myself in these strictures from such excursions, even of fancy, as may in any measure fall in with my main ; for I am not come solely to spy out the moral *less of the land*, but to indulge in occasionally, and to the variety of its soil, and the richness and exuberance of productions.

I pledge to no formal division of the course of such ones as I may eventually be led into in taking up the *ess* of your Lordship's poetry. I say this with more than I am willing to confess ; but we are not the *s* of our own minds and judgments, though it be our *o* improve them.

et us, then, my Lord, go over together, though merely view of touching upon the subjects of your earliest at works. Of your poem of *Childe Harold*, which we at at the head of this list, it is difficult to say what constitute the subject. Your hero is here, as you yourself him, simply a convenient personage to connect the *s* of your narrative. Through the instrumentality of citious being, sentiments and feelings are thrown out the world, which, in its present unsettled state, there be little need of, and which in any state of civilization, be highly injurious. The work is without method, n be said to have either plot, or fable, or a subsistence kind. Taking it through its various cantos, it is at descriptive and immoral ; full of beauty and infidelity, onally enchanting in its pensiveness, but uniformly ive by its philosophy. There is scarcely a solitary ition of virtue, as virtue, in any part of it. The : himself seems a compound of all the worst passions hich our human nature is afflicted under its warmest les and its vilest characters. He is bad in his religion, orals, and his politics. There is about him much of n and harsh opinion of mankind ; and his feelings, called forth, are evidently of a mere engraftment, and nothing to do with the heart. You have infused into t is true, 'a kind of illustrious depravity and majestic :s ;' but the genuine heroic spirit, he is a stranger to. lighteth in other sensations, and dwelleth among other s.

lich, my Lord, as in these cantos are your descriptions ture in every varied clime ; you yet will not, I think, *Childe Harold* an enduring performance. In vain is magic in its beauties, grandeur in its sentiments, th in its execution, and a restless ceaseless energy in part of it. Its magnificence is so overlaid with sins it both morals and genius, that it is impossible to

peruse it, as works of immortality are perused, with unmixed and increasing pleasure. There is no enchantment in numbers, that will make up for positive deformity ; nor are we willing to be wedded to works that set at defiance all that ought to be held sacred. A sort of ostentation of evil runs through the whole body of the performance. It is written with a wretched felicity to delight, and corrupt in the same breath. You raise an Eden amid a perfect wilderness of all the finer feelings of the soul. Every figure on your stained canvas puts forth the head of a Syren, and the tail of a Scorpion. Beauty is joined with sin, and sin is rendered delightful ; nor does the young mind feel its error till it finds its ruin. From this censure, however, I must in justice exempt much of the last canto that has come under my notice. Verses like these are not to be rejected because joined with strong and lamentable incongruities. They are to be held at their intrinsic value, and a well regulated judgment will inform us what that value is.

"You here and there indulge in allusions which we can hardly read without a smile. Surely, calling for the *Ægis* of Pallas, and bustling up the *Shade* of Achilles to affright a noble Lord from taking away his marbles, is sufficiently ridiculous. It was an useful and a holy depredation, and may be defended on many grounds : but on what ground shall we apologize for his inconsistency in descending upon the violation of the Parthenon, whose sacrilegious numbers have so often violated mosques, temples, churches, altars, and every thing bearing the shadow of a likeness to sacred and ancient institutions?

"And yet, nothing daunted by this consciousness, have you the hardihood to observe, 'The Parthenon, before its destruction in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard. It changed its worshippers ; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion ; its violation is a triple sacrilege.'

"In the wanderings of *Childe Harold*, you seem better to have preserved the scenery than the mind of our present European states. The libertinism of human nature, wherever found, you indeed paint with a pencil worthy of the subject ; but the distinguishing characteristics of individual countries are lost amid the blaze of voluptuousness in which you involve every object. Your poem, too, though long, is never didactic. You make your imaginary hero neither reflect nor teach to any good purpose. You remove him from place to place, not with a view of drawing forth what is estimable as he goes along ; but in the vain effort of escaping reproachful recollections. In these excursions he sketches beautifully, it is true, the sceneries of earth and the idolatries of heaven ; but, having done this, he feeds, like the progeny of sin, upon his own bowels, and falls back on those disgusting portraits of self which is evermore the narrow and primary object of his regard. It is impossible, therefore, to be sorry when the work is closed.

"But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past ?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last :
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing :—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass."

"Yes, my Lord, but his soul remains; his infidelity; his immorality. All the dark passions of that soul he has left behind him for the formation of future Harolds and the affliction of future generations. We shall sooner forget the beauties of this poem than its criminality. The one will occasionally elicit our admiration; the other will perpetually corrupt our hearts."

Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body; particularly designed for the Use of Painters, Sculptors, and Artists in general. Translated from the German of John Henry Lavater, and illustrated by twenty-seven Lithographic Plates. London, printed for R. Ackermann.

THIS elegant little compendium of anatomy, which is *designed for the use of artists*, we beg to add, might well be recommended to the amateur; for its precepts are so plain, the examples so clear, and the information relating to expression and the passions, so interesting, abstracted of their application to painting and sculpture, that they cannot be read without affording amusement as well as instruction. We however beg to extend our recommendation still further, by pronouncing it an excellent New Year's Present to young gentlemen, during their school vacation. We feel assured, that every intelligent youth of ten or twelve years of age, would discover, on turning over a few pages of this treatise, enough to arrest his attention, and to excite a laudable curiosity to enquire into the nature of its contents. The abstruse science of anatomy, as applied to medical pursuits, no one would recommend, but to him who meditated becoming a professor. But with the work in question, the application of the science is directed to the forming of taste, and would lead to that knowledge which every well-educated gentleman is expected in some degree to possess; namely, some of the leading principles on which to found a judgment on works of art.

We lament indeed that there is so little diversity in the studies of youth. It is true that at our principal private academies, as well as our public schools, the preceptors are excellent classic scholars; but we have long felt assured that many useful and noble branches of science might be added to the usual routine of study, without diverting the scholar from the important acquirements of Latin and Greek, particularly as mathematics are now cultivated, which are the foundation of so many arts. We however shall speak more at

length upon this subject hereafter, confining ourselves at present to this single observation, that we have witnessed many an instance wherein an ingenious mind, that would have expanded by diversifying the studies during the period of school education, had there been sufficient opportunities, has become listless and indifferent, and ultimately wasted itself in uninteresting and frivolous pursuits.

The author of this work, if we are not misinformed, is the son of the great physiognomist, Lavater. This, we presume, would add to its interest. The world of taste and the learned world are equally acquainted with the ingenious labours of that learned and truly benevolent man.

The plates illustrative of this treatise on anatomy, are diminished copies in outline, selected from the magnificent plates of Albinus. They are the best specimens of outline that we have yet seen in the lithographic art, and are highly creditable to Mr. Ackermann's press. The printing certain of the plates in two colours is a plan that we particularly approve, as the bones being drawn with an outline in black, and the muscles being defined in red, 'to completely detach the two divisions of the science, that the eye at once separates the parts without an effort. Every professor who renders the study of the arts and sciences less difficult, by thus simplifying the examples, contributes greatly to the spreading of taste. It is written, "*A little learning is a dangerous thing.*" We agree with Mr. Pope in his acceptance. But we nevertheless should be happy, could we hail the time when the English nation at large would desire to know a little of many elegant pursuits, for the want of which, how many an ingenious youth has become a votary of the gaming-table, and of other vices, as soon as he entered life, and almost before he became a man!

"In a work such as that here presented to the reader, it is much more difficult than it may at first sight appear, to pursue a middle course. The physician must not forget that he is addressing himself to the artist only, and not to the medical student; and that he ought, nevertheless, to conduct the designer of living human figures, for whom mere anatomy without some physiological illustrations and practical remarks would not suffice, far enough into the temple of Esculapius.

"There is not, to my knowledge, any work in our language which has either set out with or accomplished this object; none but what is either too expensive or too rare—none that is adapted to the use of beginners in general.

"It is upon the whole, a great pity that those who devote themselves to the arts of design, do not study such parts of dead subjects as they have occasion to represent; that they do not combine this study with that of living models, and

to make themselves acquainted with the causes and that which they have observed.

astonished that the benefits which William Hunter, and Sue in Paris, conferred by their lectures on Anatomy, have not instigated other professors of the science, especially in the higher academical institutions, to similar attempts; that many have not, like Hunter, passed from the exhibition and illustration of the dead to the living ones, and shown their alternate action, motion, and mechanism; explained beauty, perfection, and simplicity, and the proportions, after the model of nature; displayed the expression of the passions in the face by art and nature, as Le Brun did with skill, and analyzed it upon anatomical principles: and excised, formed and improved the eye and talent for drawing of the painter: for, unfortunately, the painter forgets that his genius must be embodied and clothed in a fleshly shape, as the physician with his patient, that the corporeal frame of the latter is animated by a soul not to the laws of mechanics and hydraulics.

Instead of wasting time in repeating the exclamation of regret on the shortness of life and the difficulties of the career, I should rather impress it on his mind, that of genius, sown in the field of industry, produces fruit; and that he who knows how to live, lives long and immortalizes himself by a single sentence. How long did not Raphael live in thirty years?—Parmigiano in thirty-six?—Potter in twenty—Van der Velde in thirty-three—and Van Dyck in—How long will these masters continue to live in works! What patterns of science did they become by industry! what demi-gods of art by their genius! How aging must not such examples be to the ardent youth! How instructive when the student learns how necessary it is for even the finest and the smoothest to be ground and polished; though at the time, he sees that neither polish, nor even so smoothness, can give to glass the hardness and the intrinsic value of the diamond or precious stone!

Knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure is by the most essential polish for the portrait and historian, and it has been acknowledged and studied by the greatest masters. Rubens—though he was not attentive to this point as he ought to have been—Raphael, da Vinci, Pompeo Leoni, Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, Holbein, and others, furnish too many proofs of this; any were even too particular in regard to it—as, for example, Michael Angelo and Martin van Heemskerck—and ed Nature for the sake of displaying their skill in it.

are, where we are considering the physical and moral life of man in general, is the fittest place to add a few words on expression and the passions.

error, the consequence of misfortune or pity, has the same subdivisions, which have not only distinct names, but relative characteristic expressions, and peculiar signs of being portrayed: namely,

| | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| gentle, | Grief, |
| ness, | Dejection, |
| displeasure, | Total Indifference, and |
| melancholy. | Melancholy. |

"2. To Joy, the second chief passion of his system, he assigns the following subdivisions:—

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| Content, | Loud Laughter, |
| Smiling, | Shouts of Joy, |
| Gaiety, | Tears of Joy, |
| Expression of Joy by the | Rapture, Temporary Delirium. |
| movements of the body, | |

"3. Pain, caused by bodily sufferings, has the following divisions:—

| | |
|--------------|-------------|
| Sensibility, | Acute Pain, |
| Sighing, | Torture, |
| Pain, | Despair. |

"4. From the fourth class, *Sluggishness and Imbecility of Soul and Body*, he deduces the following series:—

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Irresolution, | Flight, |
| Timidity, | Terror, |
| Astonishment, | Horror, |
| Fear, | Stupefaction. |
| Anxiety, | |

"5. *Energy of Body and Mind* is expressed on the contrary, in these gradations:—

| | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Strength, to endure, | Resolution, |
| Energy, | Valour, |
| Courage, | Fearlessness, |
| Fortitude, | Tenacity. |

"6. The sixth and last class comprehends the passions which arise from the *Privation of a Good or a Pleasure*—Contradiction and Opposition. These usually beget envy and Jealousy; and from them descend the following passions:—

| | |
|---------------|------------|
| Estrangement, | Antipathy, |
| Aversion, | Hatred, |
| Spite, | Reviling, |
| Menace, | Anger, |
| Detraction, | Rage, |
| Contempt, | Revenge, |
| Scorn, | Fury. |

"Each of these passions, every emotion of the soul, alters the lines of the face in a peculiar manner, by the co-operation of the nerves and vessels, and by the force and irritability of the muscular fibres: so that the acute observer reads in the open book of the countenance the desires of the heart, and there discovers the state of the mind, the expression of every emotion, and the language of every passion. What character may not the artist give to his figure, for example, merely by the expression of the eye, by its fire, vivacity, dulness, languishing; by representing it as more or less open; by the turn of the pupil; and in particular, by the cut of the eye-lids—a point that is almost always disregarded, and seldom sufficiently studied, even by the greatest masters! How much do not the change of colour of the cheeks, the writhing of the mouth, the wrinkling of the forehead, the bending of the nose, and the form of the chin and ears, contribute to the same effect!

"I cannot quit this subject, so momentous to the young artist, without subjoining a few examples of the change of countenance and expression produced by the passions, to impress him the more profoundly with the importance of this matter, and to instigate him to the personal observation of this expression in various objects. His own observation

and meditation, the seizing of the proper moments, with a due knowledge of the muscles and their mode of action, their greatest extension and contraction, their power over the bones, &c. must indeed be his principal helps in the study; for, without our own efforts, neither will the gods assist, nor men acknowledge us.

"Even in those emotions of the mind which Dandré Bardon terms tranquil, as admiration, respect, veneration, &c. which produce no striking alteration in the muscles of the face, or in the position of the members of the body, the difference is still plain, capable of being portrayed and easily recognized in the representation.

"In *Astonishment* , for example, the head is bent back a little; the eye opens more than usual; the eye-ball, placed in the centre of the orbit, appears fixed on the object; the eye-brows rise in the middle; the forehead is wrinkled, and the mouth open.

"In *Admiration* all these parts approach nearer to the natural state: the mouth is but half open; the eye-brows are less elevated, and give to the fixed eye a milder and more pleasing expression.

"In *Esteem* the eye is fixed; the eye-brows bend down somewhat lower by the side of the nose, and rise a little on the side next to the temples; the head seems to move gently forward; the other parts remain in their natural state.

"In *Sadness* every thing indicates the dejected state of the soul. The air is languid; the face a bluish red; all the muscles are relaxed; the head carelessly inclines to one shoulder; the eye-brows rise towards the middle of the forehead, and are rather broader towards the temples; the eye-ball is raised, and half covered by the upper eye-lid; the eye is perturbed, and somewhat yellower than usual; the underlip is elevated a little in the middle, and the corners of the mouth are drawn down.

"In *Fear* the muscles of the eye-brows are contracted; the eye-brows themselves are raised in the middle; the forehead is wrinkled; the eye-lids are opened as wide as possible, and hid as it were under the eye-brows; the upper white part of the eye is almost entirely visible; the eye-ball sinks, and is partly covered by the lower eye-lid; the mouth is half open, so that the teeth of both jaws and part of the gums are visible; all the veins of the face are apparent, but yet the cheek and lips are pale, and the hair stands on end.

"In *Violent Emotions* , as anger, despair, &c. the artist must strive to express, in all the parts of the body, the disturbed state of the mind. The body inclines forward; the head is raised with a menacing air; both arms seem to be extended towards some object; the hands are shut, or the fists clenched; the eye-balls glare and roll about; the eye-brows are sometimes elevated, and at others depressed; the forehead is much wrinkled; the nostrils are enlarged; lips are pressed against one another; the lower projects over the upper: and it is only at the corners of the mouth that they are parted a little, producing a bitter, cruel, and disdainful grin."

OLD LONDON BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1666.

No. I.

THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL.

On the third day of the month of September, in the year 1666, it was that the great and dreadful fire of London began in a narrow lane amongst old rotten buildings, near to the lower end of Gracechurch-street, which in a short time,

notwithstanding all the help that could be, consumed the greatest part of the city; in which not only the parochial churches were destroyed, but also this ancient cathedral. The roof whereof falling down with a mighty force, broke through those vaults, called the *Undercroft* ; so that under the floor of our *Lady Chapel* (eastwards of the quire) over the roof of St. Faith's Church, a coffin of lead, lying there was broke open, and in it found the body of *Robert Broke* , some time Bishop of London, (as by the inscription, in brass, formerly torn from the marble covering it, did appear) having been laid two hundred and sixty years before; whose corpse was so dried up, the flesh, sinews, and skin, cleaving fast to the bones, that, being set upon the feet, it stood as stiff as a plank, the skin being tough like leather, and not at all inclined to putrefaction, which some attributed to the sanctity of the person, offering much money for it.

The like I then saw of two other bodies so dried, which lay in coffins of lead over the vault, in the north aisle of the body of this church; the coffins being also broke open, and the arches of that vault shattered.

But herein was nothing supernatural; for that which caused the flesh, skin, and sinews, to become thus hard and tough, was the dryness and heat of the dust wherein those bodies lay, which was, for the most part, of rubbishy lime, mixed with a sandy earth. Such another having been discovered at Warwick, in the quire of St. Mary's Church; where, above fifty years before, the corpse of *William Parr, Marquess of Northampton* , being laid, but then digged up, it did appear to be thus dried, lying in the like rubbish, the quire also standing upon arched vaults, in whose coffin the rosemary and bays was also as fresh, as if it had not been put there above ten days before.

Nor is it strange, that such hot and dry ground should produce the like effect, for we read, that in the city of Toulouse, in Languedoc, (a Province of France) the bodies of those persons which lie buried in the church-yard of the *Fryers Minors* there, do remain entire, and not subject to putrefaction. "*In urbe Tholosâ (saith my author) Conventerium, vel potius specus in Ecclesia Minoritarum, in cujus parte cadauera infusa non putrescant, sed integre reseruantur.*"

As to the real cause of this dreadful conflagration of London, there have been various conjectures. Some there are who confidently affirm, that it was set on fire by the Papists, in order to an insurrection, and consequently to subvert the government, as was that design of the gunpowder conspirators, in An. 1605, (3 Jac.) Of these I find Captain Bedloe one, who saith, "that London was burnt by Romish fire-balls, which they were wont to call Tewkesbury mustard-balls, thrown by Popish hands." Others suppose it to have been a judgment of God Almighty upon this great city, for its rebellious actings against the late King Charles the Martyr, and tamely permitting his open and shameful murder before the gates of his own royal palace; to countenance which opinion, they vouch that prophetic expression of Michael Notredamus, (an expert astrologian and physician to Henry II. King of France,) published above an hundred years before; whose words do not only import as much, but point out the very year when it should be so burnt, which I have here transcribed.

"Le Sang de Juste a Londres fern faute,
Bruslez per foudres, de vingt trois les six.
La Dame antique cherra de place haute;
De mesme secte plusieurs serout occis."

Whereunto the extraordinary dryness of the season, as a prepatative, and the wind strangely turning several ways at that time, did not a little contribute, as is very well known.

Others, that it was done by design of the fanatics, in order of getting the power of the sword into their own cruel hands again. For testimony whereof they say, "That at the sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone, an old army colonel; William Sanders; Henry Tucker; Thomas Flynt; Thomas Evans; John Miles; William Westcot, and John Cole, formerly officers or soldiers in the late rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his Majesty, and the overthrow of the government. Having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing of his Grace the Lord General, as also of Sir John Robinson, at that time Lieutenant of the said Tower of London, and Sir Richard Browne; and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, &c.; the better to effect which hellish design, the city was to have been fired, and the portcullisses let down, to keep out all assistance; the Horse Guards to have been surprized in the inns where they were quartered, — several hostlers having been gained to that purpose; that the Tower also was accordingly viewed, and its surprize ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall; and that one Alexander, who was not then taken, had distributed sums of money to those conspirators; moreover, that for carrying on the design more effectually, they were told of a council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which council received their direction from another in Holland, who sat with the States; and that the 3d of September was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lilly's Almanack, and a scheme erected for that purpose, to be a lucky day, — a planet then ruling which prognosticated the downfall of monarchy; the evidence against which persons was very full and clear, and they accordingly found guilty of high treason." Thus far the Gazette.

But the profound Mr. Baxter tells us, that this fire of London was a judgment of God for casting out the faithful pastors about four years before; putting it upon the sin of the Corporation Act, — that is, for ejecting those ministers to five miles' distance, who had preached seditiously in corporations.

I will not take upon me to censure either Papist or Fanatic to have had any hand therein, — rather supposing it to have been an immediate and signal judgment of God for the great sins of the nation, especially of this capital city; having heard from persons of credit, that some of the family where the fire began (it being a baker's house) have acknowledged that they did believe it to have been from a decayed oven then heated, in which were some cracks and flaws, that might rationally occasion it: but shall observe, that the ceasing thereof was no less strange than the rage of it whilst it continued, as appears from the inscription engraven upon that fair pillar in memory thereof, which was begun in An. 1671, Sir Richard Forde then being Lord Mayor, and finished in An. 1677, in the Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Daires: the words are these —

"*Tertio die, cum jam plenè ecerat, humana concilia et insidia omnia; calidus, ut par est credere, jussus, stravit fatalis ignis, et quaquaversum elanguit,*" i. e. Upon the third day, when this fatal fire had manifestly triumphed over all that the wit or art of man could do to oppose it; it stopped and abated every where, by a command from Heaven itself, that it should go no farther.

Having made this large (though I hope not impertinent) digression, I shall go on where I left.

The first thing designed after this deplorable fire, was to fit some part of the church, thus ruined, for a quire, wherein the Dean and Prebends might have divine service, until the repair of the whole, or a new structure could be accomplished: to which end, upon a judicious view thereof, it was resolved that part of the body of it, towards the west end, might, with the least charge, be made useful for that purpose; whereupon workmen were set upon it, and scaffolds raised for search of the walls, and cutting the remainder of the unmelted lead from the high roof, and other parts of the church.

In which employment, as also in digging up the melted lead, clearing the rubbish, taking down the remainder of the vaulted roof and walls, with the greatest part of the Tower steeple, digging up the floors, sorting the stone, and carrying it to several places, repairing the convocation-house, and building new offices for the work; no less than two years (viz. the rest of the year 1666, the whole year of 1667, and part of the year 1668,) were spent. Towards the latter end of which two years, they fell to casing some of those great and massy pillars, which stood betwixt the middle aisle, and the side aisles; beginning with those below the little north door, towards the west: but before the third pillar was perfectly cased, (so weak and unsound had the excessive heat of the fire left it,) with the remaining pillars and walls, which were all miserably scaled with the flames, and shattered, that upon farther search into them, they were found to be altogether incapable of any substantial repair. It was, therefore, fully concluded, that, in order to a new fabric, the foundations of the old cathedral, thus made ruinous, should be totally cleared, and preparation of materials, and all things needful, made ready, conducing to a new fabric. Which work continued until the last of April, 1674.

STAGE SCRAP BOOK. No. XI.

QUIN.

QUIN for some time had the chief direction of Covent Garden Theatre: during this period he revived "The Maid's Tragedy," written by Beaumont and Fletcher. In it he played the character of *Melanthus*; Mrs. Pritchard, *Evandra*; *Aspasia*, by Miss Bellamy. One day after the rehearsal was finished, he desired to speak with Miss Bellamy in his dressing-room. He had always previous to this period been careful to avoid seeing that young lady alone, for, said he, when he gave her a general invitation to his *petite soupers*, desiring her at the same time always to come attended, "I am not too old to be censured." Miss Bellamy was fearful she might have given some cause for displeasure to this kind-hearted comedian, whom she declares, she really loved as a father. Her fears were, however, without foundation, for as soon she entered his dressing-room, he took her by the hand, and in the kindest manner said, "My dear girl! you are vastly followed, I hear. Do not let the love of finery, or any other inducement, prevail upon you to commit an indiscretion. Men in general are rascals. You are young and engaging, and therefore ought to be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me, and say, 'James Quin, give me such a thing, and my purse shall be always at your service.'"

correct. Some years ago, it credit may be given to the authority of Mr. Foote's Englishman in Paris. "We saw crowds of people going into a house, and Comedy posted over the door: in we trooped with the rest, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance, and one of the young women, with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail just by me. Good! what does me, for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when it was her turn to figure out, souse she flapped on her back! 'Twas devilish comical!"

Custom reconciles many things in every stage of life, and though the audience being on the stage was the most irksome to a performer that ever could be inflicted as a punishment, the slavery of course was made easy to the persons whose benefit it was that occasioned the confusion, the perquisite being always prevailing; and if Mr. Shuter was proud that the superflux was a compliment to his wonderful abilities, conscience would gain acquiescence to undertake the labouring oar for a brother or sister performer, as mutual labourers in the vineyard.

But worthy reader, suppose an audience behind the curtain, up to the clouds with persons of a menial class; on the ground, beaux and no beaux crowding the only entrance; what a play it must have been, when Romeo was breaking open the supposed tomb, which was no more than a screen on those nights set up, and Mrs. Cibber prostrating herself on an old couch covered with black cloth, as the tomb of the Capulets, with at least, (on a great benefit night,) two hundred persons behind her, which formed the back ground, as an unfrequented hallowed place of *chapless* skulls, which was to convey the idea of all her buried ancestors, were packed. How would a modern audience treat such a scene as this? Nothing but peals of laughter could attend such a spectacle.

The first time Holland acted Hamlet, it was for his own benefit, when the stage was in the situation here described. On seeing the Ghost, he was much frightened, and felt the sensation and terror usual on that thrilling occasion, and his hat flew *à la mode* off his head. An inoffensive woman in

for the moment said, and e derated.

was arbitrary satire was him could attacked w view to sh superiority was unmerited, he a man should in return. patience ti an undivided neral; it w means a n action,—but an appearance main, with subjects; I never could because the bounded a ment, and which he is contempt fied by the incomparat is a higher

From the that, like F the shadows not relieved

EDITOR

SIR,—I o you notice

Anecdote of Alderman Boydell.

A YOUNG engraver just entering into life, and who afterwards rose to great eminence, applied to Alderman Boydell for employment. Having never executed any considerable work, he had only some trifling specimens of his ability to shew. The Alderman, however, was satisfied from them that the young artist possessed ability worthy of encouragement, and offered him a picture if he thought himself equal to it. The young man undertook it, and agreed on 25 guineas as a recompence. When the plate was finished he waited on the Alderman finally, to deliver it with a proof. Mr. Boydell examined it so long and so minutely, that the artist was apprehensive he was not quite pleased with it, and resolved to ask him, adding, that he should be happy to make any improvement or alteration that Mr. B. might suggest. "Oh, no," replied the Alderman, "I am extremely pleased with it, and desire no alteration. It is charming; and instead of 25 guineas, I shall give you 35; very charming indeed. The more I look at it, the more I like it; I shall give you 50 guineas." He went to his desk and wrote a check on his banker, which he gave to the artist, telling him to call on him in a few days, as he had further employment for him. The young man endeavoured to express his gratitude for this unexpected and magnificent liberality of his new patron, but his speech utterly failed him, when meeting his eyes on the check which he held in his hand, he found it to be for 100 guineas. This happy event was the foundation of his fortune and fame.

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.
NO. VIII.

PURCELL.

"I KNEW him perfectly well: he had a most commendable ambition of exceeding every one of his time; and he succeeded in it without contradiction, there being none in England, nor any where else that I know of, that could come in competition with him for compositions of all kinds. Towards the latter end of his life he was prevailed with to compose for the English stage; there was nothing that ever had appeared in England, like the representations he made of all kinds, whether for pomp or solemnity; in his grand chorus, &c.; or that exquisite piece called the freezing piece of music; in representing a mad couple, or country swains making love, or indeed any other kind of music whatever. But these are trifles in comparison of the solemn pieces he made for the church, in which I will name but one, and that is, his *Te Deum*, &c., with Instruments, a composition for skill and invention beyond what was ever attempted in England before his time."—Dr. Tudway.

The fine Anthem; "They that go down to the sea in ships," was composed by Purcell, at the express desire of Mr. Gostling, gentleman in ordinary of the Royal Chapel, and afterwards a sub-Dean of St. Paul's, in Charles the second's time. The following history gave rise to the request.

The king had given orders for building a yacht, which, as soon as it was finished, he named the *Fubbs*, in honor of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who we may suppose was in her person rather full and plump. The sculptors and painters apply this epithet to children, and say for instance of the boys by Plomengo, that they are *fubby*. Soon after the vessel was launched, the king made a party to sail in this yacht down the river, and round the Kentish coast; and, to keep up the mirth and good humour of the company, Mr. Gostling

was requested to be of the number. They had got as low as the North Foreland, when a violent storm arose, in which the King and the Duke of York, were necessitated, in order to preserve the vessel, to hand the sails, and work like common seamen; by good providence however they escaped to land: but the distress they were in made an impression on the mind of Mr. Gostling, which was never effaced. Struck with a just sense of the deliverance, and the horror of the scene which he had but lately viewed, upon his return to London he selected from the Psalms, those passages, which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem, which he did, adapting it so peculiarly to the compass of Mr. Gostling's voice, which was a deep bass, that hardly any person but himself was then, or has been since able to sing it; but the king did not live to hear it; this anthem, though never printed, is well known.

CORELLI.

"CORELLI is said to have been remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the modesty of his deportment; the lineaments of the countenance, as represented in his portrait, seem to bespeak as much; nevertheless he was not insensible of the respect due to his skill and his exquisite performance. Cibber in the apology for his life, relates that when he was playing a solo at Cardinal Ottoboni's, he discovered the Cardinal and another person engaged in discourse. Upon which he laid down his instrument, and on being asked the reason, gave, for answer, that he feared the music interrupted conversation. He was censured by some who were acquainted with him, for his parsimony, upon no better ground than the accustomed plainness of his garb, and his disinclination to the use of a coach or other carriage. Mr. Handel had remarked these two little particulars in his conduct, and would sometimes, when he spoke of him, add, but without a view to depreciate his character, that his ordinary dress was black, and his outer dress a plain blue cloak.

That he was a man of humour and pleasantry may be inferred from the following story, related by Walthers, in his account of Nicolas Alam Strunck, violinist to Ernestus Augustus, elector of Hanover. This person being at Rome, upon his arrival made it his business to see Corelli: upon their first interview Strunck gave him to understand, that he was a musician; 'what is your instrument?' asked Corelli; 'I can play,' answered Strunck, 'upon the harpsichord, and a little on the violin, and should esteem myself extremely happy might I hear your performance on this latter instrument, on which I am informed you excel.' Corelli very politely condescended to this request of a stranger; he played a Solo. Strunck accompanied him on the harpsichord, and afterwards played a Toccata, with which Corelli was so much taken, that he laid down his instrument to admire him. When Strunck had done at the harpsichord, he took up the violin, and began to touch it in a very careless manner, upon which Corelli remarked that he had a good bow hand, and wanted nothing but practice to become a master of the instrument; at this instant Strunck put the violin out of tune, and, applying it to its place, played on it with such dexterity, attempering the dissonances occasioned by the mistuning of the instrument, with such amazing skill and dexterity, that Corelli cried out in broken German, 'I am called Archangelo, a name which signifies in my country an archangel; but let me tell you, that, you Sir, are an Arch-devil.'

- TREES, SHRUBS, and PLANTS.**—The Natural History of remarkable Trees, Shrubs, and Plants.
5.
- INSECTS.**—The Natural History of remarkable Insects, with their Habits and Instincts.
6.
- ARTS and MANUFACTURES.**—The Cabinet of useful Arts and Manufactures: designed for the Perusal of Young Persons.
7.
- REFLECTIONS.**—Reflections on the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God. Selected from Sturm's Reflections.
8.
- PRINCE LEE BOO.**—The History of Prince Lee Boo: to which is added, the Life of Paul Cuffee, a man of colour.
9.
- REPTILES and SERPENTS.**—The Natural History of Reptiles and Serpents. To which is added, an Appendix, containing an Account of Worms, of Corals, and of Sponges.
10.
- BIRDS.**—The Natural History of remarkable Birds, with their Habits and Instincts.
11.
- NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.**—The New Robinson Crusoe: an instructive and entertaining History, for the use of Children.
12.
- SHIPWRECKS.**—The Shipwreck of the Alceste, an English Frigate, in the Straits of Gaspar; also the Shipwreck of the Medusa, a French Frigate, on the coast of Africa, with Observations and Reflections thereon.
13.
- TRAVELS.**—Travels in the Interior of Africa, by Mungo Park.
14.
- ROBINS.**—History of the Robins, designed for the Instruction of Children, respecting their treatment of Animals, by Mrs. Trimmer.
15.
- AMERICA.**—The Discovery of America, by Christopher Columbus.
16.
- HISTORIES AND ANECDOTES.**—The Entertaining Medley, being a Collection of the most remarkable and interesting Stories, from the History of the ancients and moderns.
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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

No XVII.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE title which we assumed for our paper, was adopted with the view of identifying it with the Fine Arts: Somerset House being the spot from whence our associations relating to painting, sculpture, and architecture, may be said to be derived. Indeed, its site is so interwoven with the memory of what we have seen, and what we have heard of our schools of art, that it may be questioned if there be a person of moderate intelligence in the whole empire, who is ignorant of its being the seat of the Royal Academy.

On this spot, then, consecrated to the genius of our soil, by our late sovereign, whose venerated memory will be linked with the early masters of the British School, as the beneficent founder of their national institution, their patron and royal friend:—on this spot we rest, in contemplation of the future and the past. From hence we look around as from a centre, and behold the many institutions for the diffusion of taste, as rays emanating from this, their original and royal source.

It was the Royal Academy that gave birth to the arts. It was the Royal Academy that nursed the arts; and it was the Royal Academy that raised the arts to maturity—to the national importance which they have attained. We owe it then to the honoured memory of its royal founder, to the memory of its departed members, and to the congregated merits of the existing body, a paramount duty, in grateful testimony of its services, to uphold the Royal Academy above all other institutions for the promotion of art—and venerate it as the parental stock.

The great plans projected for the augmentation of the national Museum, which we noticed in our last number, manifest the princely magnificence with which our reigning sovereign contemplates the furtherance of our national taste. We are indulging in anxious anticipation the completion of these galleries, and looking forward to the day, when we hope to behold the glorious exhibition of human genius which will enrich their walls, even without reflecting that the period of this hope must bring us some years nearer to the grave.

But we shall eclipse the glory of these great deeds, if we overlook what is due to the genius and worth of the living, in our zeal to perpetuate the

merits of the illustrious dead. The masters of the British school of arts will become ancients in their turn; but let not our age be amenable to the direful reproaches that stigmatize the ages past,—for the unpatriotic neglect of contemporary genius,—by leaving those whom we see, whom we know, and whom it behoves us to honour and protect, no better meed, than the reward of posthumous fame!

Another institution is forming, indeed it is formed, and we find a spacious building is preparing for the annual exhibition of the works of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and others, its members, in all the departments of the fine arts. The apartments are spacious, elegant, well-lighted, and the building is eligibly situated: expectation is high, as to the interest it may excite. We know the effects of the love of novelty. Suppose the institution should succeed? We answer, that if it does, the success must tend to the injury of our Royal Academy.

It may be asked—Even were it so, is that to be urged as a reason why this, and twenty other similar institutions should not be established and supported by the public? We answer, yes; until that Royal Academy has received some remuneration for its public services,—some protection from the government, from the nation, for having from year to year, through so long a period, applied their funds to the supporting of the national schools of instruction, for those students, who, being matured, set up rival exhibitions, divide their emoluments among themselves, or dispose of their funds for whatever purposes they please. Were the members of this royal establishment secure of some benefit, to which we humbly think they have a powerful claim upon the country, we should then say,—Let every artist, and every community of artists, be at liberty to use all fair means for giving publicity to their works, and for promoting their own private interests. What we deprecate, and what we fear, to apply a common metaphor, is, that the Royal Academy will, if not duly protected, be continually used as a ladder to preferment, and then be kicked down.

We have been attentive observers of the measures of the Royal Academy for several years. We have not been blind to the errors of its annual exhibitions, nor deaf to the whispers of its cabals: but we venture, nevertheless, to say, making allowance for these mistakes, and occasional aberrations from

LONDON, JANUARY 31, 1824.

the general rectitude, which has characterised its proceedings, that the conduct of this body has been wise, open, liberal, and consistent;—such, indeed, as has been conformable, as well in spirit as intention, to the beneficent views of its upright and most august founder.

The administration of the affairs of this institution has been from time to time, the subject of public animadversion. The proceedings of the academicians have been viewed through prejudice, commented upon in malice, and consequently condemned in injustice. The members have been taxed with indulging in secret envy of rising talent, and held up as a monopoly against the general interests of art. These charges, however, have been borne by the royal academicians, with that philosophical spirit of unresisting endurance, the result of conscious integrity, which has shamed their assailants, and left them in unmolested possession of their government.

Those most competent to judge of their public conduct, have long respected the equity and liberality of their proceedings. We have only to refer retrospectively to their annual catalogue, and estimate by their elections to the honours of a seat in their society, the comparative merits of their candidates for preferment. The result of such inquiry is too convincing evidence of their uprightness, to admit of a question, even in the mind of malignity itself. The artists of the highest talent in their various departments, have uniformly been elected.

The votes of the veteran members have not been withheld in favour of those of longest standing on the roll of contributors to their annual exhibitions, nor for the service of their oldest friends: seniority in the list of candidates has carried no influence in the ballot—for, to the lasting honour of the Royal Academy, the great majority of elections, for many years, has been in favour of comparatively young professors.

We will recur to the period, when the living president of this institution was voted to a seat in their society:—he was but recently of age; and when the great Reynolds sat in that chair which Sir Thomas Lawrence now fills, to the honour of the arts, and where he was already viewed as all but a rival to that illustrious founder of our native school, he was upheld by Sir Joshua, with noble zeal. Lawrence, then, was elected whilst a very young man. Westall, Turner, Owen, Thompson, Calcott, Wilkie, Smirke, jun., Mulready, Ward, Collins, Cooper, Chalon, Westmacott, Chantry, Bayley, were

almost all young candidates, and exhibited but few seasons prior to their elections—and all attained to the honour over those many years their seniors in the profession!

Offices and appointments of emolument, they have none in their gift. Rank, alone, is all they can confer; and this, so dear to the aspiring spirit of genius, they have dispensed, with that impartiality, disinterestedness, and generous zeal for the promotion of art, and for the honour of the country, that entitles them to the respect and esteem of the whole British nation.

Thus faithfully then, have the members of the Royal Academy, founded by our late Sovereign, discharged the duties of their station. They have laboured with sedulous attention in promoting the object of the institution, by their constant attendance on the schools. Their funds have supplied the students with the necessary means for study, and they have by turns undertaken the arduous office of preceptors. Every year these schools send forth new candidates for that patronage, which is almost justifiable policy, would have sought means of confining to their own advantage. They have thus constantly exposed themselves to that rivalry, which talent will ever induce—even to the risk of their own discomfiture: for the world will prefer genius to rank and honour, without reference to age, unless indeed that youth is apt to obtain the preference. Hence the preceptor may cherish the talent of a disciple, and give strength to that hand, which may tear the wreath from his own brow, and the veteran professors may ultimately have no better reward for their exertions in the great cause for which they have thus displayed their zeal, than to raise recruits, and fit them at their own expense, for a service that will turn their arms against themselves.

Many that we could name, of this royal establishment, have laboured in this cause for a long succession of years, and are grown grey in the service, without a prospect of remuneration or reward. Had their institution, meanwhile, admitted of using the funds for their mutual benefit, offices of considerable profit and emolument might have accrued, and a seat in their body might have been sought as an enviable retreat for genius in the vale of life.

The universities have fellowships and patronage to dispose of to their learned professors, and the public schools reward their preceptors. Our great medical practitioners derive emoluments from their disciples. The law, and all other learned and li-

beral professions, afford substantial rewards for length of service. It is in the arts alone, and that even in the schools founded by royalty, that the disciples have an education free of expense, and there only, where the preceptors, the men of the greatest talent, have no reward for their public services.

Thus circumstanced, according to our view of the Royal Academy, we cannot refrain from expressing our fervent hope, that in these great national plans, for the promotion of the fine arts, his most gracious Majesty, and those noblemen and gentlemen, who have thus nobly determined to do honour to genius, will consider the claims of the veteran members of our national school. We, therefore, with the most respectful deference to our sovereign, who is benignant, just, and generous,—venture to suggest, that the Royal Academy should be protected. We further, most respectfully address the consideration of this object to the noble directors of the British Institution; for we begin to fear that the éclat that will attend these grand schemes, will lessen the influence of the Royal Academy in the public mind, and are therefore of opinion, that a perpetual inducement should exist in that institution, to draw to its body always, the support of the highest professional talent. For, if there shall henceforth be no other inducement than the title bestowed on its members, honourable as it abstractedly may be—yet should other institutions succeed, and the emoluments be tempting,—rival bodies may arise to eclipse that institution, which should be maintained with all the dignity becoming the venerated memory of that best of sovereigns to whose beneficence it owed its foundation.

We do, therefore, most respectfully repeat, what we suggested in a former number, that some provision be made for the members of the Royal Academy. What we allude to, we beg to state again, for the consideration of the higher powers;—viz. That the annual sum of two thousand pounds be granted out of the national purse, to afford an annuity of two hundred pounds to the ten senior academicians, for their services rendered to the arts, and to the country; and to secure to that royal foundation, the whole strength, talent, and genius of the British school of art, as candidates for its honours and rewards. Were this accomplished,—then should we feel that all other schemes, however extensive in their operation, or however tending to the general splendour of our empire—would be hailed by the public, with respect for their projectors, or supported with that spirit which becomes the age.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

GALLERY OF PICTURES AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF
PAWLOWSK, NEAR ST. PETERSBURGH.

To say that the arts in Russia are yet in their infancy, would be advancing too much: they are hardly yet born. There are, it is true, a few young men, who after having spent some years in Italy, pass themselves among their countrymen for painters, (and as mere painters they may pass) but their productions are very inferior to those of any modern school of arts, in any part of the continent. Of sculpture, we know not one; and the few respectable engravers and lithographic draughtsmen at St. Petersburg and Moscow, are, with few exceptions, foreigners.

The arts, however, are far from being despised or neglected in the country; there is not a palace or a seat belonging to the emperor, or any of his family, where some specimens at least, of the master-pieces of Italy, Holland, Spain, or France, may not be met with; whilst in some of them, the collections are very numerous, and for the most part well-selected. There are also many of the nobility and wealthy commoners, who are inclined to favour the arts, and ambitious in forming collections of good paintings. It is, therefore, neither want of good models, nor of encouragement, which has kept Russia without artists:—the cause lies deeper.

However, it is not our intention to enter into a discussion why Russia has not yet produced any good paintings of its own; but to give our readers a list of those productions of a better age and happier climes, that have found their way to the frigid north, and now enliven by their brilliancy its cheerless soil.

We might have given a species of *catalogue raisonné*,—this would have filled our pages; but would have conveyed no more knowledge to the reader, than the simple enumeration of names and description of the subjects. The strictures of an individual are, after all, but his own, and may be controverted by any other individual, possessed of the means of judging; which, in the present instance, few Englishmen, we suppose, would ever have.

The palace of Pawlowsk is the seat of the empress-mother, Mary. It is a delightful residence, and worthy of the amiable princess who planned it. But we pass over the beauty and elegance of the apartments, the richness of the gardens, the variety and costliness of the antiques, and the splendour of the library, that adorn the interior of the imperial edifice, and immediately proceed to our pictures.

A. APARTMENTS OF THE EMPRESS.

Angelo Bronzino.—A Mary, with the Infant Christ, who is in the act of presenting the cross to St. John.

Carlo Dolce.—Two pictures: A Magdalen and a St. Sebastian.

Leonardo da Vinci.—A Madonna, with the Infant Christ.

Albani.—A Holy Family in the Desert, with angels carrying dates to the Holy Infant.

Mignard.—Christ and the Samaritan Woman.

Poussin.—A Holy Family.

Alexander Veronese.—An entombment of Christ.

Bernardo Gatti.—A Madonna, with the Infant.

Andrea del Sarto.—A Madonna, with the Infant Christ and St. John.

This picture is very remarkable for its effort to imitate

Raphael. It strongly reminded us of the companion to Raphael's *Madonna del cardellino*, in the Tribune of Florence, which passes there for a production of this great master himself. It has all the defects of the one in question, with less of its perfections; and we do not hesitate in saying, that both are the works of the same master, *i. e.* *Del Sarto*.

Susso Ferrato.—Two pictures: the Head of a Madona, half shaded by a cloth thrown over it; and a Madona, with the Infant.

Baroccio.—A Holy Family in a Landscape.

Spagnoletto.—A Head of an Old Man.

Bassano.—A small Historical Sketch.

Laressse.—A Holy Family, in the style of Poussin.

Greuze.—A Young Girl, with a Bird.

Angelica Kauffmann.—A Mother, with a Child.

Guido Reni.—An Apostle's Head; probably a study for a larger work.

Parmegianino.—A copy of a Holy Family of Raphael's in the *studies* at Naples; with the addition of a St. Joseph and an Angel, in the most perfect keeping, and completely in Raphael's taste.

Tripolo, Schidone, A. Caracci, Moratti, Cignani.—Each with a small Madona and the Infant.

Paduano.—Two Cupids kissing each other.

Le Duc.—A Standard-bearer; a full figure.

Tintoretto.—Two Historical Sketches, with many figures.

Albani.—The same subject and composition as above. Not quite as dark.

Vander Velde.—1. A Sea Piece. 2. A Vision of the Madona, with an Infant, before a Kneeling Monk.

Ligozzi.—A Vision of the Madona.

Mieris.—A Lady dressed in Satin.

Murillo.—A Madona, with the Infant.

Taudo.—The Martyrdom of St. Polonia.

Supposed of Correggio's School.—A kneeling Monk, holding an Infant Christ, surrounded by Angels.

B. GALLERY.

Rubens.—Entombment of Christ.

J. B. le Prince.—A small Landscape.

Lingelbach.—Scenes of the Roman Carnival.

Luca Giordano.—The Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

Some Flemish Landscapes, by *Roth, Aselwyn, &c.*

Wynants.—The Good Samaritan; a large well-finished Landscape.

A. Kauffmann.—Two pictures, representing scenes from some novel.

Pompeo Battoni.—The Prodigal Son; a famous picture of this Master.

Tintoretto.—Three Male Portraits, in frames, in one picture.

Frank.—An Allegorical picture, with a superabundance of figures.

Joseph Vernet.—A Shipwreck. *R. Mengs*.—The Muse of History as a Bust.

Paul Veronese.—The Death of a Female Saint.

Battoni.—A copy of the famous Magdalen of *Correggio*.

A Modern Landscape: the Fall of Tivoli.

Vander Kelst.—A Knight, in a sitting posture.

Greuze.—A Family Scene. *Mary Gerard*.—A Lady, in Satin.

Greuze.—An Old Woman looking out of a Window, and scolding a Young Girl weeping.

Stella.—A small Holy Family.

Bartholet Flemael.—The Sacrilege; a grand Picture after *Raphael*.

C. ANTI-ROOM TO THE CABINET OF ANTIQUES.

Among many others we mention—

Two Sketches of Titian, for the famous fresco paintings in the *Seuola di St. Antonio*, in Padua; representing the Murder of the Jealous Husband, and the Resurrection of a Man;

The Adoration of the Magi, by *Frank*; a Hotch-potch of Costumes, with Knights in Armour, and China Men.

D. RIGHT WING.

Cignani.—A Shepherd and Shepherdess, with two Children playing with a Lamb.

Messis.—An Old Miser. *C. Maratti*.—A Man and Woman praying, with a Vision of the Madona.

Kouthorst.—Susanna in the Bath. Several Modern Landscapes, and some of the Flemish School.

Battoni.—Alexander the Great and his Physician.

A Female Head, by *Mad. Le Brun*. The colour in many of the modern pictures is burst, probably from having been varnished too soon.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

IN addition to what has already been described of the alterations and improvements so long in progress at this venerable palace of our Kings, we have lately observed, that a new gothic archway is opening from the Ambassadors quadrangle into Cleveland-row. The cross buildings lately occupied by the Board of Green Cloth and its officers, dividing this court from the Kitchen-court, and one large court yard formed for the accommodation of carriages waiting the return of company from the Drawing-room. By this arrangement, the *regress* will, with regard to space and convenience, be equal to the very spacious and elegant *approach* at the east end.

The old Ball-room, built in the reign of William and Mary, and which has been graced by the chaste court of our late honoured Sovereign and his virtuous consort, has been cleared of its cumbrous galleries and *pews*, for verily it was like a chapel, and is now being prepared for a supper room; let this apartment, which surpasses in dimensions all the others on this magnificent suite, be fitted up in a style of elegance commensurate with the princely hospitality and taste of our reigning monarch, and we venture to predict that the English court will again vie in splendor, with the royal magnificence of the ages of chivalry.

REVIEWS.

Etchings from Pictures by the Old Masters. By J. POWELL.

IN reflecting upon the depraved taste of the generality of print publishers and print collectors, we offer our opinions purely from our love of genuine art, and with a view to open the eyes of the public to the impositions of quackery, ignorance, and cunning, which assail modest talent on all sides. With these feelings, it cannot fail to excite our indignation to witness the immense traffic that is carried on in graphic trash, too contemptible for criticism, whilst we have such a school of engravers, who are labouring to enrich the world with copies of fine pictures in various styles of engraving, many of which when printed, remain as unknown to the greater part of the public, as though they were executed merely for the artists' own amusements, to indulge themselves in the pleasure of presenting an occasional copy to their little circle of particular friends.

Indeed, it was only by chance that we obtained a sight of a small collection of most splendid and masterly etchings now before us, the works of Mr. Powell: for although we had seen proofs of two or three of the plates some years since, we have not, until recently, seen the whole set as far as the ingenious artist has proceeded with his plan. It was Mr. Powell's intention to encrease the collection, but having completed eight large folio plates without even a remote prospect of remuneration for his exertions, he has relinquished his plan.

There is nothing in the concerns of taste to be more regretted, than the prevailing indifference for the sterling works of our best engravers. We could illustrate this lamentable truth by numberless instances that have recently come within the scope of our own observation. The admirable gallery of prints formed by the society of engravers, and exhibited in Soho-square, we may notice as one. This exhibition remained open for months, unvisited, and almost unknown; whilst within a few doors of such a national display of rare talent, such indeed, in certain departments of engraving, as no school had before produced, the fashionable world were daily crowding to the Bazaar, and the Square was blocked up with their attending equipages.

This indifference to the merits of our superior engravers is the more to be reprobated, as there is still so great a rage for collecting prints that have no claim to notice, being too specious, and too me-

reticious to please any, but those who affect taste, without the least knowledge of the real merits of art.

We did expect, however, that the bold style of etching which Mr. Powell has exhibited in his imitations of the old masters, would have excited more attention among the amateurs of landscape: for he has selected some of the best specimens of the great schools, and may be said to have transferred these masterly compositions, with all their force and effect, upon the copper. But so limited is the present state of patronage for such works, indeed so low is the general taste for the real excellencies of the calcographic art, that no publisher, however inclined to promote the interest of the artists, can safely venture to speculate on a work that has any pretensions to raise the reputation of our national school.

The series of etchings of which we are now speaking, were undertaken by Mr. Powell with a view to assist the amateur in the practice of landscape composition, (we speak of them as etchings, for Mr. Powell is not an engraver.) We feel the more concerned at the failure of his plan, because the continuance of such a collection must have tended to improve the taste, by spreading the knowledge of that superior style of composition, which alone could teach those predisposed to encourage talent, how to appreciate what was worthy of their patronage.

The eight plates which Mr. Powell has completed, are compositions by the following masters.

- No. 1. Landscape Composition, painted by Francesco Mola.
- No. 2. Landscape Composition, painted by Dominichino.
- No. 3. Landscape Composition, painted by Gaspar Poussin.
- No. 4. Landscape Composition—Christ by the Sea of Galilee, painted by Dominichino.
- No. 5. Landscape Composition—Christ and the Woman of Samaria, painted by Dominichino.
- No. 6. Landscape Composition—Moses found by Pharaoh's Daughter, painted by Nicola Poussin.
- No. 7. Landscape Composition—The Angel and Tobias, painted by Salvator Rosa.
- No. 8. Landscape Composition, painted by Gaspar Poussin.

Magnificent paintings like these can only be purchased by the great and the wealthy. The general lovers of art in beholding them must be content to admire, what they cannot hope to possess: but prints which are translations of these magnificent works of genius, are within every one's reach who can spare something from unnecessary gratification, for the cultivation of the mind.

Memoirs of Rossini; by the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart. T. Hookham.

ON resuming the notice of this popular work, agreeable to our promise, we shall now present to our readers the author's opinions upon the compositions of Rossini, which, with certain allowance for the friendly zeal of his biographer, may be received as a candid examen of his talents.

In the introduction, we have an interesting sketch of the merits of the different composers for the Italian opera for the last twenty or thirty years. After speaking at some length upon Cimarosa, Paisiello, M. Paer and Mayer, and giving a list of composers of second rate abilities, Mozart is introduced. We learn from the author, that the music of this illustrious composer, until within the last few years, was very little known in Italy, and that its want of popularity, extraordinary as it may appear, arose from its being either too difficult for the habits of their professors, or that they were too indolent to give that practice to acquire the performance of it, in that masterly style which it had attained in Germany and in England.

The dilettanti of Italy affected to condemn the style, and expressed their opinions of his abilities in language not very creditable to their taste. "He is a barbarian," said these gentry, "not wanting in energy; some grains of gold were found in the refuse of Ennius; had he been but fortunate enough to profit by the lessons of Zingarelli or Paisiello, he might have done something." The author's opinions of the comparative merits of Mozart and Rossini, no doubt, are given with genuine feeling; but we much question if the admirers of Mozart will entirely subscribe to his estimate. We are disposed to think Mozart could have equalled Rossini, brilliant as may be his taste in any style, but that Rossini's warmest admirers could not in candour say as much for him as opposed to his great predecessor.

"The great difference between the music of Mozart and that of Rossini is, that they are scarcely ever addressed to the same persons. Mozart may apply to his brilliant rival (if rival he can be called) the words of the niece to her aunt, in Dumoustier's comedy of 'Les Femmes,'

'Va,

Tu ne plaisais jamais à qui j'aurai su plaire.'

"The people of taste of whom I spoke above, declare, that if Rossini has not the same comic vein, and the same richness of ideas, as Cimarosa, at least he has the advantage of the Neapolitan in vivacity and rapidity of style. They find him for ever syncoping those phrases which Cimarosa always takes care to develop, even to their last consequences. If

Rossini never composed an air so comic as '*Amicone del mio core*,' Cimarosa never wrote an air so rapid as the duet in the '*Barbiere*;'—'*Oggi arriva un regimento*,' or that of *Rosina* and *Figaro*, in the same opera. Now, Mozart has nothing of all this, nothing light, nothing rapid, nothing comic; he is the very opposite, not only to Rossini, but almost to Cimarosa himself. Would he have composed that air of the '*Orsai*;'—'*Quelle pupille tenere*,' without throwing it into a deep shade of melancholy? The more we are charmed with the music of Rossini and Cimarosa, and the more we become familiarized to it, the more we are disposed to enjoy the music of Mozart,—the more we are saturated with the gay measures and lively notes of Rossini,—the greater the pleasure with which we shall return to the large notes and slow movement, of the author of the '*Così fan tutte*.'

"Mozart, I believe, was never gay more than two or three times, much about the same number of times that Rossini has been melancholy. The latter has composed an opera in which a young soldier sees the mistress of his heart condemned to death under his own eyes, and led away to punishment; and yet there is nothing sombre in the '*Gazza Lutra*.' In the sad story of '*Otello*' there is nothing melancholy but the duet of *Desdemona* and her attendant, the prayer and the romance. But then I might cite the quartetto in '*Bianca e Faliero*,' the duet of '*Armida*,' and even the splendid instrumental movement, at the moment that Renaud agitated by a thousand passions, retires from the scene, and returns again; all these are perfectly expressive of Italian love,—of a passion that is sombre and impetuous, but which has no melancholy in it. In a word, there is scarcely any thing in common between the chefs-d'œuvres of Rossini, '*Le Pietra del Paragone*,' '*L'Italiana in Algeri*,' '*Tancredi*,' '*Otello*,' and the operas of Mozart. The resemblance (if resemblance there be, and which at best, goes no farther than the style) took place at a late period. It was only in the '*Gazza Lutra*,' and the '*Mosè*,' that Rossini first began to imitate the strong manner of the German school.

"Rossini has never written any thing so full of feeling as the duet *Crudel perche finora*, of Mozart; nor any thing so truly comic as *Mentrio ero un mascalzone*; or the duet *Nemici generosi* of Cimarosa. But neither Mozart nor Cimarosa have ever composed any thing so light and animated as the duet *D'un bel uso di Turchia* in the '*Turco in Italia*,' which, it appears to me, is the method that should be pursued, in order to form a just estimate of the different style and character of these great masters, who, followed by a crowd of imitators, occupy, at present, the musical scene of Europe.

"Nothing is found more difficult than to answer the question, which is the most beautiful of Rossini's Operas? As to which is to be preferred, the simplicity of the style of '*Tancredi*,' or the luxuriance and superabundant ornaments of '*Ricciardo e Zoraida*,' changed to so many motives; this is quite another question. What I now speak of is the difficulty of forming a general opinion of their comparative merits; and where can this difficulty arise?

"In the overture of the '*Barbiere*,' there is a very charming little passage. Very well; but then the same pretty passage has already served as a motive in '*Tancredi*,' and still later, Rossini has found it very serviceable in his '*Eisbetta*.' In the last instance, he has given it in the shape of duo, in which latter form it is more beautiful than in either of the two former. We may, therefore, think ourselves for-

fortunate, if we hear this charming passage, for the first time under the form of a duo, though still we ought to regret the circumstance that threw it in our way. But if already familiar to you in the 'Barbieri,' or 'Tancredi,' no wonder that in the form of a duo it should be found tiresome.

"It would be amusing enough to see a correct list of all the Pieces of Music in Rossini's works, that are really different from each other; as well as another list of the pieces founded on the same ideas, with a reference to the duet or air in which such ideas are employed in the happiest manner. In the circle of my acquaintance at Naples, I know twenty young men capable of drawing out such a list in a couple of days, with as much ease as a critique would be got up in London on the eleventh Canto of *Don Juan*, or a profound article in Paris on public credit.

"The chief characteristic in Rossini's music, is an extraordinary rapidity, which does not permit the mind to indulge in those profound emotions and soothing reveries that the slow and sustained movements of Mozart are so calculated to awaken. Yet this velocity is accompanied by a sparkling freshness that calls up involuntary delight. Hence it is that all other music appears heavy and wearisome, after that of Rossini. Were Mozart to make his debut at the present day, such, in all probability, is the judgment that would be formed of his music. To be pleased we must listen to his music for a fortnight together; but he would be hissed on the first day. If Mozart maintains his ground against Rossini, if we frequently prefer him, it is because he is strong in that antiquity which he has already attained in anticipation, and in our recollection of the pleasures we have derived from his works.

"But, if the music of Rossini is never heavy, it is of a kind to weary by long repetition. But this ever varying brilliancy is perhaps the chief reason why his compositions leave no profound impressions behind them. They may be said in the words of Shakespeare,

'To be too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens.'

"The most distinguished amateurs of Italy, who have been in the habit of hearing it for these dozen years, have for some time past begun to require novelty, and are crying out for some change.

"If such be the case now, what will it be twenty years hence, when the 'Barbieri' shall be as long known to the public as the 'Matrimonio Segreti,' or 'Il Don Giovanni,' is now?

"The misfortune of Rossini is, that he treats the passion of love as a mere affair of gallantry. With him this passion is not love, but a conspicuous, brisk, and sparkling, imitation of it. The consequence is, that he is never melancholy, and what is music without a shade of pensiveness?

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music," says that Poet among the moderns, to whom, above all others, it was given to know the secrets of the passions—the author of *Cymbeline* and *Othello*.

"In this *siccle expeditif*—this expediting age—Rossini has one advantage, he never arrests our attention long together.

"In a drama, in which a composer endeavours to express human passions, and all the more delicate shades of feeling, a considerable degree of attention is necessary, in

order to feel the emotions which he wishes to produce. It is scarcely necessary to add, that even attention alone will not be sufficient, if the minds of the hearers be not susceptible of profound emotion. Now, on the contrary, in the compositions of Rossini, the greater proportion of the airs and duets resemble short brilliant concertos, for the display of the voice, rather than vehicles for the expression of sentiment; and, consequently, but a very slender degree of attention is required to derive pleasure from them; in most instances, the mind has little or nothing to do in the affair.

"The system of variations has often led Rossini to copy himself; like all thieves, he hoped to conceal his larceny. After all, why should not a poor *Maestro*, who is obliged to compose an Opera in six weeks, ill or well, in the vein or not, be allowed to have recourse to such an expedient, in moments when inspiration 'comes not though invoked.' Mayer, for instance, and others whom I could name, do not copy themselves it is true, but they frequently chill us unto apathy, which is invariably followed by 'nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep.' Rossini, on the contrary, allows us neither peace nor repose; we may get out of patience with his Operas, but it is impossible to doze over them: be the impression altogether new, or only a pleasing reminiscence, still it is one pleasure followed by another. There is never any void, as in the first act of '*Rosa Bianca*,' for example.

"Paisiello saw, perhaps some twenty or thirty principal pieces of his hundred and fifty Operas, meet with general favour. Rossini could easily reckon on a hundred in his thirty Operas, really different from each other. A simpleton who sees a group of negroes for the first time, imagines that they all resemble one another: the pleasing airs of Rossini are negroes to the simpletons of our day."

Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry, &c. &c. by T. CROFTON CROKER, 4to. Murray, London, 1824.

FROM the entertaining chapter on "manners and customs," in addition to our extract last week, we select the following:—

We have been so frequently entertained of late with characteristic traits of the Scottish peasantry, that we do this the more readily, feeling assured that our readers will have no objection to a little original Irish gossip, by way of a change.

"Courtship is generally commenced soon after the parties attain their teens, and the bashfulness of the youthful lover is sometimes very amusing.

"As I was within three bits of miles of Tim Haggerty's cabin," replied a fine lad of fourteen, when asked why he had loitered on an errand, "and Tim Haggerty was a relation of mine; for his mother was a second cousin of my grandfather's gossip, and as I thought your honour would not be wanting me, I just slept across, I couldn't do less why! to inquire after his welfare; and finding only Honny at home, I couldn't but wait a little, as he would soon be in, she said; but as for my thinking of Honny, your honour, I that's not

out of my time, and that has but less than nothing to begin the world with, it is only those that seeks to belye me that spreads the report; but Honny for all that is a proper and clean a girl as any in the country, and if your honour did but know her, you'd not say that was a bold word, for nobody could gainsay it."

"A numerous offspring is the result of early marriage; and it frequently happens that the appearance of father and son is more like that of brothers, and they associate together rather with a fraternal feeling, than with that usually existing between parent and child."

"A house with three contiguous apartments is selected for a wedding; the reason of this is to preserve a distinction between the classes of company expected. The best apartment is reserved for the bride and bridegroom, the priest, the piper, and the more opulent and respectable guests, as the landlord, his family and the neighbouring gentry, who are always invited and usually attend on such occasions. The second apartment is appropriated for the neighbours in general; and the third, or an out house, is devoted to the reception of buckaugh, shulers, and other beggars. When the marriage is celebrated two collections are raised amongst the guests, the first for the priest, the other for the piper. The assembly does not take place until late in the evening, when the marriage ceremony is performed, and the festivities seldom conclude before day-break the next morning."

"Buckaugh is a description of mendicants, that within these few years have considerably diminished; the name implies a lame or mutilated person; but vigorous young men may be found, who having assumed the ragged garb, crave the privileges of the impotent and aged. In Ireland there are no gypsies, but their place is filled by buckaugh, who have the same wandering habits, and adopt the same unsettled mode of life, without however entering into associations or troops."

"A buckaugh is a solitary and isolated being, one who seems to stand alone in the world without apparent occupation or pursuit. He is met travelling both in the high road and in unfrequented paths, at all hours and in all seasons, his beard unshaven, and his body encased in a garment composed of shreds and patches, or, to use the more expressive local idiom, 'a coat all stitches and pack-thread.' Loaded with innumerable bags and wallets, he strides on, assisted by a long walking pole shod with iron, and terminated by a formidable spike. In the evening the buckaugh is seen seated beside the turf fire of the poor cottager's hearth partaking of his humble fare, the wallets and staff deposited in a corner of the cabin, and at night he reposes beside them on a bundle of straw. It is not uncommon to find these men with considerable literary acquirements; they are generally the possessors of several books and Irish manuscripts, which they have collected, and bear about from place to place with incredible fondness, nor can money always purchase part of their travelling library; their knowledge of writing renders them acceptable guests to many farmers, whose correspondence is often entirely carried on by such agency. By the younger members of the family, buckaugh are looked upon with much regard, and made the mutual confidant of their rustic amours. These persons write love letters and then secretly deliver them, commend the youth to his mistress and the girl to her lover, and are consequently caressed and consulted by all parties. A buckaugh is the umpire of rural disputes, and the ambassador from one clan or faction to another, in which diplomatic capacity he is

termed, the 'spokesman.' The superabundance of potatoes and broken victuals bestowed upon them from motives of gratitude or charity, they usually sell to the family of the poor peasant or to city mendicants, whom they consider as an inferior order of persons, and in fact they are so, as their respective means of gaining a livelihood are essentially at variance. Deeply conversant with character, this singular class of mendicants are quick, artful, and intelligent, but assume a careless and easy manner, seldom hesitating when it is for their own advantage, duping those who have confided in them, and yet I have instances of the almost chivalrous honour of a poor buckaugh."

The prevailing superstition of the agency of faeries among the inferior orders of the Irish, as related by our author, is curious and amusing. We who live in the midst of a populous town, can scarcely be led to believe that such notions still exist, among the natives of a civilized country, however mean their rank.

"My father, whose name was Thady Donohoe, lived in a little place they call Mount Shannon, near Slain; he was a shoe-maker, and supported his family by his work, until he lost his health through grief at my folly, at not being led by his advice; and I'm *artin shure* (certain sure, confident) I suffered all I did for going against my father! He loved me *better* (better) than any of his *childer* (children), because he had no *deaghter* (daughter) but myself; and at eighteen he thought to get me married to a neighbour's son, who was a *neat boy* (a handsome fellow); and, indeed, not that I say it, I was a neat, clean skinned girl at that time, though I may deny it to-day; but I was fond of a young man who was working as a labouring boy at a farmer's house *handy by* (adjacent). Well, when I *told* (told) Paddy Doody, for that was my lover's name, what my father wished me to do, he said, if I did not run away with him, my father and brothers would make me marry the other boy, and he should kill himself or go distracted; so I went off with him *shure enough* (without hesitation) and we were married by his parish priest, as soon as we came to Castle Town. I never saw my father till he was dying, which was about six months after: he gave me his blessing and a cow before he died. After the funeral I came back to my husband, and we lived very happily for four years. My eldest little boy died, and I was nursing my second, when one night, about midsummer, as we were sitting at our supper, I was fairly struck, and fell off my chair. So *with that* (instantly), poor Paddy ran out for one of the neighbours, who desired him to send for the priest, which he did *to be shure* (as a matter of course). But when he came, he did not know what to do, but said prayers over me, and anointed me for death; and when the holy oil was put on me I was better, and continued to mend for several days, but I was still very weak and low; I had an *impression about* (oppression on) the heart, and a dimness in my eyes, and a singing in my ears, and my face was greatly altered. Well, one night after we all lay down to sleep, it was about twelve o'clock, I heard a great noise, and saw a light in the room. I called Paddy, but he could not hear me. My little child was about three months old, and lay asleep by my side. In one minute the house was full of people, men and women, but no one saw them but myself; and one of the women came to the side of my bed, and said, 'Judy, get up, you are to come with us, and I will put one in your place to nurse

our child.' So with that they dragged me out of bed, and at an old woman in my place, who took my *crêpe of a wild* (creature, a term of endearment) in her arms! I thought should die, but I could not speak a word. They took me with them, and there were several horsemen with red caps outside the door, and the women who sat behind them on horses had blue cloaks. There was a piper on a grey pony that led the way; and when I got to their dwelling I was given a child to nurse. I am not allowed to tell anything that happened while I was there, all I can say is, that never ate one mouthful of their food, if I did I never could have left them, I came every night to my own house for cold potatoes, and I lived on them. Paddy buried, as he thought, the old woman that was put in my place, but she came away from us. I am twenty years from home, and my husband is married again. This is my son's house. When I came home Paddy would not own me, but I soon made him *stasible* (convinced him) I was his wife. I have suffered more than I can tell any one while I was with the 'good people'; and I promised the Blessed Virgin, if she would release me, to do six months' *piissance* (penance) at a holy well in the King's county, where I am going next week; if I live to return, my son will let me pass the rest of my days with him, should my husband not allow me.'

"Dr. Neilson gives us, with every appearance of authenticity, a more intricate matrimonial case than the foregoing, here the woman, on her return from Fairyland, finding her first husband married, marries again herself. The second wife of the first husband dies, and he having discovered his former home, claims her; but her second husband being unwilling to part with her, denies the claim. The question is referred to an ecclesiastical tribunal, where fairy agency will not be acknowledged, and which, under conflicting testimony, is unable to determine the matter. It however, ultimately terminates in the friendly arrangement, 'That the doors of the woman's second husband's house should be kept open; that Joyce (her former husband) should stand seven steps from the street-door, and Thady, in the garden, seven steps from the back-door; that she should take her horse, and abide by it thenceforward.'—'The child was sleeping in the cradle, and as Mary was about to depart, she said to the child to take leave of it, and shed a tear. She went then towards the street-door, when she heard the child cry after her; presently she returned, and remained without murmuring, or uneasiness with Thady Hughes till her death.'"

In taking leave of this very interesting and lively work, we owe it to the author for the pleasure we have derived from its perusal, to add our testimony in its favour. It is written in a style suited to the subject, the observations in general are amusing, and the characters of the peasantry have every appearance of being faithful sketches from the life. We have no doubt that it will be very generally read, and as generally approved.

Wine and Walnuts, 2 Vols. Second Edition.
London, Messrs. Longman & Co.

DOUBTLESS it will appear out of the usual course, to occupy the pages of our Gazette with extracts

from a book already known to the public, by the sale of a first edition, when the professed object of this part of our paper is to afford notices of recent publications. We have reasons, however, for this departure from custom, which we shall briefly state, and trust the kindness of our readers will accept the same as our apology.

The papers which form the two volumes of *Wine and Walnuts*, appeared originally in the *Literary Gazette*, a periodical of more extensive circulation than any other of the same character. In these volumes, many pages are filled with gossip relating to the arts; and among other subjects, is introduced an original account of the *Eidophusikon*. *Wine and Walnuts*, though now pretty generally known, is less indebted for its publicity to the kindness of the press, than any work of the present day—although the whole subject of its pages is entirely original. It has not been noticed in the quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily publications—neither praised nor condemned; but it has been made free with in numberless channels, at home and abroad, with a spirit of piracy that would warrant exposure on the part of its author. This however is not our object, and we should not have taken this second edition for our theme, but to incorporate in this Miscellany, an account of the *Eidophusikon*, which has excited great interest in the admirers of scenic art, and which was given to the world, by our own pen, and described from the observation of our own eyes. The proposed improvements for the *Diorama*, and many improvements on the stage, have, we are assured, been derived from this source; and we are, therefore, persuaded by certain friendly correspondents, to give an extract from the document in our own paper, which we shall enlarge upon in a future number, in another original essay upon scene-painting.

DR. LOUTHERBOURG'S EIDOPHUSIKON.

"It would be a subject of regret to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of nature, if the ingenious contrivances which Dr. Louthembourg invented, in the formation of his beautiful little stage, were consigned to oblivion for want of a record. It is well known that this original exhibition not only delighted, but even astonished the artists who crowded the seats of his theatre. Sir Joshua Reynolds honoured the talents of the ingenious contriver, by frequent attendance, whilst it was exhibited in Panton-square, and recommended the ladies in his extensive circle, to take their daughters who cultivated drawing, as the best school to witness the powerful effects of nature, as viewed through the magic of his wondrous skill, in the combination of his inventive powers.

"Dr. Louthembourg, who had studied in the romantic regions of the Pyrenees, the Alps, and his own native mountains, &c.

Alsace, yet declared that 'no English landscape-painter needed foreign travel, to collect grand prototypes for his study.' The scenery of our lakes, he contended, united the sublime and the beautiful; the mountainous wilds of North Wales, and the yet grander mountains of Scotia, seen under the magical effects occasioned by our humid, ever-varying atmosphere, such as inspired the poetic descriptions in Ossian, were alike directed to the painter's no less poetic observation. De Louthembourg's practice was but a comment on this candid declaration; for, until his arrival here, it rested a common prejudice with artists and amateurs, alike, that our fair island did not afford subject for the higher display of the landscape painter's art. This foreign artist dispelled the cloud of ignorance that had so long prevailed, and by his own magnificent views of our native soil, pointed out the way to the present school, decidedly the first in the landscape department of all the world. Nothing that has emanated from the genius of Italy has combined the soul and harmony of some of the English scenes, described by the pencil of Turner.

* * * *

"The stage on which the Eidophusikon was represented, was little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect, and of scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

"The opening subject of the Eidophusikon represented the view from the summit of one tree hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the metropolis; on one side, conspicuous upon its picturesque eminence, stood Flamstead House; and below, on the right, the grand mass of building, Greenwich Hospital, with its imposing cupola, cut out of pasteboard, and painted with architectural exactness. The large groups of trees formed another division, behind which were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the shore on each side stretching to the metropolis, which was seen in its vast extent from Chelsea to Poplar. Behind, were the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow; and the intermediate space was occupied by the flat stage, as the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which being cut out of pasteboard, and receding in size by the perspective of their distance. The heathy appearance of the fore ground, was constructed of cork, broken into the rugged and picturesque forms of a sand pit covered with minute mosses and lichens, producing a captivating effect, amounting indeed to reality.

"This scene, on the rising of the curtain, was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of day-break, so true to nature, that the imagination of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon: the scene assumed a vapourish tint of grey; presently a gleam of saffron changing to the pure varieties that tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightens by degrees; the sun appeared, gliding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vases on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendour of a beautiful day.

"The clouds in every scene had a natural motion, and they were painted in semi-transparent colours, so that they not only received light in front, but by a greater intensity of

the Argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted, was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Louthembourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame; thus the first gleam of morning led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, the clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to meridian and floated fast or slow, according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

"To illuminate the scenes for this interesting display of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and the plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles, and particular effect on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Louthembourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience, instead of being unaccountably placed as we are accustomed to see them, by which the faces are illuminated, like Michael Angelo's Satan, from the regions below; thus throwing on their countenances, a preternatural character, in defiance of all their well-studied acumen of facial passion and expression. What painter ever dreamt of inverting the order of nature so entirely as to light the human countenance upwards? And why depart so strangely from truth upon the stage? The expression would be increased tenfold by lighting from above the proscenium.—For how infinitely more impressive is the emotion of the passions, when described with the spacious orbit of the eye in that deep shadow, which the grand *gusto* of the historic style of painting has adopted. The majesty of intellectual intelligence is seen to rest upon the human brow.

* * * *

"Before the line of the brilliant lamps, on the stage of the Eidophusikon, were slips of stained glass; yellow, red, green, purple, and blue; by the shifting of which, the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, and awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene. This, too, might be adopted on the regular stage, were the ingenious machinists of the scene-room to set their wits to work; and at no vast expence since the improvement of lighting with gas.

* * * *

"The inventive schemes of the artist to give motion and reality to the scenes which I have promised to set forth, will display the endless resources of his original mind. The effect of a storm at sea, with the loss of the Haslewell Indiaman, was awful and astonishing; for the conflict of the raging elements, he described with all its characteristic horrors of wind, hail, thunder, lightning, and the roaring of the waves, with such marvellous imitation of nature, that mariners have declared, whilst reviewing the scene, that it amounted to reality.

* * * *

"Gainsborough was so wrapped in delight with the Eidophusikon, that for a time he thought of nothing else, he talked of nothing else, and passed his evenings at that exhibition in long succession. Gainsborough, himself a great experimentalist, could not fail to admire scenes wrought to such perfection by the aid of so many collateral inventions. Louthembourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of na-

astonish the ear, as to charm the sight. He in a new art—the *picturesque of sound*.

He never forget the awful impression that was his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of a signal of distress, in his sea storm. That ap- pound which he that had been exposed to the terror- ing tempest could not listen to, even in this mimic- ity, without being reminded of the heart sickening an- chasympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth own loud gun—a hoarse sound to the howling at proclaimed, 'I too! holy heaven, need that suc- in would lend!'

Loutherbourg had tried many schemes to effect this, were satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused kin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; as attached a compact sponge that went upon a re spring; which struck with violence, gave the a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far- and the reverberation of the sponge produced a us imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying silence.

thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand: as sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, taken by one of the lower corners, produced the dis- abling, seemingly below the horizon; and as the dled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing real, until following rapidly the lightnings zig-zag- ich was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a us crash immediately over head.

those who have not heard the sounds emitted by a et of copper, thus suspended, it may appear extra- v-ert so wondrous an effect; indeed, it is not possi- describe the power of the resemblance—auricular alone could convince.

waves for his stage were carved in soft wood, from ade in clay; these were coloured with great skill, highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each its own axis, towards the other in a contrary di- browning up the foam, now in one spot, now at and diminishing in altitude as they receded in dis- are subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the waters appeared to cover a vast space. One mam- ple construction turned the whole, and the motion ated according to the increasing of the storm.

vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the th a natural undulation, those nearest making their ith a proportionate rate to their bulk, and those f moving with a slower pace. They were all cor- ged, and carried only such sails as their situation and. Those in the distance were coloured in to preserve the arial perspective of the scene. The as so perfect, that the audience were frequently claim, 'Hark! that signal of distress came from labouring out there—and now from that.'

ush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal of pasteboard, with internal shelves, and charged l shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the mas- led upon its axis, was hurled in heaps by every turn, accompanied by two machines of a circular form, th tightly strained silk, which pressed against each swift motion, gave out a hollow whistling sound, imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken d hastily over the surface of a great tambourine, be awful din.

"The rain and hail were no less truly imitated; for the rain, a long four-sided tube was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizon- tal to a vertical position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the oper- ation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with pasteboard shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with little beads; so, that sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gen- tly raised, the imitation was perfect.

"One of the most interesting scenes described a calm, with an Italian sea-port, in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it diffused to the clouds, the mountains and the water was finely contrasted by a lofty light house, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea, upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern, tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the view; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding in its course, melted into air.

"The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and, as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was ob- scured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the colour to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a blue- ish grey glass, one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch in diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful Argand lamp, which being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant or a subdued splendour to the passing cloud, producing without any other aid, the prismatic circle with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

"But the most impressive scene which formed the finale of the exhibition, was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the fiery lake, and the rising of the palace of Pandæmonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Loutherbourg had already displayed his graphic powers, in his scenes of fire, upon a great scale at the public theatre—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he as- tonished himself,—for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display, until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the foreground of a vista, stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited from the bases to their lofty sum- mits, with many-coloured flame, a chaotic mass arose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming and unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of coloured glasses before the lamps was fully displayed; which being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence on the scene, as it rapidly changed, now to a sulphurous blue, then to a lurid red, and then again to a pale vivid light, and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits, in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture, struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for to add a more awful character to peals of thunder and the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tam-

bourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from infernal spirits.

"Such was De Louthembourg's Eidophusikon; and would that it were in being now, when the love of the fine arts has spread in so vast a degree!—That knowledge that would have appreciated its merit having increased a thousand fold, since the period when the greatest scene-painter in the world was induced to dispose of his wondrous little stage, because the age could not produce amateurs sufficient, after two seasons, to muster an audience to pay for lighting his theatre!"

The Annual Register; or, a View of the History, Politics and Literature of the Year 1822. Rivingtons.

THE Annual Register! The very name of this yearly remembrancer of the times gone by, warms our imaginations and associates us with the lamp, the paper knife, the elbow chair, and the winter fire side. How many of the great, and good, and wise, who have read its former annals, and dropped the tear over the fond record of departed worth, have in their turns become the honoured objects of alike tender recollections. Thus the monarch of the grave calls whom he devotes from life, and leaves the living historian to take the pen from him that is gone, to do that office which he had done for another—that office, which Heaven alone knows the time, year, day, and hour, when it shall be transferred again to some other friendly hand to do the like for him.

The character of this work is too generally known to need an observation upon its utility or reputation. Its contents from the very nature of passing events, must afford instruction, amusement and delight—and continue to perpetuate what of the past is most worthy of being known to the future. The political part of this volume is only inferior in interest to some of the former ones, as the events of the times are less marked with bold and striking features. The visage of fate of late is not agitated by terrible passions, she appears to be reposing on her throne, contemplating in mild majesty what has been done by restless man; and after the long storm that has devastated every region, leaving the world to resolve itself into a calm.

There is much philosophical, and scientific information to be gathered from its pages, and as usual a portion spared for miscellaneous occurrences. This part is always interesting; for those who read for amusement, must continue vastly to outnumber those who read for the love of study, and such cannot do better than in the hour of relaxation to read this division of the Annual Register. We copy the following from the volume, with the hope that

these short extracts will afford our readers as much pleasure in their perusal, as we have derived in making the selection.

THE INFANT HERCULES, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"THE Empress Catherine wishing to possess a picture by our immortal president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, gave him an order to paint one, leaving the choice of the subject to his own better judgment. He selected that of the Infant Hercules strangling the serpent, in allusion to the infant exertions of the colossal empire of Russia. The subject was generally well chosen, and certainly not inapplicable; but I am rather disposed to think it was not entirely pleasing to her imperial Majesty, who, perhaps, did not quite agree with the painter, that her empire was in its leading strings. Be that as it may, the picture was placed in the hermitage for her majesty's inspection; and when she came with her courtiers, Doyen and myself were present. Her majesty spoke to me of the great talents of Sir J. R., whom she admired, not only as a painter, but as an author; and gave me a copy of his excellent discourses to the Royal Academy, which she had read, and caused to be translated, for the use of the students in her Imperial Academy of Art. The picture was not so much admired as it ought to have been. The style was new to them, and his mode of loaded colouring not understood; in short, it was too voluptuous for their taste; for, however exquisite his feeling may be, his undecided drawing, and his distribution of effect, light, and shadow, are certainly not in the severe classic style of N. Poussin. Doyen was asked his opinion of it, when in somewhat of a sarcastic style, he kept up a running fire of short peppering exclamatory petards.

'Superbe! tableau,
Magnifique,
Grand effet,
Beau coloris,
Plein d'expression.'

"Then, after some little hesitation, he added with emphasis, 'Renversez le, c'est toujours un beau tableau.' I could have strangled him. In short, turn it topsy-turvy, it is always a fine picture."

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

"I HAVE in one of the following scraps, said, that the Emperor Paul was not completely master of himself: this trifling occurrence will further evince it. The late Mr. Fraser, of the King's Road, Chelsea, used almost every summer, to bring out a large investment of curious plants, flowers, and shrubs, of which the present dowager empress, Paul's consort, was a great amateur and purchaser. One year he brought out, on speculation, one of the long slapping stage-coaches, to carry sixteen inside; thinking they might be substituted for the very heavy lumbering calashes, then used for transporting the court-servants from the town palaces to those in the country, when they changed their dejour or service. The emperor was apprised of the carriage being at the door, to which were harnessed six horses. He came down to see it, laughed at its appearance; and, seeing me loitering about, asked me, with another or two he selected, to take a ride in it. We were no sooner seated, than, to my utter astonishment, up jumped the autocrat of all the Russias on the coach-box with the coachman, and away we drove for several versts. When about to return, whether the Tzar of Muscovy thought the carriage fit

own conduct somewhat so, or was splanetic far committed the imperial dignity, I know tapped at one of the little windows in the sat, which, as the reader may suppose, I imagined, and on seeing me, he half laughingly, *vous, Mons. W., que si je voulois, je pourrais dans la figure.* Do you know squire W., could spit in your face? the reply it de-ave packed me off to Siberia, and, therefore, I affront."

REMOVAL OF FRESCO PAINTING.

process for removing frescoes from one wall to ut injury to the painting, has been devised by Sig-arezzi, of Milan. The picture is covered with a vas, to which it adheres, and is thus detached s. The canvas is afterwards applied to another ch the painting again attaches itself without t being destroyed. The practicability of this en successfully proved, and the inventor is now ransferring a large fresco from the church Della me. Great expectations are entertained that e thus to rescue from destruction the celebrated ardo da Vinci."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

number of persons employed by book-printing in States, is estimated at 10,000. Upwards of nrs were expended by the publishers of 'Rees' 30,000 reams of paper were used, 12,000 cop-re engraved, from which 2,776,000 impressions It has, for fifteen years, given employment to persons daily. It is the largest work in the age, and the American edition is larger than The foreign books which have been published States, within thirty years, exceeded 20,000,000; of books manufactured in this country every ist from one and a-half to two millions! The 'Nigel,' upwards of five hundred pages duode-it to press in New York, on Thursday morning, e next day, and ready for sale on Saturday ight o'clock, by the different booksellers."

ANALYTICAL NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF FOOD.

interesting report on this subject has been presented a minister of the interior, by Messrs. Percy and members of the Institute. The result of their ls as follows: in bread every 100lbs. is found 40lbs. of nutritious matter; butchers' meat e different sorts, contains only 35lbs. in one ch beans (in the grain) 92lbs. in one hundred; 59; peas, 93; lentils (a species of half-peas in England), 94lbs. in one hundred; green, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables ary purposes, furnish only 8lbs. of solid stance in one hundred; carrots (from which a of sugar is produced) 14lbs; and what is re-s being opposed to the old theory, 100lbs. of po-ield 25lbs. of nutriment. One pound of good al to two pounds and a-half of potatoes; and ad and 30lbs. of meat, are equal to 300 of pota-

atoes. To go more into detail, three-quarters of a pound of bread, and five ounces of meat, are equal to 5lbs. of potatoes; one pound of potatoes is equal to four of cabbage, and three of turnips; and one of rice, broad or French beans, in grain, is equal to three of potatoes.

A LETTER FROM ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD TO ADMIRAL SIR PETER PARKER.

"Oween, off Cadiz, Nov. 1st, 1805.

"My dear Sir Peter,

"You will have seen from the public accounts, that we have fought a great battle, and had it not been for the fall of our noble friend, who was indeed the glory of England, and the admiration of all who ever saw him in battle, your pleasure would have been perfect, that two of your own pupils, raised under your eye, and cherished by your kindness, should render such service to their country, as I hope this battle will in its effect be.

"I am not going to give you a detail of our proceedings, which you have seen in the public papers, but to tell you, I have made advantage of our calamities, and having lost two excellent men, I have endeavoured to replace them with those, who will in due time, I hope, be as good; I have appointed Captain Parker to the *Melpomene*, which I am sure my dear Nelson would have done had he lived; his own merit deserves it, and it is highly gratifying to me, to give you such a token of my affection for you. It was a severe action, no dodging or manœuvring. They formed their line with nicety, and waited our attack with great composure; they did not fire again until we were close to them, and we began first; our ships were fought with a degree of gallantry, that would have warmed your heart: every body exerted themselves, and a glorious day they made of it; people who cannot comprehend how complicated an affair a battle is at sea, and judge of an officer's conduct by the number of sufferers in his ship, often do him a wrong. Though there will appear great difference in the loss of men, all did admirably well, and the conclusion was grand beyond description; eighteen hulks of the enemy, lying amongst the British fleet, without a stick standing, and the French *Achille* burning; but we were close to the rocks of Trafalgar, and when I made the signal for inclosing, many ships had their cables shot, and not an anchor ready. Providence did for us what no human effort could have done, the wind shifted a few points, and we drifted off the land. The next day bad weather began, and with great difficulty we got our captured ships towed off the land; the second day Gravina, who is wounded, made an effort to cut off some ships, with the squadron of nine ships which he retired with. In the night, the gale increased, and two of his ships, (the *Rayo* of one hundred guns, and the *Indomptible* of 80,) were dismantled. The *Rayo* anchored among our hulks and surrendered. The *Indomptible* was lost on the shore, and I am told, every soul perished. Amongst such numbers, it is difficult to ascertain what we have done: but I believe the truth is, twenty-three sail of the line fell into our hands, of which three got in again in the gale of wind, viz. *St. Ana*, *Neptune*, and *Algeiras*: the *Neptune* is on shore at Cadiz, and likely to be lost there; three we bring off safe, viz. the *Idelfensa*, *St. Juan Riano*, and *English Swiftsure*; and 17 burnt, sunk and destroyed.

being were sent out for them. In return, he offered me his hospital, and the security of Spanish honour, that our wounded should have every care and comfort that Spain could afford; so that you see, my dear Sir, though we fight them, we are upon very good terms; but what most astonished them, was our keeping the sea after such an action with our juries masts and crippled ship, which I did the longer, to let them see that no effort of theirs could drive a British squadron from its station. God bless you my dear Sir Peter, may you ever be happy.

"Your affectionate and faithful servant,

"CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

THE MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. XI.

LULLY, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF LEWIS XIV.

JOHN BAPTIST LULLY, a celebrated musician, was born at Florence, in the year 1684, of obscure parents; but discovering, even in his infancy, a propensity to music, a cardinal, who had taken notice of him, undertook, for no other consideration than the hope of making him one day eminent in the sciences, to teach him the practice of the guitar, an instrument then much in use in most parts of Italy, and for which he retained throughout life such a partiality, that for his amusement he resorted to it voluntarily; and to perform on it even before strangers, needed no incentive. He was celebrated for his performance on the violin, but it is to be regretted from the day that Lewis XIV. made him superintendent of his musical establishment, Lully neglected the violin so much, that he even had not one in his own house: it is difficult to determine the reason of this neglect, as his performance was so excellent as to attract the admiration of all who heard him, though it must be confessed, that after he was appointed to the direction of the opera, these were

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d a strong understanding, improved by cultivation. vledge was extensive without any alloy of pedantry; ever made an ostentatious display of it. He was a certain companion when he approved of his com- it reserved in the extreme when he did not. He w the value of money; but few were more ready, proper occasion offered, to do a generous action. He st principled man, and gave the following proof of so.

ewis one day reproached him, at the theatre, with iring at rehearsal in a coat a little out at the elbows. mputed to pride, as he said he would not have done rom a consciousness of his opulence. When Mr. rd repeated the circumstance to Mrs. Bellamy, ired why he gave Mr. Lewis occasion for such a re- appearing in so worn a coat. To which he very and significantly replied, "Madam, I cannot afford debt."

he was under age, he entered into an engagement is father's debts; but notwithstanding he might iled himself of that circumstance, he discharged the them, with great honour. He set his brother up in twice, and was one of the best of sons to his moth whom he resided till his unfortunate Irish expe- To enumerate his virtues, and to place them in the ous light they merit, lies not within our reach. ity, which was frequently misconstrued into pride, asioned by a bodily complaint he laboured under n twenty years, and which had not a blameable prevented his obtaining chirurgical advice, there ve been the greatest probability of his being re- health: and he might have enjoyed an equal lon- th his contemporaries, *Macklin* and *Yates*.

ight, indeed, most truly say with Hamlet. "Take all in all,"—combining all his claims to respect— or shall look upon his like again."

WOODWARD AND MR. ST. LEGER.

t. Leger used to say of himself, that being one the front boxes, at Drury-lane Theatre, he re- hat Woodward (having seen him in the Park, as ards discovered) had dressed a character he ap- n exactly in the same suit he then had on. Just n, in the pit, sat a lion* (as he expressed himself) uliflower wig on, who, being amazed at the simil- h all the honest simplicity of a citizen, looked first or, and then at him, with an expression of asto- in his countenance, that displeased the travelled n. *St. Leger*, therefore, without any hesitation, told t if he turned his head round once more, he would in a manner that should not be very pleasing to

iping citizen, however, persisting, *St. Leger*, with *nonchalance* he had just given a specimen of in with the dustman, snatched off his pompous wig, g it on the stage, saying aloud at the same time, that fellow you see *there*," pointing to Woodward, o take me off; but let me tell you, friend, that no andler or soap-boiler shall divert himself at my with impunity." Honest John Bull was much

grieved to see his best Sunday church-going wig treated with so much indignity, and would have resented the affront, but being informed that he had mistaken his man, and that, instead of the puppy he had supposed him from his dress to be, his antagonist was the *Fighting St. Leger*, he very quickly covered his pate with his pocket-handkerchief, to the inexpressible entertainment of those around him; and sitting down, waited very patiently till the conclusion of the piece, for the recovery of his wig, which had thus suffered for its master's impertinence. As soon as the play was over, Mr. *St. Leger* went behind the scenes, with the same unconcern, and taking the actor who had personated him kindly by the hand, only said, "Hah, Woodward! you have been very quick upon me to-night."

The affair of the dustman, alluded to above, is as follows:—Mr. *St. Leger* crossing the street one day, returning from the hustings at a contested election, dressed in a most extraordinary fashion, viz. he had on a white surtout, with a crimson cape, a French waistcoat, his hair *en papillote*, a feather in his hat, a *cousteau de chasse* by his side, with a small cane hanging to his button, and attended by two Italian greyhounds: as he was crossing, he espied a female friend at the window, and called out to her, "Bonne nouvelle, bonne nouvelle!" alluding to the termination of the polling. A scavenger's cart being close by, the fellows left their employment to look at this phenomenon: when, viewing him with great earnestness, one of them cried to the other, "Tom! smoke Mr. Red-heels." Mr. *St. Leger*, who possessed as much personal courage, with proportional strength, as any man in England, no sooner heard this insult, than stepping to the fellow, he caught him up, and fairly chucked him into his own cart. Having done this, he walked into the lady's house with a *sang froid* that was not to be expected in the coolest mind after such an adventure.

* *Lion*, a cant phrase for an old fat citizen.

TRAVELLING IN IRELAND.—Like other weekly repositories, ours is open to the contributions of wits and wags, and many of these puzzle our sagacious noddles in speculations upon—whether they be intended in earnest, or in jest. We have received one of this questionable gender, which, as it has travelled to us, post paid, some miles, we shall put it in print.

"When we've money we ride in chaises,
When we've none, we walk by Jas's!"

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—When Rossini was presented to the King, his Majesty, addressing him in French, said, "Rossini I am rejoiced at seeing you."

"So is all your country, sir," was the reply.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The paper relating to the Wellington shield, is not admissible, the subject having been already described. An excellent essay on the arts, signed D. D. would have appeared, but for its extreme length. We again request, that our friendly correspondents will bear in mind that our pages are limited. A. A's. proffered communication, relative to the Royal Academy will be highly acceptable. A country correspondent's anecdotes of the English school have not yet reached us. We sincerely thank * * * * *, for his critiques upon art. We shall avail ourselves of his candid permission, and use only what we approve. The paper signed an Artist, is witty, but not to our taste.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No XVIII.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

SIXPENCE

BRITISH GALLERY.

HOW TO JUDGE OF MODERN PICTURES.

THERE are many circumstances that favor the paintings by the old masters, that are entirely separate from any merit appertaining to their respective authors; and to judge fairly of pictures recently painted, these circumstances should be known, and borne in mind, or justice cannot be awarded to the genius and talent of our contemporary painters. There are many amateurs who might discover this by a little reflection, although not practically acquainted with the arts. The great multitude, however, who visit exhibitions, should be made acquainted with these facts, as it is not likely that they should ever find them out. To the public in general we then address these observations.

Pictures, be it known, painted upon a pure and legitimate process, like genuine wines, improve by age. A competent judge will consequently pronounce certain wines choice or excellent, and anticipate their future value; whilst the great mass of wine drinkers can only appreciate their superior qualities when brightened and mellowed by time. In viewing a gallery like this then, of pictures fresh from the easel, it is due from the public to their respective painters, to make allowance for the absence of those improving qualities, which time alone can supply.

There are certain crudities in a painting newly wrought that arise out of the very nature of *oil paints*, namely, from their want of time to harden. The impurities of oils and varnishes decrease as the colours become indurated, until the picture acquires a general texture of surface, which the utmost skill of the painter in laying on his colours, be they ever so pure or finely levigated, cannot at first produce. Vandyke's incomparable pictures, we know from indubitable testimony, were comparatively raw and crude when recently finished; so much so, indeed, that those who lived to a great age many years after his death, expressed their surprise on beholding the change which time had wrought upon them: they being then mellowed, and glowing with harmony.

Having said thus much of what time will effect in favor of pictures as to improving their tones and

hardening the colours, we shall add a few words on the other advantages which their compositions acquire by time, namely, those which we attach to antiquity: for there is a charm in this, abstracted entirely from the merit of the author of a picture or a book. Costume, so main a feature of the picturesque, is always the more interesting, the more remote it may be from our own times, the value of which is so well known to painter, sculptor, poet, and to the dramatic corps, that to insist upon it would be at the entire expense of good taste; for all agree in their admiration of this essential quality in composition. Hence, the living artist who paints scenes from modern life, however exquisitely they may be wrought, has to contend with the prejudice in favor of old costume, and although the difficulty of surmounting this requires the utmost skill that the art is capable of, yet he is denied credit for invention, because painting and poetry, in the opinion of the world, seem to be only congenially employed, when the imagination carries the genius back to portraying the customs and habits of the times past.

We could illustrate these observations by many examples. Let a modern field of battle be the subject proposed for an historical picture by one of our best painters, and an ancient field of battle be the subject given to another, both equally masters of the art. We will suppose that each has exhibited alike talent in composition, expression, drawing, colouring, and effect. The pictures are completed, and exposed to view in the same gallery. The modern cut of the military uniform, the scarlet and gold that we have been in the habit of associating with the guards promenading St. James's street, would be compared with the bearded old armour clad soldiers, and without going further into detail, would excite by the comparison tenfold interest in the minds of every class of spectators in favor of the last: because in the composition of the first, there would be no associations of that poetic or romantic character which we attach to the days of old.

Thus it is, the costume, the buildings, the furniture, utensils, though modern in the ancient painters day, are become ancient in our day; hence they have acquired without any superior invention on the part of the designer, a picturesqueness of character that stamps upon them a value which

modern objects, however well represented, cannot impose. No, not even if the pictorial imitation were even ten times more perfect in the new picture than in the old.

Having premised thus much, we shall submit our opinions upon the collection of paintings of our native school, which form the present exhibition at the British Gallery in Pall-mall. We intend to speak at some length upon the merits of the leading pictures, and as our comments will occupy a considerable space, we purpose continuing our remarks in several successive numbers. We shall make our selections without reference to the arrangement of the catalogue, and commence with an examen of the merits of an artist, whose extraordinary picture of Belshazzar's Feast, created so general an interest in the exhibition of this institution in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

PAN AND STRINK. BY J. MARTIN.

In appreciating the pictures by Mr. Martin we must divest ourselves generally of the established rules on which we in common with others have formed our judgment, for we can only compare him by his own works, which are not to be likened, either in composition or execution, to those of other artists, ancient or modern. His conception is truly original, and his manner no less unique. Indeed his compositions may be more aptly compared to some of our modern poetry, than to any thing we remember in the art of painting—a sort of elegant hyperbole, or magnificent bombast. Of this composition we should say, that the imagination of the painter had carried him far beyond the boundary of truth, and that his object was to paint, not what really existed, but what might be supposed to exist, when poets gave to the world those delightful creations of their fancy, which made each wood, and grot, and stream the ever changing site of enchantment. If this indeed be the main object of his art, we should say that he had succeeded, and we do not wish to detract from the merit that he has earned. We shall therefore acknowledge that his paintings are extraordinary instances of invention, abstracted of the notions which govern the pencils of other professors, and leave him the undisturbed possession of his discovery. Willing to accept the emanations of one such genius, as well for his own sake, as for the pleasure we have derived in beholding what is so novel, and really so admirable in its way: yet we are doubtful, whether two artists, if we could conceive the possibility of a parallel in this licentious departure from the authority of what has been so long, and so firmly established, could be endured. Making allowance then for what we esteem these aberrations from the sober dignity of composition and style, we will allow Mr. Martin great praise for this poetic flight—for indeed he has realized the romantic dreams of the poet, by leading us to a scene where every tree and shrub and flower, are of supernatural texture, form and hue, and as imaginary as the beings with which it is tenanted.

This composition, like some other designs of this artist, excite astonishment in the beholder, who, whilst under the influence of the spell by which his judgment is held, is bound

to wonder and admire—but escaping from the charm and turning round upon the scene, he will bless himself in being again on *terra firma*, and with pleasure will journey back to the regions of nature.

Having made these observations on this uncommon specimen of the graphic art, we shall not withhold what we owe in justice to the powers of this artist's palette—the pencil seems a questionable part of the process, for we can scarcely surmise with what instrument such a new species of execution is wrought. Of the composition then—It is grand, luxuriant, romantic, and remote from any representation of natural objects—yet it is so compatible with the artist's scope of perception, so imposing in its general character, and wrought in so high and equal a scale of brilliancy, that we cannot but regret such powers are not regulated by the accepted rules of art. In saying this, we would not prescribe to such a rare genius, that correct and local imitation of nature, which characterise the works of the Dutch and Flemish schools; but rather something like the grand and poetic gusto which Dominichino and Titian have displayed in their landscape compositions—where the greatness of the execution is compatible with the grandeur of the conception. We regret this deficiency, in compliment to the high creative powers of Mr. Martin, whose imagination transcends all the praise his greatest admirers could bestow.

With all the faults of this artist, there are certain qualities in his pictures, particularly in this enchanted scene, which fairly excite our highest admiration; namely, that uncommon splendor which he preserves in the general hues, particularly in the light foliage of his trees as they are opposed to the sky, and the dazzling light, which bursts through the apertures of his woods. The mountainous distance we think a most masterly effusion of his original conception, it is superlatively poetic and grand, indeed, as a blaze of distance, we could almost venture to pronounce it celestial. Thus freely having offered our comments upon the works of Mr. Martin, particularly on this composition, we cannot dismiss the subject without again expressing our admiration of his original powers of thinking, and recommending him to bear in mind, that our great bard, in the creations of his boundless fancy, clothed all with that fineness, that made even fiction appear in the garb of reality.

THE LADY IN COMUS. BY W. HILTON. R. A.

Mr. Hilton's picture of the Lady in the enchanted chair, from Comus, and which has not been materially altered since it appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, we viewed again with pleasure, though not unmixed with regret. With pleasure, as we cannot too often behold what is good, and with regret, because its appearance in this gallery was a declaration of its not having found its way to some private collection, to which we had hoped its high merits would have recommended it. It has long been held a maxim, ready to hurl at the murmurers, "*Do you find talent, and the public will provide patronage:*" this does not always hold good. We however must acknowledge, that through some perhaps inexplicable cause, the walls of the Royal Academy are not auspicious to candidates for the substantial benefits of patronage; hence we are the more convinced of the advantages the British Institution diffuse to the living professors of the fine arts. Many pictures that have passed the public ordeal at Somerset House, when re-exhibited in Pall Mall, having been purchased by insufficient amateurs, and placed with due honours in the collec-

tions of the great. Experience then encourages us to hope, that the good taste of some distinguished patron, will lead him again to examine the claims which this picture have upon his judgment and that it will soon become the envied property of such an enlightened connoisseur.

This picture we repeat has claims upon the attention of the cognocenti, although it is not entirely free from some of the errors of the English school. The composition we think is good—almost unexceptionable; the effect and general tone of colour is agreeable, and on a scale compatible with the subject, which is saying much of a modern picture of this class. The story too is well told. Of the drawing we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise. We think both the Lady and Comus are somewhat deficient in that quality, so indispensable to compositions of this elegant cast. The lady's arms appear too large, and we may add that the conception of her character is superior to its execution. The bacchantes, however, prove, had we not already known Mr. Hilton's capacity in this department, that he can draw with masterly correctness: the back of one, thrown down upon the foreground, is very fine. Many of the heads of the fauns are admirable both for character and expression. We beg to suggest for the consideration of Mr. Hilton, whether he is not occasionally too profuse in the application of his umber? Time however may be a better test of this, than the best contemporary judgment. We think this composition, although not the chef-d'œuvre of Mr. Hilton, yet a proud specimen of our rising school, and certainly one of the finest pictures in the present collection.

THE CAT'S PAW. E. LANDSEER.

The notice which we have already taken of this lively composition, leaves us little more to say upon the subject than that it is painted as well as it is conceived, and challenges competition with the best works of this class of either the Dutch or Flemish school. Perhaps indeed no artist ever painted a cat, in the act of squalling, with equal truth. Animal expression, as displayed in the monkey, the cat and kittens, we may pronounce a master-piece, we have seen nothing comparable with the group, in its own way. The fire blazing in the stove, is a fine piece of imitation; it is verily the element pent up in fierce combustion. We are informed that this picture was painted for the Earl of Essex, and that Mr. Landseer has received for this specimen of his original talent, the sum of one hundred and twenty guineas. We relate this circumstance with feelings of delight, in having lived to witness the period when the abilities of so young an artist are thus nobly appreciated, whilst comparing the fact with the state of patronage, when Hogarth disposed of his six inimitable pictures, *The Marriage à la mode*, for one hundred pounds!

We have thus offered one testimony in favor of what we feel is due to Mr. Edwin Landseer—but we do not think he is doing justice to himself. For excellent as is this example of his personification of a painted fable, and much as we congratulate the noble earl the possession of such a choice piece of art: yet we were led to expect greater doings from the hand of an artist of such high promise. *The lion and stag*, the *hunted boar*, and some other compositions of his masterly pencil, led us to hope for more of the same superior character. We had in the warmth of our admiration of these, anticipated works of a much higher class. For the rare acquirements of this painter at so early an age, and the display of his energetic hand, the largeness of style which he

was approximating, induced us to expect another *Snyders*, or indeed another *Rubens*, in this walk of art, and that we should have to boast a contemporary, who should rival these, in giving us compositions equally sublime—pourtraying the wild animals of the forest in their savage grandeur on the bold and imposing size of life. We are mistaken, indeed, if the energies of this promising artist should not urge him to attempt so worthy a pursuit. He is young, he has acquired fame—he is generously upheld by the suffrages of the most eminent professors, and munificently patronised. All that could be desired to stimulate an ardent mind, is his. The road to Fame is open, and the Temple is within his view. We hope so promising, so favoured a genius, will not be found loitering on his way.

REVIEWS.

Memorials of Columbus; or, a Collection of Authentic Documents of that celebrated Navigator, &c. preceded by a Memoir of his Life and Discoveries.

A NEW and extensive field for cabalistical speculation is open for some of our deeply-skilled readers to hunt for legendary tales that point a prophetic finger at our extraordinary age. We can take a morning excursion miles above the clouds, and in pure sunshine, look down through a spying-glass upon our fellow men, sheltering themselves "*from the pelting of the pitiless storm.*" We can journey it against time, and wind, and tide, and hold conversations by wooden posts a hundred leagues, in less time than a courier used to require to draw on his tight buck-skins and boots. We make a working Colossus of hot water, and of cold water a giant slave. In short, what has been said of Merlin, of St. George of Cappadocia, of Gog and Magog, and the Seven Wise Men of Greece; all points to what we of our age can do. We know every thing, and can do every thing—Ergo, we know what is doing in every corner of the old and new world.

The new world at present, however, is the fashionable talk with the old world, and we are now, by the wonderful agency of the press, going back to the time, when Christopher Columbus first discovered there was such a place as the new world, in our old world, so many thousand years ignorant of that fact.

A new book is just published, entitled the *Memorials of Columbus*; the contents of which cannot fail to gratify public curiosity, and as we cut open the leaves, we set down some passages that amused us. Now presuming they may suit the taste of many of our readers, who may not yet possess

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me, we offer them without fur-

nwhile, proceeding to Seville, pressed ition. The Spaniards vied with each s admitted into it, attracted, no doubt, ng treasures. But it was necessary to s many as could be carried in a squa- lve caravels and five smaller vessels. ad dean of Seville, had the charge of its undred men, of all descriptions, em- vessels, and they carried out horses, der to establish the race of them in

re preparations, the Admiral, with his om we must now call *Diego*, as that n in Spain) and his two sons, weighed of Cadiz, on the twenty-fifth day of the second of October at the great Ca- ched at Pamera; and having, with in the necessary supplies of fresh pro- fith of the month for the new world, ath-west than he had done in his first viating from his first course it might els were separated by a storm, the pi- w to find Hispaniola, he delivered, at re, a packet of sealed instructions to hich they were not to open unless in . This second voyage was extremely ning of Sunday, the 3d of November, ght of a mountainous island, which he mmemoration of the day of its disco- mme, had there, on account of not

and to set an example of severity, Columbus put the captain in irons, and punished the men by diminishing their portion of victuals. He weighed anchor from Guadaloupe on the 10th of November. To an island formed of a rugged moun- tain, which had been depopulated by the Caribs, who had devoured the inhabitants, he gave the name of *Monserrat*; another from its shape was called *S. Maria Rotonda*; the festival of St. Martin gave a name to another, where coral was found; *Jamaica*, so called by the Indians, and which still retains that name, was called *S. Maria de Antigua*, and the island of Ayay, *Santa Cruz*. In this island also there were Cannibals, from whose power they liberated some Indians, but they had not the pleasure of making prisoner a female, who approached them in a canoe, accompanied by her son, a stout young man, and several male and female atten- dants, who appeared to obey her, and when they spoke to her, stood up in a respectful attitude; by this it was imagined she was the queen of the island, and also by the circumstance that several of her attendants were recognised to be eunuchs. When they approached the Spaniards, they discharged a shower of poisoned arrows, with such force, that one, thrown by a fe- male, pierced a soldier's buckler through and through. The canoe being hemmed in by one of the Spanish boats, overset, the son was drowned and several were taken prison- ers, but the queen, along with several men and women, reach- ed the shore by swimming. * * * On the 21st, he took in water at the northern side of Hispaniola, and after coasting that great island, in six days arrived at the *Villa de Natividad*, where he had left the Spanish colony.

"What a sight there met his eyes! the fortress destroyed, the utensils and clothes of the colonists scattered here and there upon the ground; not a Spaniard to be seen; but in one place a canoe being pulled, and another landing, he saw

sented by Columbus to a Genoese friend, to be preserved by him in his own country.

Speaking of these, the translator justly observes, "Here we have at least the documents of that great man to whom we are indebted for the new world; he himself presented them to his own country, and she now presents them to the whole civilized world." These papers consist of various charters granted to Columbus by the King and Queen of Spain, appointing him Admiral of the Expedition, Viceroy of the Indies, &c.; Letters, containing instructions to the admiral how to proceed on his arrival at the New World, and commanding the colonists already there, to obey him as the representative of their Highnesses of Spain; grants of pardon to all criminals who would consent to serve in the Island of Hispaniola, &c.

In addition to these documents, are three letters from Columbus, in one of which, addressed to the nurse of Prince Don John, he pours forth his complaints on the injustice and ingratitude of the mother country, and feelingly reprobates the treatment he experienced from Bovadilla, who was sent from Spain to supersede him in the government.

"I entered with the most sincere affection into the service of their Highnesses, and I have rendered them such service as was never seen or heard of before.

"Seven years were passed in treaty, and nine in execution. Most extraordinary and memorable events took place during that time, of which you can have no conception. I declare upon my honour, that there is not one being, however low, who has not tried to insult and degrade me. Thank heaven! there are some persons who disapprove of it.

"Had I robbed the Indies, or the land contiguous to it, and which . . . is now talked of at the altar of St. Peter, and given them to the Moors, they could not have shewn greater enmity in Spain against me. Who would have believed this of a country, which has always been so renowned for its generosity?

"I could have wished much to have freed myself from this affair, if I could have done it with honour towards the Queen. My confidence in God and her Highness, enabled me to persevere; and to alleviate in some measure the grief into which she was plunged by the death of her son, I undertook another voyage to the new heaven and earth, which had till then remained concealed. And if here the same importance is not attached to it as to my former voyages to the Indies, it is not to be wondered at, as it served to make my exertions more conspicuous.

"In the meantime, the Commander Bovadilla arrived in St. Domingo. . . . The day after his arrival, he caused himself to be proclaimed Governor, appointed his officers and courts of justice, and published exemptions from the payment of gold and tenths, and in general from every thing

else, for the space of twenty years, which, I say, is the life of a man; and that he was come to pay every body, although they had not fully served out their time up to that day; and he gave out publicly that he was to send me and my brothers back in irons, as he has done, and that neither I nor any of my family would ever return there again, circulating a thousand unbecoming and disgraceful reports against me. All this he did on the very day after his arrival, as I have said, I being then absent and at a distance.

"He excited universal enmity against me, and it would appear from what has happened, and from his behaviour, that he came out as my determined enemy; or it may be true what is reported, that he put himself to great expense, to obtain this employment: the truth I know not. But this I know, that nobody ever heard of an inquisitor bringing forward rebels, and admitting them as evidence against their Governor, and not them only, but others totally unworthy of the least credit.

"Would to God their Highnesses had sent out him, or any other person two years ago; because I should now be freed from this scandal and infamy, nor should I lose or be deprived of my honour. God is just, and will make manifest the why and the wherefore. There they judge me as if I were a governor of Sicily, or of a city or town placed under a regular government; and where the laws could be strictly executed without fear of the consequences. This I consider as very unfair towards me.

"I ought to be judged as a captain, who went from Spain to the Indies to conquer a numerous and warlike people, whose customs and ideas are entirely different to ours, inhabiting a rugged and mountainous country, without any regular towns like our own; by God's blessing I have brought under the dominion of the King and Queen, our Lords, another world; by which Spain, which was looked upon as poor, is become very rich.

"I ought to be judged as a captain, who for a length of time, up to this very day, has borne arms without ever quitting them; and by real warriors, such as myself, not by lawyers, unless they were Greeks and Romans, or any modern nation; of such there are so many great and noble ones in Spain. To be judged in any other way is doing me great injustice, as there are no towns nor regular community in the Indies.

"The commander, on his arrival at St. Domingo, took up his abode in my house, and possessed himself of whatever he found in it; be it so, in God's name, for perhaps he was in want of it. But never did a pirate behave worse towards merchants whom he had captured. I am grieved still more for my papers, which he also took from me; he kept those diligently concealed which were most necessary for my justification. What a just and upright inquisitor! Whatever he has done, they assure me has been executed within the bounds of justice: except absolutely . . . God our Lord is present by his goodness and wisdom, according to his custom, and punishes especially all ingratitude and injustice."

DOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

! Romance. By the Author of 'Tragedy,' &c. 4 vols. 8vo. Hurst, &c.

the author of these volumes, on work, containing somewhat less improbable, than those we have read with. The present romance exempt from peculiarities, still exhibits fine feeling, in expressive. There is much to censure—

Mr. Maturin, however, has chosen a period for the publication of imposing spectacles of courtly and ladies—of gorgeous tournaments, so ably portrayed by "Ivanhoe," in his romance of *Ivanhoe*, the possession of the public mind, fit for other writers in the same mode, that in certain passages less resemblance were discernible of *Ivanhoe*. The similarity of Genevieve in the former, the latter work; and the appalling of Courtenaye, to the death of Boeuf, is too apparent to escape attentive reader. We could men-

frequent absence and vacillating character of Raymond of Toulouse, they in general affected conformity to the Church of Rome, or at least conducted themselves so as to escape dangerous notoriety. The few who still held the reformed faith were dispersed among the mountains of Languedoc, awaiting their destiny amid suffering and privation, sometimes expecting aid from the Count of Toulouse, and sometimes refuge from the king of Arragon. Their numbers diminishing as their hopes declined, some rushed desperately forward to find shelter or death amid friends or foes; and of this number was the band to which we have now to introduce the reader, who, though a small and inconsiderable company, may possibly serve as a specimen of the rest, like *Sterne's* single captive, shut up in his dungeon. The band of the Albigens, then, who were said to menace the towers of Courtenaye, were the remains of those who had effected their miraculous subterranean escape from Carcassonne. Their harbour since had been the mountains; and from the mountains they now rushed to force their way or perish. The rigour of their creed, had not been at all softened by their mountain habits; they also boasted of having among them the most powerful of their preachers, and the most dauntless of their unarmed warriors; and in this last attempt, to skill they opposed ferocity, and even to victory, despair.

"The stoutest of their band were (as we have said) on the advance furnished with what arms they could obtain (chiefly clubs and arrows) to ascertain or secure the safety of those that followed. The central body consisted chiefly of their barbes, or pastors, with their wives and children; behind them the mingled and mournful band of the Albigens. The women had wrapped their children in their scanty

but indisputable matter of fact, that the majority of them were as tenacious of certain texts and turns of the Old Testament, as their legitimate descendants, the English puritans, were some centuries later; and that like them they assumed Jewish names, fought with Jewish obduracy, and felt with Jewish hostility even towards those of the community who differed from them in a penumbra of their creed, whom they termed in the phraseology they loved, the half-tribe of Manassah, the spies that brought evil report of the land, the officers of unholy incense, whom the earth would swallow up like Nadab and Abihu; with various other vituperative comparisons, with which memory or malice furnished them from *that law*, which he who came to 'fulfil every tittle and jot of *that law* fulfilled and nailed to his cross, bearing away the *law of ordinances*.' Such were the differences which prevailed even among these scriptural and conscientious men, who had in a good and honest heart received the word, but among whom it brought forth according to the nature of the soil; not forbidding the hope, that even where it was most divergent and eccentric, it might bring forth fruit to life everlasting."

In the course of the work, we are introduced to the Abbot of Normoutier; a jolly churchman, more famous for his excellent cheer and Latin misquotations, than for any of those qualities which should belong to his holy and dignified station. During his absence from the Abbey, with a party of the crusaders, the monks, by way of consoling themselves for the want of his presence, hold a sort of revel, which, however disgraceful, was not, in those days, deemed "inadmissible within conventual walls." They had elected one of the brethren to the high dignity of the Abbot of misrule, and were in the midst of their masquerading, when one of the Albigeois (the Deacon Melphibosheth) is brought in a prisoner. A scene ensues, which is at the same time highly ludicrous and revolting to the feelings of those who happily exist in these happier and more consistent times.

"They were now at the gate, on which they smote with their riding rods, and, to the inquiry of the porter, 'Who knocked so late?' replied, 'Open quickly, for we are brothers Austin and Hilary, with the traveller, the famous Rusbriquis, and a prisoner, of whom we know not well whether he be heretic or only devil incarnate.'—'If he be heretic,' quoth the porter, whose voice announced him very drunk—'if he be heretic, I will not undraw a bolt for him—marry if he be devil, he is dearly welcome, for we have chosen an abbot of misrule, the revels are held in the chapter-room, and we lack a devil for the nonce.'—'Truce with thy foolery,' said the monk; 'we bring the wine from Beaucaire.' No talisman could sooner have opened the doors of an enchanted palace in romance, than these few words did the gates of the abbey; and the monks hurrying Rusbriquis and the Deacon along with them through a cloister that ran round three sides of the outer court, flung open the doors of the spacious chapter-room, which the brotherhood in that cold season preferred as the scene of their revels to the vast refectory, where, erewhile, had feasted the band of the

Crusaders. As the doors were flung open, a sight burst on the eyes of the astonished deacon, that made him for a moment imagine himself a Daniel summoned to the idolatrous feast of Belshazzar.

"In the absence of the Abbot of Normontier, the brotherhood had agreed to hold a species of revel, then not inadmissible within conventual walls, had elected their abbot of misrule, dispatched missives in search of lemons and costly wines; and the relaxed character of the Abbot gave them little fear that their frolic, however it might pass the limits of decorum, would transgress the limits of his patience. The scene disclosed by the opening doors surpassed all power of description. In this monastic masquerade, some had assumed the habits of classical, others of scriptural personages, and all appeared preparing for a dance, however dissonant their characters or unassociating their costume might be.

"Now heaven protect me!" said the unfortunate Deacon, "that these fiends tear me not in pieces! Alas, I am finely holpen!" The Abbot of Misrule, who was distinguished by his tinsel mitre, crosier, and ring, and a superior portion of extravagance and absurdity in his vestments and gestures, demanded of the travellers who they were that sought admittance to the solemn rites he was about to celebrate. "Two poor monks of the order of St. Benedict," answered the Ecclesiastics, "who return from pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Bacchus of Beaucaire;" and they produced the well-filled skins that testified the success of their mission. "Relics of value, in truth," said the Abbot, "and that shall be meetly enshrined ere long," as he stroked his ample paunch at sight of the wine; "and whom bring you to this cloister of misrule?"—"I am Guillaume de Rusbriquis, the famed traveller," said Rusbriquis, entering into the spirit of the revel; "I have journeyed from pole to pole—have helped the sun to go on horseback in the east, and held his stirrup when he alighted in the west—have been shipwrecked in the frozen ocean, and anchored on the back of a kraken, deeming it to be the main land. Marry, if ye doubt the truth I tell, here is my fellow-traveller, pointing to Melphibosheth, 'who came by this halt in his gait from sojourning overlong in the land of Antipodes, and wholly forgetting to walk on his feet.'—He speaks brave matter," quoth the Abbot, "and must needs be a traveller by his lying; and thou who standest shivering and groaning there—art thou what he delivers thee?"—"I am one," said the Deacon, "who am led captive into a strange land, and sit down to weep by the waters of Babylon."—"There thou liest," said the Abbot, "for there is not a drop of the waters of Babylon in the abbey or its neighbourhood; we know no such strange wines. Take heed, fellow, for I do grievously suspect thee, from thy speech, to be, as it were, an Albigeois; in which case, there were no more words but to hang thee. Yet, that thou mayest perceive we are a merciful Lord Abbot, dance a round with us, and it shall be thy purgation." * * * * * Here the hapless Melphibosheth was seized on by a hideous figure enveloped in a black garment, with cloven feet of flame colour, a tail that swept the ground, a mask equipped with 'eyes that glow, and fangs that grin,' and a huge pair of horns starting from the forehead.

"Fast and furious" waxed their mirth, till in a pause of laughter, which had threatened to be inextinguishable, one of the party demanded whence that groan had issued? "It

is a sigh breathed from a hole in a vessel of clay,' quoth the disconsolate Deacon, who sat panting on the floor after his involuntary exercise, and wistfully gazing on the feasters. 'Yea, and a lame, broken vessel,' said Rusbriquis. 'And an empty vessel, I trow,' rejoined the Abbot; 'how sayest thou, heretic?'—'It is even so,' said the Deacon, 'and I pray you, since I am become a bye-word and mock, let me eat a morsel of savoury meat, and drink a cup of wine, lest I become like them that go down to the pit.'

"The persecution, thus disguised, had its full effect; the good wine 'did its good office soon,' and the revellers with triumph perceived the increasing intoxication of the sullen heretic, who, preaching between every mouthful, and hiccupping between every word, presented a spectacle of maudlin gravity, uncouth hilarity, zeal truly without knowledge, and eloquence without the power of speech. 'Thou wilt chaunt a roundelay, or a hymn to the Lady Venus, now?' asked Rusbriquis. 'Yea, that I will, to be conformable,' quoth the Deacon: 'anything in conformity, and to do reason.'—'And thou wilt dance a round with us, if need be?' asked the Abbot. 'Surely I will dance,' said Melphibosheth, 'that is in the way of comfort to the weak: I will dance, yea, dance very exceedingly—so that it shall be said hereafter, His dancing is as the dancing of Melphibosheth the deacon, for he danceth furiously; but only in the way of comfort, mark ye me—otherwise not a grice, though fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.'—'And thou wilt whisper a love-tale in a fair leman's ear?' said another. 'Why there it is,' said the Deacon, with an ineffable leer, 'I yield it that thou hast me there; I was always the lovingest soul, and could skill of music in my youth; but away with these vanities! Hold, fellow, I meant not the trencher and cup full of new wine. Tell not me of fair women; if thou wilt pledge me in a cup of wine, so—if not, would all the women in the land kept their own counsel, and were sober. As for me, tears have been my meat day and night,'—and he burst into a violent fit of drunken grief which was drowned in the shouts of laughter that rose on every side.

"The rope was twined round the neck of the victim, the executioners pulled with their full strength, placing each one his foot against the clustered pillars of the door. Some of the revellers had the cruelty to hold a torch full in the face of the victim. There was a slight convulsion, a brief tremor, a gush of perspiration, that dyed face, neck, and hands of a livid hue: the next moment the rope broke, and the Deacon fell on the floor apparently lifeless. He was raised instantly, and there was a kind of sportful strife among the assistants. 'He is dead,' said one; 'He is not dead,' was the reply: 'how can he be dead, when the rope has scarce left a mark on his neck? Can mere imaginings work so strongly, or hath the rope done its office sooner on him as a heretic?'—'Ye know nought,' said Rusbriquis, 'of the fittings of life in extremity, toward and froward, like a flame hovering on and off the wick of a lamp; and still less wot ye how habituated savours will cause the vanished soul to return to her dwelling like a bird to its spray, when limed with such sweet poison: for a proof'—applying the savour of a richly-composed dish to the nostrils of the Deacon, whose associations immediately testified the power of the luscious condiment, and the sagacity of the traveller: he sneezed, opened his eyes, and extended his hand towards the dish, as if instinctively."

Wine and Walnuts. Second Edition. Longman and Co.

CLUB AT OLD SLAUGHTER'S.

FOR the reasons offered in our last number, we occupy a few columns in copying from the second edition of these essays. We are advised to try these by certain friendly correspondents, and once more beg our readers to pardon us for withholding what is more novel, by affording space for this. We shall next week commence with our new series.

"There is a curious story of Jonathan Richardson and Harry Fielding which I have heard my uncle relate, but it is too long for this chapter. It was about Richardson's notes to Milton, which he used to read to all comers at Old Slaughter's, Button's, and Will's. He seldom rambled city-ways, though sometimes he stepped in at the Rainbow, where he counted a few worthies, or looked in at Dick's, and gave them a note or two. He would not put his foot on the threshold of the Devil, however, for he thought the sign profane; but more of this hereafter. Fielding would run a furlong to escape him—he called him Doctor Fidget.

"George Lambert, the landscape painter, I have heard my great uncle say, was the merriest of fellows, without the least buffoonery. He was frolicsome as Rochester, and satirical as Shaftesbury; although he never disgraced himself by obscenity like the one, nor made enemies like the other, through ill-nature or malice. He could be jocose with his inferiors without vulgarity; differing in that too with some distinguished wits his predecessors, and others his contemporaries; whilst he was delightfully social with his equals, and perfectly easy with his superiors in rank. His manners, according to my uncle's testimony, whose discernment was seldom called in question, were most engaging. Indeed I can readily believe all I have heard in Lambert's praise, for he must have possessed extraordinary powers of fascination that could show the nobility, who were used to eat their macaroni off gorgeous plates, to come to the scene-room of Covent Garden, to partake of a chop or steak cooked on the top of a German stove.

"He ruled at Old Slaughter's a jovial king; and the landlord himself a character, yielded to all the waggeries of him and his colleagues, the members of the club, composed of literati, painters, wits, antiquaries, and virtuosi, who had met there twice a week from the opening of the house. The sagacious tavern-keeper! his yielding manners brought custom to the bar. Besides many a hamper of claret, burgundy, and old rhenish had 'mine host' sent home to noble peers and men of high-sounding title, name, and office, brought thither to taste his prime stock by the gay founder of the *Beef Steak Club*.

"I could spin out a volume of stories of this club, related by my great uncle, which would amuse my readers, could I tell them with his naïvete. How many times he has made us laugh at the bickerings between Georgy, as he called him, and old 'Grecian,'* Old Slaughter's cook. His manner of relating the broiling scene was so delectable, that Garrick, who had listened to it many years after the death of the principal parties, nearly choked my Lord Bishop of Peterborough, by reciting it at Lord Exeter's table at

Burleigh. The Bishop was eating cray-fish; a small bit of shell went the wrong way, and turned his lordship black in the face. Roscius was alarmed, and so were all the company; but the worthy prelate, on recovering, kindly urged him to proceed, and the whole party had another hearty laugh. Garrick mimicked the cook to admiration, and seasoned the dialogue with his own piquante sauce.

"It seems the old cuisinier became mortally jealous of the reputation of the scene-room, which all the world were talking of, at the expence of Dolly's and other places, as the *ne plus ultra* for the choice cookery of a *scullion*. Grecian was so sore upon the subject, that it kept him awake o' nights, and fretted him at least a stone a quarter; in fact, his jolly cheeks began to hang loose about him, which induced Hogarth to call him a *drapery*-faced Greek. Lambert ironically told him he would take him to the 'house,' and give him a lesson on the broiling art. This was too much. 'Why, Mr. Lambert,' said the old cook, almost bursting with suppressed anger, 'do you take me for a turn-broach—a scullion—a water-wagtail—a goose-grease-grubber—a pot-walloper—an ass—a fool? This is very ill usage, gentlemen! Suppose you I am to be taught the *science* by any dirty draggle-tailed scullion of Covent Garden?—It will be high time for the devil to bring his gridiron, and brimstone hell to hoil the pot, when I go to school to the playhouse to take a lesson.—I, that sucked the culinary art with my mother's milk! Ask master there—' pointing to Old Slaughter, 'ask mistress there,' pointing to his wife, 'wasn't I a child of the Queen's privy-kitchen—godson of Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to the Queen, and favourite disciple of Patrick Lamb, her Majesty's first master-cook—wasn't I?—Here he was interrupted by Friar Pine the painter, whose glory was to be at the head of a frolic. He took up the cudgels for Grecian, and patting him on the bald pate—for the old boy had taken off his cap, and was rubbing it with his white apron—'Never flinch, old Trojan,' said he, 'challenge him to a broiling-match, as he boasts so loudly of his art.' This proposition cooled cookey's heat a few degrees. 'Will you dare try your skill, sir?' said he to Lambert. 'What man dares, that I dare,' replied the scene-painter, with the utmost gravity. 'Is it a match then?' said the cook. 'Yea,' said Lambert. Cookey wiped his hot hand, and respectfully offered it to Lambert, who shook him heartily, and cried, 'Done—your place against mine, my jolly old Grecian!' 'When is the match to commence?' said the cook, 'All eager for the fight!' 'To-morrow, or to-day,' said Lambert; 'the time present is the best.' 'So be it, sir,' said the smiling Greek, conscious of victory. 'Aye, have a good blaze at four,' said Lambert. 'Trust me for that,' said the old boy, and rubbed his hands with ecstasy.

"Old Grecian was determined to have his say out, so he began again: 'I should like to see your noted beef-steak broilers get up three courses of four-and-twenty, Mr. Lambert,' drawing his knife from his belt, and flourishing it about: 'I should like to see him blunder at a turtle, or brawn's head, a fricasee, fricandeau, or ragout, a bechemelle, or maitreton, garbure, or gateau de mille feuilles.' 'A fig for your fricadeaux and fricasees, your French kick-shaws, and buttered verdigris, enough to make an Englishman sick. Can you broil a steak with Lambert?—that's the question.' Cookey was dumb-founded at being thus cut short in his scientific soliloquy by his ally, and turning round with a grin, answered with petulant gravity and mock respect, bowing as low as his fat would let him, 'Mr. Edge

Pine, I humbly trust I can.' 'That's spoken like a Trojan.' 'Prepare your fire by times, and you shall have fair play.' Be it known Old Slaughter's larder never lacked a fine rump of beef. The company quitted the kitchen, and the cook was left to prepare the field for action.

"This dialogue took place about noon, just as the fat Grecian waddled up with the bill of fare for the day, to give it to the bar, when some stragglers of the club had called to get the morning wet. Martin Folkes was coming down the stairs with Gosling to the coffee-room; and hearing the party talk loudly of the broiling-match, enquired of Harry Fielding, who generally breakfasted there, 'What iron is on the anvil now?' 'Oh,' said the wit, 'here's friend Lambert going to rehearse a new opera, the *Rival Cooks*, with an after-piece of *Just in Pudding-time*. Now, sir, if you wish to take a scientific steak, cooked according to the antique, come at five, and you have nothing to bring but a keen appetite, for Lambert pays the piper.'

"Georgy was not best pleased with Fielding's flippancy; but being a hero, he put the best face upon it: so when the time arrived, he tucked on a clean white apron and sleeves, and the favourite toast of the club, *Pretty Kitty*, old Slaughter's niece, pinned her cambric handkerchief round his brow by way of cap. 'Now, St. George is the word,' said he; 'I will defend this token like a true knight;' then kissing her fair hand, he marched to the scene of action. Not even the kitchen of the renowned Edward, when William of Wykeham was chief clerk, ever was visited by more illustrious guests. Totbal had hobbled his rounds, Hogarth had mustered near half a score, and old George Simpson was dispatched east of Temple-bar; in short, Fame had blown her trumpet, and all the members that were in town hastened to rendezvous at the old spot to witness the sport.

"My great uncle Zachary, and Friar Pine, were chosen umpires; both experienced connoisseurs, knowing to a hair's breadth to what stratum a rump of beef would cut a prime steak; and I have listened to many a philosophic dissertation whether the plate was best rubbed with garlic or shallotte. Pine was for the first, my uncle preferred the latter. The match was proclaimed by the umpires for three *heats*, a pound out for each. Lambert, on looking at the fire, whispered my uncle two *heats* I should think would suffice for a salamander; the devil himself could not stand a third.

"To work they went, and each did his steak. It was a most scientific heat; Lambert wielded the tongs like a master, and turned the delicious morsel with marvellous dexterity. Old Grecian, sickened at the applause bestowed on his rival, and began to blow with envy, when suddenly he 'won the victory,' by a *ruse de guerre*. He gave the fire such an infernal, such a preternatural poke, that poor George retreated several times, and thus quitting his post, sounded a parley—in short, he gave it up.

"The cook thus saved his reputation by his wit. The umpires proclaimed Georgy a good tactician, who led on gallantly to the charge, and only retired from the too *heavy fire* of the enemy's works. Lambert shook hands with the old Grecian, complimented him on his generalship, adding, 'I yield the palm of victory, thou man of fat! more worthy of a golden chain than Wolsey's mighty cook!'+

* Old Grecian. The cook at Slaughter's was nicknamed Grecian—one of that name being a turnbroach in Queen Anne's priory kitchen. Centlivre and Patrick Lamb

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the same kitchen. Grecian's real name is real, though it is supposed he formerly was in the Queen's kitchen. His master cook wore a crimson velvet old chain.

Rosa, con Notizie Della Sua, Vita; Treuttel e Wurtz. 8vo.

inary genius, the author of these intended to write an original article, scraps relating to his life which are generally known. Our readers will find in a former number of our Gazette a sketch of his musical talent. The volume are written in the same style which seemed to disturb him in his occasionally abuses every professor, and is merciless in his attacks on the members of his own, to have contributed so much to the school. We suspect your general readers. Salvator Rosa appears at men we have gathered of late, to be so topic and cynical. Indeed, very things at least to those lively and artists, the painters, even to the writers, of whom we read in the

Paulo Greco, and afterwards of his brother-in-law, Francesco Francanzani. The death of his father, who left his wife and children in such extreme distress, as to be in want even of the common necessities of life, deprived Salvator of the means to prosecute his studies,—a misfortune much more grievous to his mind than the mere evils of poverty. Necessity, however, soon compelled him to adopt some means of support, and not possessing money to purchase canvasses, he endeavoured to colour some of his drawings on paper, and offered them for sale; but the prices he obtained for these efforts were so trifling, that they were barely sufficient to purchase food for his starving family.

“Giovanni Lanfranco, himself an artist, was the first who discovered in these juvenile productions the indications of genius, and generously seeking out young Rosa, not only advised him to pursue his studies, but provided him with money for that purpose, and afforded him some instruction. He was afterwards a pupil of Aniello Falcone, the celebrated painter of battle-pieces: this master's style of colouring he in a great measure adopted, as also that of Ribera.

“In 1635 he visited Rome, with the intention of improving himself in his profession; but being unfortunately seized with a fever soon after his arrival, he was obliged to return to his native air to recover his health. At Naples, however, he gained so little encouragement, that he determined to seek his fortune at Rome, and accordingly again visited that city in 1639.

“Salvator Rosa's greatest ambition was to obtain universal celebrity, and finding the immense difficulty of attaining his desire by his pencil alone, adopted an expedient as whimsical as it was rare, by which he hoped to render his name famous. For this purpose he associated himself with a number of young men who were stimulated by the

being from the friendless lad who had excited the compassion of every one who saw him.

"It was during this residence of Salvator Rosa in Naples, that the memorable popular tumult under Masaniello took place, and our painter was persuaded by his former master, Aniello Falcone, to become one of an adventurous set of young men, principally painters, who had formed themselves into a band, for the purpose of taking revenge on the Spaniards, and were called 'La Compagnia della Morte.' The tragical fate of Masaniello, however, soon dispersed these heroes, and Rosa, fearing he might be compelled to take a similar part in that fatal scene, sought safety in flight, and took refuge in Rome. Here our painter met with great encouragement, and painted many excellent pictures. But though indefatigable in this department of the fine arts, he did not entirely confine himself to it, for at this time he wrote some of his so justly celebrated Satires, and also several beautiful sonnets. His house was the resort of the most distinguished persons of Rome, ecclesiastical as well as secular, who were drawn thither, not merely to see his paintings, but for the pleasure of conversing with and hearing him read his Satires. This notice, added to other causes, made him much disliked among the painters—a feeling which was by no means lessened by the following circumstance:—Salvator Rosa exhibited a clever picture, the work of an amateur, by profession a surgeon, which picture had been rejected by the Academicians of St. Luke. The artists came in crowds to see it, and by those who were ignorant of the painter, it was highly praised: on being asked by some one, who had painted it? Salvator replied, 'It was performed by a person whom the great academicians of St. Luke thought fit to scorn, because his ordinary profession was that of a surgeon, but,' continued he, 'I think they have not acted wisely, for if they had admitted him into their Academy, they would have had the advantage of his services in setting the broken and distorted limbs of their fraternity that so frequently occur in their exhibitions.'

"In 1647, Rosa received an invitation to repair to the Court of Tuscany, of which he availed himself the more willingly as, by the machinations of his enemies he was in great danger of being thrown into prison. At Florence he met with the most flattering reception, not only at the Court, and among the nobility, but with the literary men and fine painters with which that city abounded; his residence soon became the rendezvous of all who were distinguished for their talents, and who afterwards formed themselves into an academy to which they gave the title of 'I Percosai.' Salvator, during the carnivals, frequently displayed his abilities as a comic actor, and with such success, that when he and a friend of his (a Bolognese merchant, who, though sixty years old, regularly left his business three months in the year for the sole pleasure of performing with Rosa) played the parts of Dottore Graziano and Pascariello, the laughter and applause of their audience were so excessive as often to interrupt the performance for a length of time.

"The boldness and rapidity of his pencil, aided by the fertility of his highly poetical imagination, enabled Rosa to paint an immense number of pictures, whilst he was at Florence; but not finding sufficient leisure to follow his other pursuits, he retired to Volterra, after having resided at Florence nine years, respected and beloved by all who knew him. The three succeeding years were passed in the family of the Maffei, alternately at Volterra and their villa at Monte Rufoli, in which time he completed his Satires, ex-

cept the sixth, 'L'Invidia;' that was written after the publication of the others. He also painted several portraits for the Maffei; among others, one of himself, which was afterwards presented to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and placed in the Royal Gallery at Florence.

"In 1659 Salvator Rosa again visited Rome, and obtained the encouragement his great abilities entitled him to expect: he was also continually receiving the most flattering testimonials of the success of his Satires. There were, however, some who affected not to believe him capable of writing them, and it was in answer to those that he composed 'L'Invidia.'

"The last performances of his pencil were a collection of portraits of obnoxious persons in Rome—in other words, a series of caricatures, by which he would have an opportunity of giving vent to his satirical genius; but whilst he was engaged on his own portrait, intending it as the concluding one of the series, he was attacked with a dropsy, which in the course of a few months, brought him to the grave, and he departed this life the 15th of March, 1673, aged 58 years.

"A short time before his death, Salvator Rosa was married to a Florentine, named Lucretia, who had lived with him many years. By her he had two sons, Rosalvo and Augustus; the former died young, the latter survived his father.

"The remains of this eminent painter were deposited in the church of St. Maria degli Angeli alle Terme: a tomb, embellished with his portrait, was erected to his memory, on which is the following inscription, said to be written by P. Geo. Paolo Oliva.

D. O. M.
Salvatorem Rosam Neapolitanum
Pictorum sui Temporis
Nulli Secundum
Poetarum Omnium Temporum
Principibus Parem
Augustus Filius
Hic Moerens Composuit
Sexagenario Minor Obiit
Anno Salutis MDCLXXIII
Idibus Martii."

The Pilot: a Tale of the Sea. By the author of the "Spy," "Pioneers," &c. 8vo. 3 vols. London: John Miller.

VARIETY of subject can alone give vitality to a weekly miscellany in days like these, when so many contemporaneous literary pilots are on the look out for a new sail, to steer her into the haven of curiosity, first consigning her cargo, to the overhauling of those peering gentry, the excisemen critics.

Custom is second nature, saith the sage. Authors accustomed then to the common usage, which almost amounts to law, submit their cargoes to inspection, as a matter of course, and the master of the vessel, and the custom-house officer, meet and shake hands, as though they were joint proprietors in the freight.

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re so many critics, as at the present, that is certain says one. Mainly there never were so many readers. Rare times for editors, as for criticisms! We hear all and smile. With regard to the rub." Yet, where is the reader and the critique comes after—on the appearance of the papers: so much the better for it, however this should chance now of no remedy, unless in weekly drudges of whom we see in the days and nights, or get a vomit from the peacock's tail: for how few, even with the addition of spectacles, with the wisest head, hardly digest, a twentieth part sees in one calendar month, of course to peruse in one week of it again an hundredth part of what they have read, to put in print? No, some short enough forsooth, but ill; and some too short, such oftentimes. The public meanwhile get the more, and are content to judge his merits by their own

bers. The author says of himself, however, "that though he has navigated the same sea as Smollett, he has steered a different course;" or in other words, that he has considered what Smollett has painted, as a picture which is finished, and which is not to be daubed over by every one who may chuse to handle a pencil on marine subjects. We transcribe the following as happily drawn, being characteristic of the coolness and intrepidity of the hardy sons of Neptune.

" 'Don't speak too fast,' said the strokesman of the boat, 'whether he gets your iron or not, here he comes in chase!'

" 'What mean you, fellow!' cried Barnstable.

" 'Captain Barnstable can look for himself,' returned the seaman, 'and tell whether I speak the truth.'

" The young sailor turned, and saw the *Alacrity* bearing down before the wind, with all her sails set, as she rounded a headland, but a short half league to windward of the place where they lay.

" 'Pass that glass to me,' said the captain with steady composure, 'this promises us work in one or two ways; if she be armed, it has become our turn to run; if not we are strong enough to carry her.'

" A very brief survey made the experienced officer acquainted with the true character of the vessel in sight; and replacing the glass with much coolness, he said—

" 'That fellow shows long arms and ten teeth, beside King George's pendant from his topmast-head. Now my lads you are to pull for your lives; for whatever may be the notions of Master Coffin on the subject of his harpoon, I have no

get the wind of him, and keep the air in our nostrils, after the manner of the whale. Damn the whale; but for the tow the black rascal gave us, we should have been out of sight of this rover!"

"If we fight," said Tom, with quite as much composure as his commander manifested, "we shall be taken or sunk; if we land, Sir; I shall be taken for one man, as I never could make any head-way on dry ground; and if we try to get the wind of him by putting under the cliffs, we shall be cut off by a parcel of lubbers that I can see running along their edges, hoping, I dare say, that they shall be able to get a skulking shot at a boat's crew of honest seafaring men."

"You speak with as much truth as philosophy Tom," said Barnstable, who saw his slender hopes of success curtailed, by the open appearance of the horse and foot on the cliffs. "These Englishmen have not slept last night, and I fear Griffith and Manual will fare but badly. That fellow brings a cap full of wind down with him—'tis just his play, and he walks like a race horse. Ha! he begins to be in earnest."

"While Barnstable was speaking, a column of white smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the cutter; and as the report of a cannon was wafted to their ears, the shot was seen skipping from wave to wave, tossing the water in spray, and flying to a considerable distance beyond them. The seamen cast cursory glances in the direction of the passing ball, but it produced no manifest effect in either their conduct or appearance. The cockswain, who scanned its range with an eye of more practice than the rest, observed, 'that's a lively piece for its metal, and it speaks with a good clear voice; but if they hear it aboard the Ariel, the man who fired it will be sorry it wasn't born dumb.'

"You are the prince of philosophers, master Coffin!" cried Barnstable; "there is some hope in that; let the Englishman talk away, and my life on it, the Ariel's people don't believe its thunder—hand me a musket—I'll draw another shot."

"The piece was given to Barnstable, who discharged it several times, as if to taunt their enemies, and the scheme was completely successful. Goaded by the insults, the cutter discharged gun after gun at the little boat, throwing the shot frequently so near as to wet her crew with the spray, but without injuring them in the least. The failure of these attempts to injure them excited the mirth of the reckless seamen, instead of creating any alarm; and whenever any shot came nearer than common, the cockswain would utter some such expression as—

"A ground swell, a long shot, and a small object, make a clean object; or

"A man must squint straight to hit a boat."

As notwithstanding their unsuccessful gunnery, the cutter was constantly gaining on the whale boat, there was a prospect of a speedy termination of the chase, when the report of a cannon was thrown back like an echo, from one of the Englishman's discharges, and Barnstable and his companions, had the pleasure of seeing the Ariel stretching slowly out of the little bay, where she had passed the night with the smoke of the gun of defiance curling above her taper masts."

A loud and simultaneous shout of rapture was given by the lieutenant and all his boat's crew at this cheering sight, while the cutter took in all her light sails, and as she hauled upon a wind, she fired a whole broadside on the successful

fugitives. Many stands of grape, with several round shot, flew by the boat and fell upon the water near them, raising a cloud of foam, but without doing any injury.

"She dies in a flurry," said Tom, casting his eyes on the little vortex into which the boat was then entering.

"If her commander be a true man," said Barnstable, "he'll not leave us on so short an acquaintance. Give way, my souls! give way! I would see more of this loquacious cruiser!"

"The temptation for exertion was great, and it was not disregarded by the men; in a few minutes the whale boat reached the schooner, when the crew of the latter received their commander and his companions with shouts and cheers that rung across the waters, and reached the ears of the disappointed spectators on the verge of the cliffs."

[To be continued.]

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XV.

A ridiculous circumstance, says *Mrs. Bellamy*, happened during the getting up of the 'Prophetess,' which, though trivial in itself, as it shows the absurdity of the times, I am induced to give an account of. *Mr. Ross* did me the honour to consult me in what manner he should dress the character of the Roman Emperor. I gave him such directions as in my idea appeared most consonant to the character. Among other things, I recommended him to have a wig made as near a head of hair as it possibly could be. He told me that *Mr. Rich* thought it should be a full bottomed one. I could not help smiling at such an absurdity. But putting on a grave look, I replied, "Then let it be as large a one as you can get; and to render yourself more conspicuous," continued I, "must not you wear a hoop under your lambskins?" The serious air I assumed whilst I uttered this, deceived the hero, notwithstanding the proposal was so apparently preposterous, and he determined to adopt the mode I had pointed out.

Thus bedizened when he came on the night of representation, there never surely appeared on any stage so grotesque a figure. The house was in a roar. By this joke, which I could scarcely believe passable, was every person present, except the poor Emperor himself, indebted to me for a laugh which I thought would never have an end. It, however, was attended with a good consequence, by breaking through one of the most absurd customs that was ever introduced on the English stage; that of dressing the Grecian and Roman heroes in full bottomed perukes.

Doctor Johnson being with Foote, Holland, Woodward, and others, on a party at Mr. Garrick's villa at Hampton, as they were conversing on different subjects, he fell into a reverie, from which his attention was drawn by the accidentally casting his eyes on a book-case, to which he was as naturally attracted as the needle to the pole; on perusing the title of the best bound, he muttered inwardly with ineffable contempt, but proceeded on his exploring business of observation, ran his finger down the middle of each page, and then dashed the volume open disdainfully on the floor: the which Garrick beheld with much wonder and veneration, while the most profound silence and attention was bestowed on the learned doctor; but when he saw his twen-

tieth well bound book thus manifestly disgraced on the ground, and expecting his whole valuable collection would share the same fate, he could no longer restrain himself, but suddenly cried out most vociferously, "Why d—n it Johnson, you, you, you will destroy all my books!" At this, Johnson raised his head, paused, fixed his eyes, and replied, "Lookee, David, you do understand plays, *but you know nothing about books*;" which repartee occasioned an irresistible laugh at Garrick's expence, as well as that of his having given them a good dinner, with plenty of choice viands.

Why Foote should have entertained such an inconceivable disgust to Mr. Garrick is impossible to devise, unless from that implacable attendant more or less in the human breast called *envy*, which ever haunts a theatre. That Garrick had much reason to be offended with Foote is certain, and that he inwardly hated him is as certain; nor is that to be matter of surprise, as Foote was ever endeavouring to expose, and even if possible to injure him: he gloried in it, and seized every opportunity to have a cut at him, and serve him up as the maimed not perfect Garrick—unless to acknowledge per force, like Colley Cibber, who allowed (but with great difficulty) to Mrs. Bracegirdle, that really Garrick, he believed, had merit; but Foote never introduced his deserts, or heard of him as an actor with pleasure, or allowed him any credit for his theatrical abilities, but wished the conversation was over; or, if obliged to give his sentiments, would conclude with, "Yes, the hound had a something clever; but if his excellence was to be examined, he would not be found in *any part* equal to Colley Cibber's Sir John Brute, Lord Poppington, Sir Courtly Nice, or Justice Shallow."

One great reason for Foote's superiority as a man of wit was, that he, like the American fool felt bold, knew his superiority, which was raised by the perfect knowledge of Garrick's fears, and which made Foote so easy, that he gave not himself the trouble to hate. Mr. Foote would frequently say to Mr. Garrick, "Bless me! we have been laughing away our time; it is past three o'clock; have you and Mrs. Garrick enough for a third, without infringing on your servant's generosity, for I know they are on board wages?—besides, the kitchen fire may be gone out if it be one of your cold meat days; or if one of Mrs. Garrick's fast days, I cannot expect a dinner on emergency." On Foote's repeating such a whimsical jargon, Garrick would act a laugh like Bayes, though all the joke lay like Mr. Bayes's—in the boots. Mr. Garrick was an actor on the stage of life, and on the stage itself he was not the actor, but life's exact mirror he held to public view.

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. XII.

It may serve as an argument to prove the affinity of the sister arts of music and painting, that the love of each to an equal degree, has in many instances centered in the same person. Corelli was a passionate admirer of pictures, and lived in an uninterrupted friendship with Carlo Cignani and Carlo Marat. These two eminent painters were rivals for his favour, and for a series of years presented him with pictures, as well of other masters as of their own painting.

The consequence whereof was, that Corelli became possessed of a large and valuable collection of original paintings, all which, together with a sum of money, equal to about six thousand pounds sterling, he bequeathed to his patron, Cardinal Ottoboni, who, reserving the picture to himself, generously distributed the rest of the effects among the relations of the testator. Mr. Handel, though not a collector, was a lover of pictures, and for many years before his death, frequented, for the purpose of viewing them, all collections exposed to sale. Geminiani, in the latter years of his life was absorbed in the love of painting, and he once declared, that he loved it better than music. Nicholas Lanieri, though celebrated as one of the first musicians in his time, by his excellence in painting, has rendered his character so ambiguous, that both faculties claim him; and in Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes, he stands ranked among the painters, and with very good reason; his own portrait in the music-school at Oxford, painted by himself, being a masterly work. On the other hand, there are instances of painters who have been no less excellent in the practice of music, as were Leonardo da Vinci, Dominichino, and Sir Godfrey Kneller. Guido Reni, and our countryman, Mr. Samuel Cooper, were famous for their skill and performance on the lute.

A person who had heard Corelli perform, said, that whilst he was playing on the violin, it was usual for his countenance to be distorted, his eyes to become as red as fire, and his eye-balls to roll as in an agony. The style of his performance was learned, elegant, and pathetic, and his tone firm and even. M. Geminiani, who was well acquainted with and had studied it, was used to resemble it to a sweet trumpet.

OLD LONDON BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1666.

No. II.

MICHAEL DE NORTHBOROUGH, Bishop of London, who died 1361, left a legacy of a thousand marks, to be put into a chest, standing in the treasury of S. Paul's; out of which, any poor layman might, for a sufficient pledge, borrow 10l. the dean and principal canons, 20l. or 40 marks, upon the like pledge; the bishop, 40l. or near 50l.; other noblemen or citizens, 20l. for the term of a year; and if at the year's end payment were not made of any sum so borrowed; then that the preacher at *Paul's Cross*, should in his sermon declare, that the pledge, within fourteen days would be sold, if the borrower did not forthwith redeem it: and being accordingly sold, he appointed, that the surplusage, if there were any, should be restored to the owner, or to his executors; but in case he had none, then to be returned into the said chest, for the health of his soul, unless the bishop and dean, with the warden of the old fabric, should think fit to employ it to other uses: one key of which chest to be kept by the said dean, another by the eldest canon-resident, and the third by the said warden.

JOHN, KING OF FRANCE.

To take particular notice of the large sums of money, plate, jewels, and other things of worth, which, by offerings at the high altar, and other places of note, they that served in this

cathedral had in those ancient times for their better support, would require a volume by itself: I shall therefore make instance but in one, viz.—*John, King of France*, in 1360, who besides what he offered at *St. Erkenwald's* shrine, laid down at the *Assumption* 12 nobles; at the *Crucifix*, near the north door, 26 floren nobles; at his first approach to the high altar, four ba-ins of gold; and at the hearing of mass, after the offertory, gave to the dean, then officiating, five floren nobles, which the said dean, and one *John Lyl-lyngton*, (the weekly petty-canon) his assistant, had. All which being performed, he gave moreover in the chapter-house, fifty floren nobles, to be distributed among the officers of the church.

THE CLOCHIER, OR BELL-TOWER, WHICH STOOD AT THE EAST END OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

Of this, the first mention is in that grant of *Richard de Braumes*, bishop of *London*, (Temp. H. I.) concerning the school; where the habitation for the school-master was assigned to be at the corner thereof; which, doubtless, is the place where the school-master of *Paul's* school dwelleth at this day: but I suppose that it was a thing of much greater antiquity; for upon a writ of *quo warranto*, issued out by king *Edward I.* in the 15th year of his reign, to enquire touching such purprestures as has been made by the dean and chapter of *Paul's*, it appearing that the ground, lying eastward from the church, wherein at that time they had newly begun to bury, was the king's soil; and that the citizens of *London* had of ancient time, held a certain court there, called the *Folkemot*; it was certified, that they used to ring a bell hanging in this tower, by the sound whereof the people were summoned to it.

Which tower had afterwards a large spire of timber, covered with lead, built (as I guess) about the beginning of king *Henry III.'s* time; for in those covenants made betwixt *Richard de Gravesend*, and the dean and chapter, concerning the stalls in the quire, it appears, that he likewise did contract to find timber for this steeple.

Within this Clochier, were four great bells, called *Jesus Bells*, in regard they specially belonged to *Jesus Chapel*, situate at the east end of the undercroft of *Paul's*; as also on the top of the spire, the image of *Saint Paul*, all standing till *Sir Miles Partridge*, knight (temp. H. VIII.), having won them from the king, at one cast of the dice, pulled them down. Which *Sir Miles*, afterwards suffered death on Tower Hill, for matters relating to the Duke of *Somerset*.

ST. FAITH'S CHURCH, UNDER OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. This being a parish church dedicated to the honour of *Saint Faith*, the Virgin, was heretofore called *Eccllesia S. Fidis in Cryptis*. But thereof, farther than the ornaments anciently belonging to it, of which a particular inventory is to be seen in an ancient parchment roll, remaining in the custody of the dean and chapter of *St. Paul's*, I have no more to take notice, than the chantries and monumental inscriptions.

Of these chantries, the first was founded in 23 E. 3. by the dean and chapter of *Paul's*, upon their reception of a sum of money from the executors of *William de Boerdor*, heretofore dean of that church, for two chaplains to celebrate divine service daily at the altar of *Saint Radegund*, before which his body lay interred, for the soul of the said *William*, as also for the soul of *Ralph de Doungoon*; the revenue of which, being afterwards deemed too little for the support of them both, they were reduced into one.

The next was the chantry of *Alan de Hotham*; who, by his testament, bearing date in 25 E. 3. bequeathed all his lands lying within the city of *London*, to find two priests to celebrate for his soul, and for the souls of his parents and benefactors, and all the faithful deceased, at the altar of *Saint Sebastian the Martyr*, where his body was buried; each priest to receive for his salary, 100s. yearly.

The third was a chantry, founded in 17 H. 7. for one priest to perform divine service in a certain chapel within the *Undercroft*, in which the body of *William Say*, doctor of divinity, and dean of this church, lay interred, for the soul of the said *William*; as also for the good estate of *Sir William Say*, knight, *Henry Earl of Essex*, and *Mary* his wife, *William Blount*, Lord *Mountjoy*, and *Elizabeth* his wife, during their lives in this world; and for their souls after their departures hence. And moreover for the souls of *Sir John Say*, knight, and *Elizabeth* his wife, father and mother of the said *Sir William Say*, and for the souls of *John* and *Edward*, sons of the said *William*, as also of *Thomas Leonard*, *Anne*, *Elizabeth*, *Katherine*, and *Mary*, children of the said *Sir John* and *Elizabeth*; and for the soul of *Robert Sherbourne*, then deane of this cathedral, and the souls of all the faithful deceased. There being also an allowance for the keeping of the anniversary of the said *William Say*, on the 23d day of *November*, for ever.

The fourth and last, was founded in 18 H. 8. by *William Vale*, citizen and cutler of *London*, who by his testament gave divers messuages, for the maintenance of a priest, to celebrate and pray for the soul of the said *William Say*, in the before-specified chapel for ever.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,

February 3, 1824.

Having lately returned from the continent, I have been asked by several artists the best means of getting their studies, &c. passed through the Custom House free of duty; especially if such artists are not exhibitors at Somerset House: it being imagined that Royal Academicians and those who contribute to the annual exhibition only have a privilege which exempts them from this part of the public taxation, the means I would recommend are those I employed myself: viz.—make an affidavit that I was a British artist, and that the several pictures, sketches, &c. specified therein, were for my own use, and not intended for sale; which being signed at the Bench Office, (where I believe a magistrate usually presides) is kept by the officers, who examine and pass the said materials.

Whatever may be said against the officers in the Custom House, I have only to observe, that they not only treated me like a gentleman, but directed me how to proceed; in consequence of which, I brought every thing away on the morning of my arrival, instead of laying myself under an obligation to two members of the Academy, and perhaps waiting two months until it suited their convenience to go down to the Custom House: by giving this a place in your Miscellany, you may save several artists much trouble and expence, and oblige

Yours, &c.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE;

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No XIX.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

BRITISH GALLERY.

(Continued from p. 275.)

LA BELLA FORNARINA OBSERVING THE PROGRESS OF HER PORTRAIT, IN RAFAELLE'S STUDY. PAINTED BY W. BROCKEDON.

THIS picture is wrought in a style so entirely independent of the general practice of the English school, that we are persuaded its pretensions will be questioned by many who will form a too hasty judgment of its merits; for the absence of those qualities which characterize the works of our best painters, is so manifest in this composition, and its method of treatment is so unlike the pictures with which it is surrounded, that the first impression on the eye of the beholder is likely to be unfavourable, and to impel him to turn in search of what is more congenial to his notions of art.

Richness and mellowness of colouring, and studied breadth of effect, by an artificial arrangement of light and shadow, where the main feature of a composition is forced upon the admiration of the spectator, by subduing, in an almost regular gradation, the subordinate parts, constitute the leading excellencies of English compositions; for correct drawing and determined execution, are commonly sacrificed to these. To so perfect a knowledge of these properties of art have the greatest masters of our school arrived, that very few of the finest efforts of the Italian school would bear a comparison with them in richness, harmony, and general effect, if hung in a collection of our choicest works. The violent contrasts of red and blue, the hardness, or,—to speak more reverentially of these great examples of art,—the severity of style, the dark and determined shadows, the abruptness of contrasts, their remoteness from that singleness of sentiment to which our native school bends its best energies, would, for all their superior claims to admiration, sink them in the scale of comparison; and all but the very limited number of real judges of high art, would pass them without any other observation than that of hasty condemnation, arising out of disapprobation and dislike. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many of our most esteemed painters, and our connoisseurs, have been disappointed on entering the galleries at the Vatican, and other renowned collections in Italy, the repositories of the greatest graphic works in the world. The relish for such recondite studies is not a mere matter of sudden perception, it is entirely an acquired taste.

We admire the general feeling of our native school, but we are not singular in our notions, in saying that we think drawing—we mean in the higher department of composition—is too much neglected; and we are of opinion that the attainment of effect and general harmony is too often sought at the expence of drawing and expression,—qualities of superior moment in the loftier pursuits of the art. Mr. Brockedon has studied in Italy, and has obviously improved in taste and judgment, from his sojournment in that region of art. We are disposed, then, to view this picture in comparison with what he exhibited before he quitted England, and give our estimate accordingly. We think, then, that he has benefited by the zeal that led him thither, and that

the picture in question—*Rafaëlle in his Study*, is a meritorious specimen of his pencil, and of his perception of art.

The style which he has chosen is bold and determined; it admits of no garbling nor subterfuge. The test by which he will be tried is by the obviousness of the facts upon the very face of his attempt. Upon these we will offer our opinion. We like the design,—it is bold and original, and the execution is masterly. The expression of *Rafaëlle* is characteristic of the theme;—he is enthusiastic, a lover and a genius, but we think that the countenance is not so elevated in sentiment as we have been led to contemplate, as well in the portraits extant as in the written description of his visage—the index of his elegant and accomplished mind. *La Bella Fornarina* is an Italian beauty, and well conceived. The drawing of the group, though spirited, is not faultless. The feet of the female are disproportionately small, both to her own figure and to those of her admirer, whose leg, we think, does not recede sufficiently in effect. The apartment, the furniture, and the *accessoires* are well designed, and diffuse an air of local identity to the scene. These are painted with truth, and with a firmness of handling that shews much practice in the executive part of his art. We consider this picture, upon the whole, to warrant an expectation of much more from the same energetic mind, and earnestly hope that Mr. Brockedon will cultivate this class of composition, and give to the public, in his next picture, a subject more carefully studied as to sentiment, with no diminution of the vigour exhibited in this. It is not gifted to every hand even to acquire the mastery which he has obtained over his pencil; and we feel assured, that by a studied and well-directed application of his intelligence and graphic powers, Mr. Brockedon must succeed in doing honour to the English school.

THE SOCIAL PINCH. PAINTED BY A. FRASER.

FROM this higher department of art we turn, for variety's sake, to the minor pursuits of pictorial composition, which being more compatible with the general scale of public judgment, are more likely to meet with a greater number of admirers. The subject before us describes an interior of a Scottish cot, with a cobbler at his bench taking a pinch of snuff from the mull of a friendly idler, who is seated near the door. It is an agreeable and social picture of humble life. We may fancy the visitor to be some veteran sergeant, who, after the perils of many a hard campaign, has retired on a pension for his services, to enjoy the remainder of his life in his native town, amidst the friends of his youth. There is a conscious superiority in his manner, though not at all bordering on insolent pride, which tells us that his means are neither precarious nor longer dependent upon his own exertion. Such a scene of comfort is a grateful subject for the pencil or the pen; it is here well told, and is cheering to the heart. There is much promise in the works of Mr. Fraser. Indeed, in this and its companion we are reminded of the works of those faithful imitators of common life, the Dutch and Flemish masters. The countenances are humorous and characteristic,—better conceived than painted. We recommend the artist to study the colouring of flesh, for his greatest deficiency is manifest in this important feature of his compositions. The interior is very picturesque, and

LONDON, FEBRUARY 14, 1824.

HERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF

pin's craft, as well as the other exerting ourselves in *reading* this interesting were accosted by a very old and

"Sir," said he, "what do you think friend is always facetious, and plays 'connoisseurs.' 'That Fraser!' we feel very much inclined to purchase and talked about the funds. We have tion to see the ticket, *Sold*, on the ad on applyin: to the book of sale, '****, Esq. as the purchaser.

ip; and if Mr. Fraser should happen this weekly paper should perchance all him to whom he is indebted for he last surviving member of the Old my—the pupil of Frank Hayman—mathan Tyers, the first proprietor of nal disciple of Roubilliac, and the th—the venerable John T****, Esq. nber, we believe, of the English

ned round from this interview, when with a senior of this gentleman, a le, upwards of ninety years of age, ears in Italy. He was walking from delighting his auditors with tales of of the days that are long past. Dis- erable living remains is like turning ry. We could not but regret, that containing so much knowledge of now, must consign their information on where no records are kept. and

made upon the artists as well as the connoisseurs; and the patronage which he has obtained we trust will stimulate his future exertions. This picture has been purchased by the Marquis of Stafford.

THE RIVALS. PAINTED BY W. WATTS.

THE public have derived much amusement from a species of composition which seems to encrease on the walls of this institution. Success creates new candidates in most departments of science; and as it has appeared that subjects of a humorous turn, or of that class which has been not unfrequently denominated the dramatic, are acceptable to the generality of amateurs, in England at least, we have not been surprised to find additional specimens of this cast, from new and ingenious hands, in every succeeding exhibition. Of this class we shall first notice a very original composition from the pencil of Mr. Watts, entitled "The Rivals." A picture in general is ill conceived that does not tell its own tale. On looking upon this, it is impossible not to develope its history. Within a humble apartment is seated a comely young woman; we may suppose her to be of decent parentage, for she is neatly attired. By her is seated, on another chair, a new suitor, a formidable rival to her constant and once accepted swain. The favoured one is a military hero. Poor Lubin may go hang or drown. Lubin arrives at the door; he beholds a serjeant of his Majesty's Life Guard in that chair which he was wont to fill, and tell his tender tale. Alas! poor Lubin! The inconstant fair one looks demure; she droops her head; and at the same time, a carnation which she holds in her hand, as it were in sympathy droops its head too upon her lap. It is a flower presented by a warrior of famed Waterloo! Never was expression more strongly depicted than on poor Lubin's visage. As to exostulation

does not acquire that manual dexterity which, superadded to his conception, will render him a favorite painter in this style of art.

BARNABY AND THE PURITAN, PAINTED BY EDWARD PRENTIS.

Your tall critics at a modern exhibition of pictures have the advantage ground; indeed to judge discriminately, a connoisseur should stand erect, from twelve to fifteen feet by statute measure. We would willingly describe a picture of a very humorous cast, but not being able to examine it near enough to speak of its execution, we must be content to notice its story. It is taken from Drunken Barnaby's Journal.

"In my progress travelling northward,
Taking my farewell o' th' southward,
To Bambery came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a puritan—one
Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouse on Sunday."

Without the door of a little inn, the Puritan has piously put an end to his cat, by hanging her by the neck, for the profane delinquency so humorously described by drunken Barnaby. This hero, with some other impious royalists, are laughing at the executioner, as he holds the mouse by the tail, in evidence of the fact for which grimalkin has suffered. "We shrewdly suspect," an Hibernian critic might say, "that the artist had killed his cat, for the dead puss, must be a study from the life." That inward horror which takes root in overweening righteousness, is well described on the visage of the outward man. We never saw a countenance more ludicrously expressive of the mental workings of those fanatic wights, who were the theme of everlasting ridicule with the wits and poets of the times. Of the expression of the other characters we cannot say much, for the reasons above stated. The head of the puritan, however, is so prominent, that we could see it sufficiently well to warrant our observations.

THE POWER OF MUSIC; PAINTED BY T. S. GOOD.

THIS eccentric subject excites the risible muscles entirely from its comicality, for it is a composition extravagantly whimsical, without a particle of wit. We have sometimes been told that such a fiddler is a fool, but a new power is ascribed to music, if it tends to old and staid people to such pranks as these. The artist has employed his pencil on a theme which we at first supposed might be taken from some outré description in a novel, or from a farce, but as we refer to the motto, and the verses,

"Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do
T' apply in jest or earnest to."

Butler.

We must conclude it is a farce of the painter's creating. How far it is an illustration of the poet, we leave others to guess.

This composition then, describes a kind, motherly looking Mistress Primrose, of about sixty-five, playing on a violoncello—a notable occupation forsooth; by her (the grandson, we may presume,) a boy of ten or twelve is flourishing an accompaniment on the old English flute; whilst the grandpapa, an evergreen of about seventy-five, a son of the church too, is dancing, as though he were bewitched. The subject

is the more comical, because these aged personages, in a *state of rest*, as Lavater would say, would command our veneration and respect.

Outré as this composition may be, there is considerable merit in the execution; and although the painting is opaque in texture, it is yet wrought with more precision and cleanliness, than many of the cabinet pictures by which it is surrounded. There is moreover a deceptive, though rather eccentric effect of light thrown upon the figures, which is touched with no mean skill. We do not pretend to prescribe limits to *The Powers of Music*, but we should have been better pleased, had Mr. Good employed the powers of painting on a subject, more worthy of an intellectual art. We feel no repugnance for laughing at harmless absurdity, wherever it occurs, but we are almost ashamed at being betrayed into mirth, by studied unmeaning buffoonery. Such pranks as these, are too burlesque for aught but Punch and Pantomime.

THE WEARY TRAVELLER; PAINTED BY T. S. GOOD.

We have in this well painted little picture, a specimen of Mr. Good's talent in his sober mood. Another grandfather, as it should seem, has been taking too long a morning walk, and on returning home, is received by the filial attentions of a youth, his grandson, who perceiving his fatigue is assisting him with his chair. The expression of the characters is natural, and the effect of the composition is pleasing. The light upon the group is peculiar, as in the picture before described. There is a black dog, the companion of the old gentleman's perambulation, which is particularly well introduced—it is quite deceptive.

THE PORT OF LONDON; PAINTED BY CHARLES DRANE.

TOPOGRAPHICAL subjects, perhaps come more within the scope of English art, and are more congenial to the general taste of the English people, than any other species of pictorial composition. In the water colour department we can name many, who in the delineation of topographical scenes, demonstrate a knowledge of perspective, characteristic truth, light and shadow, and picturesque sentiment, of a higher scale of feeling than any of the old masters. In this department we have hitherto had little to boast, as exhibited through the superior, and more powerful medium, of painting in oil. Why the English school of oil painters have neglected this delightful and interesting species of composition, is not unworthy of enquiry. That it cannot arise from the want of patronage, is certain, for the national taste is ever favorable to portrait, whether of a man, a horse, or a town. The grandest compositions, are usually regarded with apathy, by all but the enlightened few. Public judgment must become much more refined ere the general taste shall favor the elevated sentiments that constitute the *beau idéal*; whilst every one, professing the least pretension to a love of the imitative arts, can appreciate a faithful picture of a well known scene. Is the paucity of these subjects in oil, to be ascribed to the increased difficulties of delineating them in this material? We know that the difficulties are increased by this medium.—Perhaps then, the cause may rest in this, and the question is resolved; but if so, how great is the reflection upon the energy and industry of the English school.

In the late exhibitions in this gallery and in the present, we have had the pleasure to notice several attempts at topo-

graphical composition, some of which were works of sufficient merit to warrant higher expectation than has yet been realised. Some in the present display however are clever productions, and again promise more. We hope not to be hereafter disappointed.

With reference then to the Port of London by Mr. Deane; we see in this picture the elements of what may by judicious application amount in time to good painting. There is no want of pictorial arrangement as to the general design, no lack of labour in the execution. The scene is carefully portrayed, the buildings are not deficient in linear or aerial perspective, the vessels are very well grouped, and drawn with attention to their respective bulks, and with suitable correctness: yet there is a want of right feeling pervading every particular division, and of course a striking deficiency in the whole.

We say a want of right feeling. If it were demanded how this phrase, so common in the mouths of critics, could be made apparent, we should answer, look at the paintings of Turner and Calcott for a display of marine objects and river scenery; whose compositions of this class are treated with that judicious mixture of truth and accomplished knowledge of the principles of art that delight the eye of the connoisseur and the ignorant alike: for the combinations of these qualities, thus applied, in representations composed from such well known objects, cannot fail to please. We may further for an explanation refer to the local truth and unsophisticated feeling displayed in the compositions of Constable, in his scenes of inland rivers, where all is nature represented with that coolness and freshness of effect that operates upon every spectator, with the same commanding appeal to the approbation of his senses. The craft on his rivers are in colour and texture nothing short of reality; and the water on which they float, is the liquid element itself, reflecting every object, as in a mirror. In the compositions of these masters of the British school, the mental part is as much concerned as the manual dexterity: the hand does only half the work without the head.

We do not offer our opinions upon this picture of the Port of London without a careful examination of its pretensions, for it is not a hasty performance, but rather an elaborate and meritorious attempt. We are moreover aware of the difficulties attending so vast a scope as this artist has chosen for his subject. The buildings are not well substantiated, they are wanting in colour. The general mass of the water is weak, and far from natural in effect; it is artificial, and yet deficient in art, and seemingly painted in his study, under some fanciful notion of general arrangement, without reference to local appearance on the spot. We obtrude this censure confidently, having for many years been attentive observers of all the incidents of light and shadow, and colour at day-break, noon, evening, and twilight, and under the influence of the ever varying sky on this interesting part of the Thames, and venture to aver, that under all circumstances of incidental or broad simple light, the water in appearance will be water still. The vessels too, though carefully painted, are yet deficient in local colour and effect. A few separate studies from these objects, wrought with faithful imitation, would be of the greatest service to this ingenious artist. There is a characteristic colour and texture in picturesque vessels, such particularly as constitute the leading feature of this composition, that can only be acquired by such practice—and which, once achieved, which is an operation of no great labour, is never forgotten. Indeed, a few weeks

attentive study of this nature, leads at once to that truth, which years of practice, merely from a pencilled outline, and colouring from memory, a too common custom with many artists, will never approach. There is not that sterling materiality in the nearest vessels, which we are assured from the power of the pencil exhibited in this picture, is within the scope of the painter to effect. There is no want of mechanical dexterity, nor is there an inefficiency of style. There is ample demonstration of careful study, in this complicated, and equally finished performance—but, for all these qualities, to repeat our censure, there is an obvious want of that feeling which is observable in the works which we have quoted; not with a view to recommending them as objects for the imitation of Mr. Deane, but rather for his contemplation; and we advise him with friendly zeal for his improvement, to emulate their excellence, by studying as they have studied, with attentive observance to nature. We cannot but regret to see so many acquirements as are apparent in this piece, rendered thus far non-effective for the want of a more judicious application of such talent: half the labour bestowed on this picture, well directed, would have effected more. We say not this to discourage Mr. Deane, for we consider him an artist of great promise; but rather to stimulate his exertions, to rouse his genius, and to urge him to the attainment of that, which is wanting to raise him to the honours of our school of art, and which, by diligent seeking he need not despair of finding.

PICTURES

Disposed of in the present Exhibition at the British Gallery, Pall Mall, 1824.

Fruit and still Life, 191, painted by N. Chantry—purchased by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.
Birds and still Life, 196, N. Chantry—by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

Young Boat Builders, 253, A. Frazer—by the Marquis of Stafford.

Westminster Abbey Broadway, 110, C. B. Stanley—by the Marquis of Stafford.

Simplicity, 20, Miss E. Jones—by the Rev. W. Loe.
Rat Catcher and his Dogs, 21, T. Woodward—by the Duke of Bedford.

View near the Town Hall of Guildford, 119, C. Deane—by the Duke of Bedford.

Port of London, 259, C. Deane—by the Duke of Bedford.

Evening scene on the Thames, 31, J. Wood—by the Duke of Bedford.

A View in Kent, 278, P. Naysmith—by the Duke of Bedford.

A Fishing Harbour, 179, J. Wilson—by the Duke of Bedford.

The Billet Doux, 147, G. Miles—by G. Watson Taylor.
Portraits of Game, 173, G. Miles—by G. Watson Taylor.

Rough Joe, (study from nature,) 160, N. Owen, R.A.—by the Earl of Darnley.

A Venetian Page and Parrot, 316, F. G. Hurlstone—by Earl Grosvenor.

The Social Pinch, 244, A. Frazer—by J. Taylor, Esq.

La Bella Fornarina, W. Brockedon—by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson.

Waterfall on the Avon, 279, J. Wilson—by Hurst and Robinson.

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Puppy and Frog, 25, E. Landseer—by Countess de Grey.

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Scene in Stoneless Park, 221, W. Rider—by Joseph Delafield, Esq.

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Bolton Priory Moonlight, 227, Hoffland—by the Earl of Carysfort.

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The Shipwreck, 235, J. Cartwright—by Capt. P. Hewwood, R. N.

Fleet of Transports, 256, J. Cartwright—by Capt. P. Hewwood.

Taking Leave, 15, B. T. Bone—by T. Ellams, Esq.

REVIEWS.

The Pilot: a Tale of the Sea. By the author of the "*Spy*," "*Pioneers*," &c. 8vo. 3 vols. London: John Miller.

(Continued from p. 285.)

A HUMOROUS dialogue between Boltrope, (the master of the *Alacrity*), and the Chaplain, we select as being well calculated to display the peculiar style of this work.—

" 'There,' cried the honest tar, placing the wooden vessel with great self-contentment by his side on the deck, 'this is ship's comfort! There is a good deal of what I call lubber's fuss, parson, kept on board a ship, that shall be nameless, but which bears about three leagues distant, broad off on the ocean, and which is lying to under a close-reefed main-top-sail, a fore top-mast, staysail, and foresail. I call my hand a true one in mixing a can—take another pull at the balyards! 'twill make your eye twinkle like a light-house, this dark morning! You won't? well, we must give no offence to the Englishman's rum.' After a potent draught had succeeded this considerate declaration, he added, 'You are a little like our first lieutenant, parson, who drinks, as I call it, nothing but the elements—which is, water stiffened with air.'

" 'Mr. Griffith may indeed be said to set a wholesome example to the crew,' returned the chaplain, perhaps with a slight consciousness that it had not altogether possessed its due weight with himself.

" 'Wholesome,' cried Boltrope, 'let me tell you, my worthy leaf-turner, that if you call such a light diet wholesome, you know but little of salt water and sea fogs. However, Mr. Griffith is a seaman, and if he gave his mind less

to trifles and gimcracks, he would be, by the time he got to about our years, a very rational sort of a companion. But you see, parson, just now, he thinks too much of small follies; such as man-of-war discipline. Now there is rationality in giving a fresh nip to a rope, or in looking well at your masts, or even in crowning a cable; but damme, priest, if I see the use—luff, luff, ye lubber; don't ye see, Sir, you are steering for Germany!—if I see the use, as I was saying, of making a rumpus about the time when a man changes his shirt; whether it be this week or next week, or for that matter, the week after, provided it be bad weather. I sometimes am mawkish about attending muster, (and I believe I have as little to fear on the score of behaviour as any man,) lest it should be found I carried my tobacco in the wrong cheek.'

" 'I have, indeed, thought it somewhat troublesome to myself at times; and it is in a striking degree vexatious to the spirit, especially when the body has been suffering under sea sickness.'

" 'Why, yes, you were a little apt to bend your duds wrong for the first month or so,' said the master; 'I remember you got the marine's scraper on your head once, in your hurry to bury a dead man! Then you never looked as if you belonged to the ship, so long as those black knee buckles lasted! For my part, I never saw you come up the quarter deck ladder, but I expected to see your shins give way across the combing of the hatch. A man does look like the devil, priest, scudding about a ship's decks in that fashion, under bare poles! But now the tailor has found out the articles a'n't seaworthy, and we have got your lower stanchions cased in a pair of purser's slops, I am puzzled often to tell your heels from those of a main-top-man.'

" 'I have good reason to be thankful for the change,' said the humbled priest, 'if the resemblance you mentioned existed, while I was clad in the usual garb of one of my calling.'

" 'What signifies a calling?' returned Boltrope, catching his breath after a most persevering draught, 'a man's shins are his shins, let his upper works belong to what service they may. I took an early prejudice against knee-breeches, perhaps from a trick I've always had of figuring the devil as wearing them. You know, parson, we seldom hear much said of a man, without forming some sort of an idea concerning his rigging and fashion-pieces; and so as I had no particular reason to believe that Satan went naked—keep full, ye lubber; now you are running into the wind's eye, and be d—d to ye!—but as I was saying, I always took a conceit that the devil wore knee-breeches and a cock'd hat. There's some of our young lieutenants, who come to muster on Sundays in cock'd hats, just like soldier officers; but, d'ye see, I would sooner show my nose under a night cap, than under a scraper.'

The description of this short coasting voyage is picturesque and highly amusing; the subsequent pages lead the boat's crew to a more tremendous attack, than that upon the unwieldy leviathan of the deep. We wish we could have included the author's animated and original picture of a sea fight.

" 'By heaven, Tom,' cried Barnstable, starting, 'there is the blow of a whale.'

" 'Ay, ay, Sir,' returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure, 'here is his spout not half a mile to seaward;

the easterly gale has driven the crater to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward.'

"The fellow takes it coolly, too; he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, Sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, 'the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water.'

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant, 'he will soon make head-way, and be off.'

"No, Sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom, 'I saw his spout, he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a real oil-butt, that fellow.'

"Barnstable laughed, turned himself away from the tempting sight, and tried to look at the cliffs; and then unconsciously bent his longing eyes again on the sluggish animal, who was throwing his huge carcass, at times, for many feet from the water, in idle gambols. The temptation for sport, and the recollection of his early habits, at length prevailed over his anxiety in behalf of his friends and the young officer, he inquired of his cockswain—

"Is there any whale-line in the boat, to make fast to that harpoon which you bear about with you in fair weather or foul?"

"I never trust the boat from the schooner without part of a shot, Sir," returned the cockswain; 'there is something nateral in the sight of a tub to my old eyes.'

"Barnstable looked at his watch, and again at the cliffs, when he exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties, there seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale boat sprung forward like a courser to the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to strike the whale, as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped, in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round, when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with a graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downward, and without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds.

The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water, in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow

reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, Sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; 'he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, Sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track.'

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed, for half his length, in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whole rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew, to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broad-side of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the blubber of the foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted with singular earnestness,

"Stern all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable, when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him," shouted Barnstable, 'hold on, Tom; he rises already.'

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manoeuvre rather hazardous, and caused it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to re-appear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in its sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that, at moments, appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with

exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,

" 'Ay! I've touched the fellow's life; it must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean.'

" 'I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance,' said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; 'feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner.'

" 'Tis the creator's way, sir,' said the cockswain; 'you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold boys, and let us haul up to him.'

"The seamen now seized the whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid, as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

" 'Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?' cried Barnstable, 'a few sets from your bayonet would do it.'

"The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

" 'No, sir, no—he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creator's in his flurry.'

"The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space, while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high, as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowsings of a herd of bulls, and to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat, behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these effects subsided, and when the discoloured water again settled down to the long and regular swells of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved."

The Memoirs of J. Decastro, Comedian. Edited by R. Humphreys. London: Sherwood, Jones, and Co.

WHETHER a book be filled with the history of a great man or a little man, so that he has made a stir in life, has been much known, and has been the subject of popular notoriety, there is always a proportionate curiosity excited to read what his memoirs can relate. We not unfrequently find, in the history of men of humble rank in their profession, much to interest, and much for reflection;

for although such may not have excelled in their art, they may have been enthusiastic in their love for its pursuits, highly ingenious, and great observers of excellence in others. We have before us a little memoir of an actor, who for many a year had amused the town, who had experienced those vicissitudes so peculiar to the professors of the histrionic art, and generally attended with more humorous events, and strangeness of circumstance than befall other geniuses in their career. The editor in his preface, says with becoming modesty, "Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like *Moses's serpent*, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the *Egyptians*. We shall not, however, be so vain as to think that where the following work appears, others of the like kind will vanish; but leave it to our reader's consideration how far the feeble attempt to give it existence, merits their *censure* or their *praise*." For ourselves, we are willing to say, we have read this little volume with pleasure, and have derived some interesting information from its pages, which we have been seeking for some time. Among the play-bills and advertisements printed in the latter part, are many literary curiosities, which cannot fail to be acceptable to the enquirer into the history of the English drama. There are several anecdotes introduced in the life of this humorous actor, which we have not found in other works, particularly of those whose humble talents have confined their exertions to the boards of the minor theatres. The origin and history of Astley's and his rival, Hughes's theatres (the Amphitheatre and the Circus) well worthy of recording, are here given at large. We read the account with interest, and have copied some passages, but as the volume is within the reach of all who can spare a small sum for nearly three hundred pages of lively gossip, we beg to refer them to the book.

At the first representation of a piece called the Laplanders (at Astley's amphitheatre) owing to the neglect of one of the carpenters, it was found necessary to saw off part of a scene during the rising of the curtain, and whilst the orchestra were performing a *piano* passage in the overture:—

"Mr. Astley hearing this, went round to Mr. Smith, his then rough rider, and requested him to tell them not to saw so loud. Mr. Smith having often heard him differing with the band about their playing, went instantly across the ring, tapped Mr. Hindmarsh (the leader) on the shoulder, and said to him, 'Mr. Astley begs you will not saw so loud.' Upon

which Hindmarsh returned for answer, 'Tell Mr. Astley, it shall be the last piece I'll saw in his theatre.' Upon the curtain dropping, Hindmarsh left the orchestra quite inflamed, and went immediately to him for an explanation, saying, 'He was not used to such treatment.' 'What do you mean?' said Mr. Astley, 'Why,' replied Hindmarsh, 'you sent me word round by Mr. Smith, not to *saw* so loud.' 'Me!' observed Mr. Astley with astonishment, 'Me! Hindmarsh! I never took you for a carpenter before.' Upon the mistake being rectified, they shook hands and were friends again.

"Mr. Astley, sen. on his return from France, brought over a little spectacle, which he had got translated, and entitled 'Sailors and Savages.' His composer at that time was named Heron, not remembering his name, he always called him Dr. Herring, and said to him, 'Doctor, I want you to compose me a tune for a combat of two broad swords, to retang, tang, tang.' Between the principal savage and the sailor was a broad sword combat; and on the night of the first rehearsal of it, Mr. Astley, sen. was seated in the front of the stage as usual. The Savage was performed by Mr. John Taylor, Mr. Astley's nephew; and the Lieutenant by Mr. John Astley, his son; after the set-to with the swords, the old gentleman was somewhat displeased at it, as it was not striking enough. He got up and vociferously bawled out to his son, 'Johnny! Johnny! this wont do—we must have shields.' Heron on hearing the name of Shields, thought he wanted the composer of that name, jumped from his seat, and getting the parts from the orchestra together, he got on the stage, tore them in piece-meal, and then, in a high tone of voice said, 'Now send for Shields.' Mr. Astley was surprised, not knowing the cause which had so offended the enraged musician, and said, 'What is it you mean, Dr. Herring?' 'Why,' said Heron, 'If Mr. Shields can compose better than me, send for him at once.' 'Oh, by G—d' replied Mr. Astley, 'I meant a pair of shields, Sir, for the fight.' A reconciliation took place, and Heron recomposed the music."

"Mr. Astley's jealousy at the success of the Royal Circus (which had ever kept him in a state of ferment from its first opening) increasing, he determined to keep secret the bringing out of all new pieces, and therefore mum was the order of the day with the people engaged in the theatre at his request. The late Duke of Gordon at that time sent two horses to be broke by Mr. Astley; and it happened on a night rehearsal of a new piece, about six o'clock. The company were all assembled on the stage. His Grace, who was in the ring at the same time with a small stick in his hand beating his boots; and it being Sunday, the performers were all respectably dressed. When the curtain rose, Mr. Astley seeing a person in the circle and not knowing him to be the Duke, he called to him and said, 'Come here, Sir, I want you upon the stage!' Mr. Astley, Jun. being present, and knowing it to be his Grace, ran immediately to his father, and said, 'Father, that's his Grace the Duke of Gordon you are speaking to!' Mr. Astley, Sen. replied, 'By G—d! my Lord Duke, I beg your pardon, pulling off his hat very humbly; 'I took you for one of my performers!' Upon which his Grace smiled; they mutually bowed; and the latter left the theatre."

The following lively anecdotes, we select from many others:—

SHUTER'S GHOST.

"At the same place there was a little dog of the 'pag breed,' and as there was plenty of good-living in the house, he never wanted 'crust nor crumb.' He had a number of antics about him, such as sitting up, begging, &c.; and on account of his comical ways, he was christened 'Shuter's Ghost.' He had a custom of visiting all the theatres, (when he was so disposed) and admitted behind the scenes. It was remarked of him, that he was sure to be there on the first night of a new piece or a first appearance; and so well did he know the boundary line behind the curtain, that he never over-stepped the prompter's chalk. When the winter theatres were closed, he took up his quarters at the 'Blue Posts' tavern in the Haymarket, then kept by one Warburton, but now held by Mr. William Banks (the once celebrated harlequin at Astley's, Royal Circus, &c.) and visited the little theatre the same as he did the others. But cruel death arrested his course, and like all beings he paid the debt of nature: yet such was the veneration or esteem in which his eccentric character was held, that his skin was taken off, and in his usual posture of begging, he was preserved in a glass case, and we believe has ever since been handed down as an heir-loom to the premises, even to this day."

LORD MANSFIELD AND JOSEPH JACOBS, nicknamed JOE WANT MONEY.

"DURING the time the above able lawyer presided as Chief Justice of the King's Bench, this same Joseph Jacobs was in the constant habit of justifying bail for considerable sums before him; and one day, when he went up to justify for a very heavy sum, he was opposed by Serjeant Davy, who had a mortal hatred to him, and questioned him as usual about his property; but Joe was dressed according to the costume of that time, and covered all over with gold lace, upon which Lord Mansfield archly replied, 'Oh! take him, he'll burn for the money.' At another time, Serjeant Davy was again opposed to him, and Joe coming to the knowledge that there was a bill of the Serjeant's lying over-due in Cornhill, took it up, and when the counsel, as he thought was cutting Joe up without mercy, upon his being asked, 'Where's your property, Joe?' he answered, 'In my pocket;' for he had been previously furnished with the amount he was to hail for in notes with the exception of the Serjeant's bill; and adds, 'Here de are in notes in part; and if you will just take up dat bill, (handing it to the Serjeant) vich is so long over-due, it vil make up de monish.' A loud laugh ensued, and his bill was taken."

OLD GRIMALDI AND NO POPERY.

"IN the year 1780, during the riots in London, it was a common practice to write in chalk on the street-doors and shutters of the houses, 'No Popery.' Grimaldi seeing it went into the streets and says, 'Vat is all dis about?' When he was informed that he must write on the outside of his house 'No Popery;' upon which he immediately goes in the front, (as we suppose to steer clear of all parties) and writes up, 'No religion at all here,' which was so good naturedly read by the rioters, that he and his premises were passed unmolested."

THE ORIGIN OF GORES AND STAYS.

"The tavern called the 'Queen's Head,' in Duke's-court, Bow-street, was once kept by a facetious individual of the name of Jupp. Two celebrated characters,

Annesley Shag and Bob Toddrington, a sporting man (caricatured by old Dighton, and nicknamed by him the knowing one, from his having converted to his own use a large sum of money intrusted to him by the noted 'Dick England,' who was compelled to fly the country, having shot Mr. Rolls in a duel, which had a fatal termination,) met one evening at the above place, went to the bar and asked for half a quarten each, with a little cold water. In the course of time they drank four and twenty, when Shay said to the other, 'Now we'll go.' 'O, no,' replied he, 'We'll have another and then go.' This did not satisfy the Hibernians, and they continued drinking on till three in the morning, when they both agreed to go; so that under the idea of *going* they made a *long stay*, and this was the origin of drinking *goes*: but another, determined to eke out the measure his own way, used to call for a quarten at a time, and these in the exercise of his humour he called *stays*.

TOM WESTON.

"WHEN the Bristol theatre was under the management of Messrs. Holland and Powell, Mr. Weston applied for an engagement, and was readily accepted. He had not performed many times before he was attacked by a violent fever, occasioned by his irregularity and excesses. The faculty deemed him irrecoverable, and declined farther prescriptions; but Tom possessed a peculiar kind of sarcastic philosophy, which induced him to hold danger in contempt rather than any measures to avert it; so that he was continually jesting on his own infirmities, and ridiculing his friends on their anxiety for his recovery. Several of his brother actors paid him a visit one morning, and formally took leave of him, as they supposed, for the last time; and Weston, observing an unusual solemnity in their manner, insisted on knowing the cause, which he had no sooner learnt, than he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following lines:—

"Here lie the bones of Thomas Weston,
Who all his life was made a jest on:
He ne'er refused to pay his club,
But still was thought a mighty Scrub.†"

"There," says he, handing the paper, "take my epitaph; but, if I am not well enough to play Scrub this day month, I will forfeit a pail full of punch, dead or alive."

MR. DAVID GARRICK'S LAST MOMENTS.

"The following is an extract from 'The Gazetteer, and New Daily Advertiser,' of Friday, January 29th, 1779.

"Mr. Garrick was perfectly sensible when Dr. Schomburg visited him at eleven o'clock on the Tuesday morning, (previous to his death on the Wednesday) and as the Doctor made the fifth physician in the room, and had entered the last, Mr. Garrick squeezed him heartily by the hand and said with great affection, 'though last, not least in our dear love,' accompanying his words with a most arch and significant look, and at the same time pointing to the other physicians, as much as to say—"You see what company I am in."

"Another as to his funeral, from the same paper:

"A correspondent informs us, that the corpse of the late David Garrick, Esq. is to be interred on Monday next at one o'clock at noon, in Westminster Abbey, beneath Shakespeare's monument. The coffin is covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with silver furniture gilt, and lined with

white satin. The inscription mentions that he died in his 63rd year, which he would have completed had he lived till the 10th of next month."

"And another as to the high compliment paid to his memory:—

"But two instances can be produced of a theatre royal being shut on the death of a private person. The first that ever happened in this country was at Liverpool some few years since, when the theatre was shut the night of the day on which an account arrived of the death of Mr. Gibson, of Covent Garden Theatre, who was patentee, and much respected as a man. The second was on Wednesday night, when Drury Lane shut on account of the death of Mr. Garrick."

CHARLES BANNISTER AND THE COOK.

"The facetious Charles Bannister being once a little in embarrassed circumstances, turned coal merchant to add to his revenue; and being a very generous man, he went about at Christmas to give the cooks of the different taverns he served what is commonly called a 'Christmas box.' The master of one of them being in the kitchen with him, Charles gave the cook a crown, 'No, no!' says the host, 'That's too much.' 'Pshaw!' replied the former, 'don't you see that she's GRATE-FULL?'"

WESTON AND GARRICK.

"ONE evening, when Mr. Weston was announced to play *Scrub*, and Garrick *Archer*, in the course of the day he sent to Mr. Garrick a letter, requesting a loan of money, as he was continually in the practice of doing, under the impression that he was arrested. This Mr. Garrick at last discovered, and in consequence refused sending at that time what Weston had requested, upon which the latter neglected going to the theatre at his usual time; and when the hour of performance arrived, Mr. Garrick came forward and said as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Weston being taken suddenly ill, he is not capable of appearing before you this evening; and therefore, if it meets your approbation, I will perform the part of Scrub in his stead." Weston being in the two shilling gallery with a sham bailiff, hallowed out, 'I am here and can't come; I am arrested.' Upon which the audience sided with Mr. Weston, by insisting he should play the part, which the manager was obliged to acquiesce in, by paying the supposed debt, to the no small mortification of David."

"It is curious to observe, that he was never known to have a master, nor had he ever any actual place of residence; but, like a citizen of the world, he lived at large, and was the 'Jeremy Diddler' of the *cantac* race in 'Raising the Wind'; but, unlike his brotherhood, he had the consolation at a certainty of 'knowing where he should dine.'"

"† Alluding to his high reputation for the performance of *Scrub* in the *Beaux Stratagem*."

Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends. London: Henry Colburn. 2 Vols. 8vo.

THE contents of these volumes are of a nature that affords little material for comment or particular observation. With the ingenious author's do-

mestic habits, his amiable manners, and benevolent heart, the world have long been made acquainted; for no author's posthumous fame owes more to the affection and kindness of his numerous biographers than that of our favorite poet Cowper's. The reverend gentleman to whom the public is indebted for this additional knowledge of the genuine sentiments of so good a man, is incorporated in our regards for the poet, to whom he was allied in consanguinity; for the latter days of the author of the "Task" were beguiled of many a sad hour, by the devotion of this mild and affectionate relative. We have enjoyed many a friendly chat with the reverend doctor by the fire-side of a mutual friend, and not unfrequently the distinguished author of these letters has been the theme. We moreover recollect presenting a series of small designs some years since to our friend, taken from passages in Cowper's poems, to decorate an inkstand, made from a branch of his favorite oak. Of the letters in question, we can offer no particular opinion, other than that they are the effusions of a sensible and elegant pen, and dictated by as pure and truly christian feelings as we have ever known to adorn the human mind. Many of these epistles are written on occasions that are of little importance, and on subjects of no particular interest. Some are valuable for the pious and philosophical sentiments which they express, in a moral point of view, abstracted of all other considerations, and some are highly amusing for that peculiar naïveté for which he was famed. We, however, know not how to afford a notion of the general character of this collection better, than by selecting a few letters and scraps, which we trust will best answer the object of this short notice: namely, to excite a wish amongst the admirers of this poet, to read what perhaps may be the last printed records of his private thoughts:—

"To communicate surprise is almost, perhaps quite as agreeable as to receive it. This is my present motive for writing to you rather than to Mr. Newton. He would be pleased with bearing from me, but he would not be surprised at it; you see, therefore, I am selfish on the present occasion, and principally consult my own gratification. Indeed, if I consulted yours, I should be silent, for I have no such budget as the Minister's, furnished and stuffed with ways and means for every emergency, and shall find it difficult, perhaps, to raise supplies even for a short episode.

"You have observed in common conversation, that the man who coughs the oftenest, (I mean if he has not a cold) does it because he has nothing to say. Even so it is in letter writing: a long preface, such as mine, is an ugly symptom, and always forbodes great sterility in the following pages.

"The vicarage-house became a melancholy object, as soon

as Mr. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy: now it is actually occupied by another family, even I cannot look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden this evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, 'that used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber door sounds just as it used to do, and when Mr. P—— goes up stairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot could hardly, perhaps, be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again.' These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me upon the occasion; * * * If I were in a condition to leave Olney too, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place binds me here, but an unwillingness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business with the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and their's would be shocking to me.

"Such are my thoughts about the matter; others are more deeply affected, and by more weighty considerations, having been many years the objects of a ministry which they had reason to account themselves happy in the possession of. * * * * *

"We were concerned at your account of Robert, and have little doubt but he will shuffle himself out of his place. Where he will find another, is a question not to be resolved by those who recommended him to this. I wrote him a long letter a day or two after the receipt of your's, but I am afraid it was only clapping a blister upon the crown of a wig-block.

"I have been in continual fear lest every post should bring a summons for the Abbé Raynal; and am glad that I have finished him before my fears were realized. I have kept him long, but not through neglect or idleness. I read the five volumes to Mrs. Unwin; and my voice will seldom serve me with more than an hour's reading at a time. I am indebted to him for much information upon subjects, which, however interesting, are so remote from those with which country folks in general are conversant, that had not his works reached me at Olney, I should for ever have been ignorant of them.

"I admire him as a philosopher, as a writer, as a man of extraordinary intelligence, and no less extraordinary abilities to digest it. He is a true patriot. But then the world is his country. The frauds and tricks of the cabinet, and the counter, seem to be equally objects of his aversion; and if he had not found that religion too had undergone a mixture of artifice, in its turn, perhaps he would have been a Christian."

"When I was at Margate, it was an excursion of pleasure to go to see Ramsgate. The pier, I remember, was accounted a most excellent piece of stone-work, and such I found it. By this time I suppose it is finished, and surely it is no small advantage, that you have an opportunity of observing how nicely those great stones are put together, as often as you please, without either trouble or expence. * * * * * There was not, at that time, much to be seen in the Isle of Thanet, besides the beauty of the country, and the fine prospects of the sea, which are no where surpassed, except in the Isle of Wight, or upon some parts of the coast of Hampshire. One sight, however, I remember, engaged my curiosity, and I went to see it. A fine piece of ruins, built by the late Lord

Holland, at a great expense, which, the day after I saw it, tumbled down for nothing. Perhaps, therefore, it is still a ruin; and if it is, I would advise you by all means to visit it, as it must have been much improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord.

"I remember (the last thing I mean to remember upon this occasion) that Sam Cox, the counsel, walking by the seaside, as if absorbed in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, 'I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a sprat.'"

"When I write to Mr. Newton, he answers me by letter; when I write to you, you answer me in fish. I return you many thanks for the mackerel and lobsters. They assured me in terms as intelligible as pen and ink could have spoken, that you still remember *Orchard-side*; and though they never spoke in their lives, and it was still less to be expected from them that they should speak, being dead, they gave an assurance of your affection, that corresponds exactly with that which Mr. Newton expresses towards us in all his letters. * * * * *

"You have never yet, perhaps, been made acquainted with the unfortunate Tom F—'s misadventure. He and his wife, returning from Homslope fair, were coming down Westons-lane; to wit, themselves, their horse, and their great wooden panniers, at ten o'clock at night. The horse having a lively imagination, and very weak nerves, fancied he either saw or heard something, but has never been able to say what. A sudden fright will impart activity, and a momentary vigour, even to lameness itself. Accordingly, he started, and sprang from the middle of the road to the side of it, with such surprising alacrity, that he dismounted the gingerbread baker, and his gingerbread wife, in a moment. Not contented with this effort, nor thinking himself yet out of danger, he proceeded as fast as he could to a full gallop, rushed against the gate at the bottom of the lane, and opened it for himself, without perceiving that there was any gate there. Still he galloped, and with a velocity and momentum continually increasing, till he arrived in Olney. I had been in bed about ten minutes, when I heard the most uncommon and unaccountable noise that can be imagined. It was, in fact, occasioned by the clattering of ten patty-pans and a Dutch oven against the side of the panniers. Much gingerbread was picked up in the street, and Mr. Lucy's windows were broken all to pieces. Had this been all, it would have been a comedy, but we learned the next morning, that the poor woman's collar-bone was broken, and she has hardly been able to resume her occupation since."

* * * * *

"This morning I said to Mrs. Unwin, 'I must write to Mrs. King, her long silence alarms me—something has happened.' These words of mine proved only a prelude to the arrival of your messenger with his most welcome charge, for which I return you my sincerest thanks. You have sent me the very things I wanted, and which I should have continued to want, had not you sent them. As often as the wine came on the table, I have said to myself, 'This is all very well, but I have no bottle-stands;' and myself as often replied, 'No matter, you can make shift without them.' Thus I and myself have conferred together many a day, and you, as if you had been privy to the conference, have

kindly supplied the deficiency, and put an end to the debate for ever."

* * * * *

"Returning from my walk at half-past three, I found your welcome messenger in the kitchen, and entering the study, found also the beautiful present with which you had charged him.* We have all admired it, (for Lady Heaketh was here to assist us in doing so;) and for my own particular, I return you my sincerest thanks, a very inadequate compensation. Mrs. Unwin, not satisfied to send you thanks only, begs your acceptance likewise of a turkey, which, though the figure of it might not much embellish a counterpane, may possibly serve hereafter to swell the dimensions of a feather-bed."

* * * * *

"On Tuesday I received your letters, and on Tuesday came the pheasants, for which I am indebted in many thanks, as well as Mrs. Unwin, both to your kindness and to your kind friend Mr. Copeman. Our friends the Courtenays have never dined with us since their marriage, *because* we have never asked them; and we have never asked them *because* poor Mrs. Unwin is not so equal to the task of providing for, and entertaining company as before the last illness. But this is no objection to the arrival here of a bustard; rather it is a cause for which we shall be particularly glad to see the monster. It will be a handsome present to *them*. So let the bustard come, as the Lord Mayor of London said to the hare, when he was hunting,—let her come, a God's name: I am not afraid of her."

* * * * *

"Engaged as I have been ever since I saw you, it was not possible that I should write sooner, and busy as I am at present, it is not without difficulty, that I can write even now; but I promised you a letter, and must endeavour, at least, to be as good as my words. How do you imagine I have been occupied these last ten days? In sitting not on cockatrice eggs, nor yet to gratify a mere idle humour, nor because I was too sick to move; but because my cousin Johnson has an aunt who has a longing desire of my picture, and because he would, therefore, bring a painter from London to draw it. For this purpose I have been sitting, as I say, these ten days, and am heartily glad that my sitting time is over. You have now, I know, a burning curiosity to learn two things, which I may choose whether I will tell you or not. First, who was the painter? and secondly, how he has succeeded? The painter's name is Abbot. You never heard of him, you say. It is very likely; but there is, nevertheless, such a painter, and an excellent one he is. *Multa, sunt quæ bonus Bernadus nec vidit, nec audivit.* To your second enquiry, I answer, that he has succeeded to admiration. The likeness is so strong, that when my friends enter the room where the picture is, they start, astonished to see me where they know I am not. Miserable man that you are, to be at Brighton instead of being here, to contemplate this prodigy of art, which, therefore, you can never see; for it goes to London next Monday, to be suspended awhile at Abbot's, and then proceeds into Norfolk, where it will be suspended for ever."

"Thanks for a turbot, a lobster, and Captain Brydone, a gentleman, who relates his travels so agreeably, that he deserves always to travel with an agreeable companion. I have been reading Gray's works, and think him the only poet since Shakespeare, entitled to the character of sublime.

Perhaps you will remember that I once had a different opinion of him; I was prejudiced. He did not belong to our Thursday society, and was an Eton man, which lowered him prodigiously in our esteem. I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think, equally poignant with the Dean's."

* A patch-work counterpane of her own making.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

MEMORANDA OF THE ARTS.—NO. 1.

DEAR EPHRAIM,

ALTHOUGH I do not aspire to the credit which you have gained by your entertaining garrulity of Wine and Walnuts, which, to my great disappointment, you have again forgotten in the last "Somerset," yet, perhaps, boy as I am to you, you will allow me the privilege of a "*brave forty-two*," and give a corner to my reminiscences, which you may fill up as ye list:—and, first of all the veteran Baillie, an amateur of no mean execution in the mezzo or middle tint, humbly called "*scraping*," by the clever M'Ardell. You were probably acquainted personally with Captain Baillie, while I only know him through the medium of Gillray,* where he is represented by the side of our old friend, Caleb Whitefoord, but in comparison of whom he was a *tall copy*, yet of the same class. He is there depicted with spectacles, not on nose, but reversed, which his too eager haste, like the barber's slippers of Shakespeare, has placed not according to their proper destination. His grey coat, not like our late President of Norfolk at the Society of Arts, in cut, is of more ample dimensions, with pockets which might hold a folio or a cut octavo. But enough of this—I must begin a plain tale, though not exactly an *artificial* one. It ought to be a true one, for it came originally from his near relation, with some few additions gleaned from another quarter: why it was never published I cannot say.

CAPTAIN BAILLIE.

William Baillie was born at Kilbride, in the county of Carlow, an estate still in the possession of the family, June 5, 1723. He was educated in Dublin, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Sheridan, and about the age of eighteen was sent to London by his father, for the purpose of studying the law, and with that view entered himself of the Middle Temple. He, however, soon expressed a wish to follow the example of a younger brother who had entered the army; but William was prevented, for some time, from following the same bias by the expostulations of his father, and other of his friends, and it was not until he had stated his intention of joining some regiment, probably as a volunteer, that he was allowed to accept of a commission which was offered him by Lord Archibald Hamilton, in Harry Pulteney's, or the Thirteenth Regiment of Foot. He joined this regiment as the senior ensign, previously to the battle of Lafeldt, and carried the colours in that engagement. In the retreat and confusion which prevailed in the English army after the battle, he was separated, with the other ensigns, from the regiment, and in order to preserve the colours as well as them-

selves, they were compelled to join another British corps, with which they continued until the following day, when they were enabled to rejoin their own regiment, to the inexpressible delight of the colonel, who had given up his ensigns for lost. Mr. Baillie continued to serve with this regiment for many years, and was at the battle of Culloden, under the Duke of Cumberland; and in several engagements in Germany with the Marquis of Granby.

In the year 1755-6, when the Fifty-first Regiment was raised, he being then one of the oldest lieutenants in the service, obtained a company, and was with the regiment as captain of the grenadiers and paymaster at the glorious battle of Minden, under Prince Ferdinand. Some time after this he exchanged into the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, in which he continued some years; but his health failing him, and being "tired of war's alarms," he was allowed, by the Commander-in-Chief, to sell his commission, as a reward for the long and severe service he had undergone.

He had, after the engagement under Prince Ferdinand, amused himself with drawing the plan of the battle of Minden, which plan he gave to a brother officer, and by some means it found its way to Ferdinand, who sent him a present with his compliments, as a return for the pleasure which his highness received from it.

When Captain B. retired from the army, he was made a commissioner of the stamp duties, in which situation he acted for twenty-five years, and retired with a pension from that board, which he enjoyed until his death, which took place in December, 1810, in the 88th year of his age.—It is, perhaps, not a little remarkable, that within a very few years, Captain Baillie's elder brother, who was archdeacon of Cashel, himself, Lieut.-colonel R. Baillie, who entered the army at the same time with the subject of this memoir, Captain Thomas Baillie of the navy, and lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital,† together with a sister of the above parties, were all living at one time, having attained, upon an average, the advanced ages of eighty years each.

The productions of art by Captain Baillie partake of professional excellence. At what time he took up engraving is uncertain. The portrait "*scraped*" by himself after a picture by Hone, is highly creditable to his talents: the figures supporting this portrait are by Caroline Watson. He has also engraved above one hundred plates after various masters, fifty of which were published, about the year 1774, in 1 vol. by Walter Shropshire, in Bond-street. In 1804, he was engaged in another volume, part of which had already been before the public. It is said that his productions have fetched much higher prices at Dutch auctions than they ever did in England. In some of his works he has blended mezzotint and etching with great success, as may be seen in his portrait of Vitenbogaard the gold-weigher of Banker, after Rembrandt. He was much employed in forming collections of art for several of our nobility, among whom were those of Lord Bute, and Lord Liverpool's at Addiscombe Park; and patronized Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter.

Capt. Baillie married between seventy and eighty, and had several children: these he has made the subjects of his pencil, as a study of naked cherubims, in the style of Rubens.

The lady he married was the daughter of an innkeeper in Germany, who had formed an attachment for him, and with whom she eloped from her native country.

In granulating his plates, he used the turkey stone, a medium resorted to by the celebrated Meilan. In the study and prosecution of the arts, Captain Baillie has been heard

to say, he passed the happiest hours of his life. "Pursue the arts," said he once to a young friend, "with the satisfaction and avidity which I have, and they will prove a source of comfort and pleasure to you when you are old."

Among the works of Captain Baillie is an etching by Rembrandt, restored by the Captain, who found it among some old copper: an impression of which I also have.

J. C.

* In connoisseurs examining a collection of George Morland's.

† This gentleman was charged with publishing a libel on Lord Sandwich, who had dismissed him from his appointment at Greenwich. This cause called forth the talents of Lord Erskine, then rising into notice.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,

February 3, 1824.

I HAVE been much pleased with your interesting work, and heartily wish you success, yet permit me to add that, in my humble opinion, like most other works, it may be improved. The public are always eager for news—dry dissertation alone will not suffice. In the *Annals*, and likewise the *Magazine of the Fine Arts*, the most agreeable was frequently the latter part of the Number—Intelligence relative to the *Fine Arts*—Notice of Works in hand—Sales of Pictures, &c. &c. Both these works having been discontinued, I, in common with many others, from the title of your work, especially since you named it the *Gazette*, expected much interesting information, with great part of which your readers would, if you wished it, supply you.

Yesterday being varnishing day, curiosity led me to the British Institution, and I must confess I felt much disappointed, after reading in No. XVI. your account of Mr. Eastlake's pictures. Living models, I suppose, are scarce in Italy, or Mr. E. would not repeat the same subject so often. The *Bandit Chief*, which you say is a performance of great merit, possesses no more than the *Wounded Chief* exhibited last year, the present picture being the figures reversed as an engraver would on the copper-plate.

Travelling does not seem to have improved Mr. Etty: the raw, heavy lump of blue drapery in the middle of his picture, without any thing to relieve it, has a very harsh appearance; the drawing and colouring are very inferior to the *Cupid and Psyche*, which he copied from a *bas-relief* by the late Mr. Dear.

Mr. Howard has a sweet picture similar to the *Pleiades* in Sir J. Leicester's Gallery, but the clouds want softening: at present they have too much green and yellow towards the top of the group. Mr. E. Landseer has not equalled his former productions: the monkey is well drawn, but the neck and breast of the cat want finish and fore-shortening; it is now a confused mass of white, and the other parts of the picture raw and undecided. There are several good subjects in domestic life. Messrs. Fraser and Clater display considerable improvement: the latter has likewise two subjects on a larger scale than usual. Mr. Slous has a battle, which seems to be very well painted, but placed so high that it is impossible to determine. Beneath it hangs a landscape glaring with all sorts of colours, which ought to be removed as far as possible from the eye; but perhaps Messrs. Young

and Barnard have their own reasons for such arrangements. It does not appear well for the British school to see a foreign picture at each end of the gallery; but since the directors say they have no money to encourage artists in the higher departments, either by premium or purchase, what else can be expected: last year they could not afford a shilling for native talent, but could spare 2,050l. for an old picture.

I am, Sir, your humble servant and constant reader,

J. B.

P. S. Mr. Foggo seems completely to have lost himself in attempting the grand style.

JAMES FIRST DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Letter from King Charles I. to this unfortunate Nobleman. From Lodge's Illustrious Personages.

"HAMILTON,

"HAVING much to say, and little time to write, I have commanded this trusty bearer to supply the shortness of this letter, which, though it be chiefly to give trust to what he shall say to you in my name, yet I cannot but assure you by my own hand, that no ill offices have had the power to lessen my confidence in you, or my estimation of you; for you shall find me

"Your most assured, real, constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

Emboldened by these kind expressions, and every day more clearly informed of the activity of his adversaries, he now determined to justify himself personally to the king; and on the 18th of December arrived at Oxford; but they had employed the short interval so successfully, that he was arrested, together with his brother Lanerick, on entering the town. The matters charged against him, couched in eight articles of great length, were delivered to him; and if we are to give them credit, the whole of his long administration of the affairs of Scotland was a continued tissue of disloyalty and selfishness. He answered them, however, severally, with great clearness and plausibility, and besought for a speedy trial; but his accusers replied, that till the public commotions should be quieted, it would not be possible for them to procure the attendance of their witnesses. His complaints of this injustice were disregarded, and he was sent a close prisoner to Pendennis Castle in Cornwall, with Lanerick, who soon after availed himself of a less rigorous confinement, to make his escape; and the Duke's place of captivity was changed, within a few months, to St. Michael's Mount, in the same county, where he remained till the latter end of April, 1646, when he was liberated by the surrender of that fortress to the rebels. He is said now to have determined to retire from public affairs, but that the unhappy resolution taken just at that time by Charles, to throw himself into the hands of the Scots, drew him again into action. He waited at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the succeeding July, on the king, who not only received him with kindness, but apologized to him for having given the order for his imprisonment, saying, "that it was extorted from him much against his heart, and that he stood out against all the importunities of the Duke's enemies, till the very morning he came to Oxford, on which most of the whole court came about him, and said they would all desert him if he yielded not to their desires."

The nineteen bitter propositions by which the English Parliament, in concert with the Scottish commissioners,

sought to destroy the ecclesiastical establishment, and to strip the crown of most of its authority, were now delivered to the king. Hamilton pressed him with earnestness to accede to them; and on his steady refusal, asked and obtained leave to quit the little shadow of a court which still surrounded him. The Duke departed with a degree of disgust, which, however, did not prevent him from exerting his vain endeavours in the country, against the fury of the rebellion, by various devices, on which he constantly corresponded with Charles, whose friendship for him seemed unalterable; and he was so engaged when that miserable prince was sold by his countrymen to the English, and led into captivity.

Scotland now vainly employed to retrieve its disgrace by means which, had they been lately exerted in defence of the king, would have redounded to its lasting honour. An army was raised for the purpose of rescuing Charles, and replacing him on his throne; and the Duke of Hamilton was appointed Commander-in-Chief. In spite of vehement opposition from the fanatic clergy, extensive levies were made, and the troops—ten thousand infantry, and four thousand horse, ill provided, ill accoutred, and without artillery, marched into England in July, 1648. The rebel force in the north retreated before them; and having on their way into Lancashire reduced Appleby Castle, they proceeded to Kendal, where they were joined by the Scottish regiments which had for some time served in Ireland, and had now left that country to attach themselves to the royal cause. Almost destitute of intelligence, they reached Preston before they discovered that the troops under Lambert, which they had expected to meet, had been lately joined by a force yet superior, commanded by Cromwell, whose very name was now a host. The rebel army was so near, that Hamilton had no choice but to engage; and the result of a short action left him no chance of avoiding ruin, but in a hasty retreat towards Scotland. He marched precipitately into Staffordshire, and reached Uttoxeter, where the misery and confusion of the remnant of his troops having been completed by a mutiny among them, he was on the point of surrendering to the Governor of Stafford and the militia of the county, when he was spared that ignominy by the appearance of Lambert, with whom, in the last week of August, 1648, he signed articles of capitulation, one of which expressly provided for the security of the lives of himself and those who were captured with him. He was now conducted to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, where he remained a close prisoner in the Castle, till the beginning of December, when he was removed to Windsor, where he had the melancholy gratification of seeing once more his unfortunate prince. On the 21st of the month, the king was led through that town to the place of his approaching sacrifice, and Hamilton obtained leave to speak to him for a moment. It was a pathetic moment! The duke knelt on the road as the royal victim passed, and kissing his hand exclaimed, "My dear master!" Charles embraced him with tenderness, and said, "I have indeed been so to you!" They were then hastily separated. During his confinement at Windsor, Cromwell repeatedly visited him, in the vain hope of tempting him to discover the persons in England with whom he had concerted his late ill-fated enterprize, and in their conversations let fall some expressions, which, together with the diabolical fury that marked the proceedings then carrying on against the king, left him no room to hope either for justice or mercy. He resolved, therefore, to attempt an escape; and having planned the means with a Mr. Cole, one of his faith-

ful retainers, and bribed his keeper, left his prison on the night of the memorable 30th of January, and rode towards London, where, through an alteration imprudently made by himself to the appointed place of meeting with Cole, he fell into the hands of some rebel soldiers in Southwark, and was immediately committed to strict custody. On the 6th of the following month he was brought to a trial before the same persons, who, under the assumed denomination of the High Court of Justice, had a few days before decreed the murder of their king. It was extended to eleven days, in a hypocritical affectation of solemn and candid enquiry, of which there needs no better proof than the determination of his judges, that the engagement in the treaty at Uxoteter for the safety of his life had no further meaning than that he should be protected at the time from the vengeance of the soldiery.

HENRY JENKINS, OF ELLERTON IN YORKSHIRE.

WHEN I first came to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was, he paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162-3; and I asked what kings he remembered? he said Henry the Eighth. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said, Flodden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said no he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then? He said I believe I might be between ten and twelve; for says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and King Henry the Eighth was then at Tournay: and yet it is observable, that this Jenkins could neither write or read; there were also four or five in the same parish, that were reputed all of them to be one hundred years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any register were in churches, as it is said: he told me then too, that he was butler to the lord Conyers, and remembered the abbot of Fountain's Abbey very well, before the dissolution of the Monasteries. Henry Jenkins' departed this life, Dec. 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale, in Yorkshire: the battle of Flodden Field was fought, Dec. 9th, 1513, and he was about twelve years old when Flodden Field was fought; so that this Henry Jenkins, lived one hundred and sixty-nine years, viz.—sixteen years longer than old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdiluvian world. In the last century of his life, he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streuns. His diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He hath sworn in Chancery and other courts to above one hundred and forty years' memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of one hundred years.—In the King's Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer, is a record in a deposition of a cause, by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering, in Yorkshire, where

Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, aged one and fifty-seven years, was produced, and deposed as usual.

upon a monument erected at Bolton, in Yorkshire, the subscription of several, to the Memory of Henry Jenkins.

Blush not, marble,
To rescue from Oblivion
The Memory of
HENRY JENKINS,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a Life truly memorable ;

FOR
He was enriched
With the goods of Nature,
If not of Fortune,
And Happy
In the Duration,
If not Variety
Of his Enjoyments ;

AND
Tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble State,
The equal eye of Providence,
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of Days,
To teach mistaken Man !
These Blessings are entailed on Temperance—
A Life of labour, and a mind at Ease.
He lived to the amazing Age of
169.

Was interred here, December 6,
1670.

And had this justice done to his Memory,
1743.

Caulfield's Characters of remarkable Persons.

The interesting events that occurred during this man's life are very extraordinary.—He was born when popery was established by law ; he saw the Papal supremacy thrown down, two Queens beheaded ; the monasteries dissolved ; the Protestant Religion established ; and Popery again set up as usual. In his time the King of Spain was crowned King of Spain, and a third Queen beheaded, the whole navy of Spain destroyed by the English, the Republic of Holland formed, the Protestant Religion firmly settled in England. In his time the King of Scotland was crowned at Westminster, his son and successor beheaded before the gates of his palace ; the government of the Church and State overthrown ; the Royal Family proscribed as traitors, and again set on the throne.

MISCELLANEA.

In the last age has been particularly fatal to ancient gates and houses. Almost all the old gates of the city—those in New-street, and at Old Palace-yard, Westminster, and the

White-hall gate, built from the design of Hans Holbein, were taken down within fifty years. Subsequently the gate at the entrance of Oxford, and a fine gothic conduit hard-by were removed, and the famous cross at Coventry was subjected to the same fate. Most of these curious structures were entirely demolished ; three were carefully taken down, and re-erected ; and if we dare trust our frail memories, we think they were thus disposed of.

Hans Holbein's gate, which stood across Parliament-street, opposite the present building for the Horse-guards, was given to William Duke of Cumberland, the uncle of our late sovereign, with the intention of re-erecting it in Windsor Great-park. The Oxford conduit, was set up by the Earl of Harcourt, at Newbam Harcourt, and the cross, at Stourhead, the seat of that polite scholar, and munificent patron of arts, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. If this short statement should be erroneous, we shall correct it in a future number.

The following lines, written by Pope, were occasioned by the removal of an old *Doric gate*, from Chelsea-road, into Lord Burlington's Gardens at Chiswick. It did belong to Sir Hans Sloane, but he neglecting it, Lord Burlington begged it of him.

Passenger,

O Gate ! how cam'st thou here ?

Gate,

I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather ;
Inigo Jones put me together ;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone ;
Burlington brought me hither.

A lady soon after seeing a gate carried by, between two men, made these lines extempore, in allusion to the other :—

O gate, where art thou going ?
But it was not so knowing
As yonder gate
That talked of late ;
So on it went, without reply :
At least I heard it not—not I.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to our "WEEKLY ADMIRER," we admit that his reasons for an eminent rising artist's late practice are strong, but not convincing. We are aware, however, that patronage is often at variance with what it professes, and that genius is too frequently fettered by the prejudices of public taste. We intend to offer a paper upon this important subject.—The article "EAST INDIA MUSEUM," is received, and will appear. Contributions from the same quarter will be very acceptable. The letter signed W. H. on the British Institution shall appear next week. We court such articles. The biographic sketch of Captain Baillie, the well known amateur and connoisseur, we accept with thanks. Original scraps of this complexion add to the interest of our pages.—We beg to express our best thanks for several polite notes received since our last number. Nothing could have been more grateful than the approbation derived through such respected channels.

E. W.'s friendly proposal for Monday evening, is so entirely to our taste as connoisseurs, that much as we are pressed for time, we purpose to be present at so interesting an exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, And Literary Museum:

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No. XX.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.]

ADDRESS.

THE PROPRIETORS of the SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, have the pleasure of announcing to their Subscribers and Friends, that they have purchased the entire copy-right of the LITERARY MUSEUM; and in availing themselves of the great talent with which that Paper was conducted, flatter themselves the SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE AND LITERARY MUSEUM, united, will henceforward be the more acceptable, as giving more copious details of all that is interesting to the lovers of Literature, Art, and Science, than either, separately, could have contained before.

They hope the change thus made will be approved of by the Subscribers and Patrons of the LITERARY MUSEUM; for in addition to the great mass of literary information placed before them in that miscellany, the strength and interest attached to the writers in the SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE will be given to it; and the whole sold, in a much neater form, at a reduced price.

The Fine Arts in particular will continue to occupy a considerable portion of the columns of the SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE; and all communications upon Painting, Sculpture, Engraving and Architecture, will be highly acceptable.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

It might have been expected that we should have prefaced our notices of the pictures in the present exhibition in this gallery, by some observations on the general comparative merits of the productions of this year, with those which have been exhibited on the same walls for several preceding seasons. We should have pursued that course, could we have done so with advantage to the cause which we are zealous to promote: for had the present collection afforded subject for gratulation—had we seen what we had hoped and expected, a general improvement, or indeed any marked advancement individually among the many specimens of the existing school, we should have been eager to make the most of so desired an opportunity, and prompt in using our best exertions in awakening public attention to the facts. But we lament indeed to say, that so far from feeling called upon to express our approval, either from the first impression on entering the gallery, or from our subsequent visits to this truly national institution, we are bound to

declare that we perceive a sad falling off, and that we cannot refrain from adding, painful as it really is to utter the unwilling decision, that it is one of the least worthy of the British school of any that we have seen for the last seven years.

We have undertaken to the best of our abilities to advocate the cause of artists and the arts against the many assailants who decry them either from malice, envy, meddling impertinence, vanity, or through wantonness, or for sport; for to all these causes we know may be ascribed the most pernicious attacks that have been poured upon our ingenious competitors and their works. We may without vain egotism assert, that our efforts have been already productive of good, by exposing to the public the base motives that have actuated so many to make war upon our rising school. We have represented the matter in a new light, and in its true character, and our exertions have been approved.

It behoves those, however, who assume the office of thinking for the great mass of the public on matters of art, and who affect to direct their judgment by improving their taste, to be honest in the discharge of the moral responsibility which they have undertaken. Impressed with a sense of these duties, we cannot forbear the expression of our disappointment on the present occasion, nor of adding that we think too many of the candidates for patronage, on reflecting dispassionately upon their works thus publicly exposed, cannot reasonably complain, should they meet with neglect.

Indeed, we cannot account for this seeming indifference, on the part of the artists, for the reputation of the British Institution. We had for many years in common with others who felt an interest for the advancement of our native school, lamented that prevailing indifference and apathy among the great, who, in their prejudices in favour of the old masters, entirely overlooked the claims which living talent in our native genius had upon their consideration. At length a professor, in his hours of relaxation from the labours of the palette, diverted the spare energies of his mind in the exercise of his pen, and the elegant and patriotic appeal of the *rhymes on art* touched the sympathies of those noble minds to whom they were addressed, and we beheld the British Institution.

We are free to confess, that our respect for the noblemen and gentlemen who projected that munificent plan, increased only as our fears for the interests of the Royal Academy diminished: for we had dreaded lest the éclat of an institution so highly countenanced and powerfully supported, might not be injurious to our national academy. But when it was determined that pictures that

LONDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1834.

had been already publicly exhibited on the walls of Somerset House, were to be admitted for exhibition on the walls of this institution, and that *they* would have the preference, we felt that the members of the Royal Academy would be benefitted rather than injured by so broad and liberal a scheme. How then does it happen that we see so few of the fine pictures by the R. A.'s that have been admired in the Strand, not again displayed in Pall Mall to uphold the credit of our school? Had their merits been duly appreciated within the walls of their own academy, and transferred to grace the galleries of some of our noble collectors, we should have rejoiced. But, alas! we know that too many compositions that are an honour to our country and our age, have returned to their respective authors, who, with a becoming spirit of pride, bear the unmerited neglect in philosophic silence. We however would court genius in her retirement, and invite her forth. We know she is a modest dame, and will remain for ever single, rather than make overtures to wed. Many performances buried in the oblivious repository of an artist's lumber-room, by the artist himself, which we could name had they been brought to light again, would have shone stars in this collection, and have shed a radiance on so dull an atmosphere of art. We however are not wont to speak in metaphor, and shall therefore pursue our subject in sober phrase. We repeat then that this institution is neither supported as we expected, nor as we wished. Complaints were made that there was no mart for the sale of pictures: certain noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and fortune at length established one. They purchased an elegant suite of rooms, invited contributors, opened an exhibition, and to give an éclat to the undertaking, compatible with the feelings of aspirants for fame rather than profit, pursuing a liberal profession, undertook the management of the concern themselves; actually becoming the middle men between the patron and candidate for patronage, and generously taking upon themselves the office of agents for the sale of the works consigned to their market for Fine Arts. Viewing then the munificent and condescending spirit which presides over this institution, and recurring to the general state of patronage previous to its foundation, and subsequent to its establishment, we could almost say that the whole body of the English school of art were morally bound to support it: the Royal Academicians by the liberal conditions conceded to them as the superior professors of the arts; and the rising students, by the facilities which are afforded to the sale of their works, and the honours which they derive from so distinguished a body of noblemen and gentlemen who constitute the management of this institution.

REVIEWS.

The Deformed Transformed; a Drama. By LORD BYRON. London: J. and H. L. Hunt, 1824.

It is an agreeable thing to be enabled to speak of any recent production of Lord Byron in the free and un-

qualified language of praise. It is delightful to witness the penitent reform of a mighty genius abandoning all the grovelling and vulgar impurities in which for a time it has ignobly revelled, and asserting its overwhelming claims to a lofty and befitting station. The "*Deformed Transformed*" is not only an evidence of high talent—of talent in its highest mode of development, but it is likewise a living testimony of amended taste and regenerated morals. We are as little disposed, as most persons, to visit very severely the sins—provided they be merely occasional lapses—of a great genius, but it is impossible to look kindly and quietly upon the recent aberrations of Lord Byron. They are now past, and we will remember them with the hope that to him, as well as to the production before us, the appellation of "*the deformed transformed*" may be given henceforward with justice.

The present drama is a manifest and acknowledged imitation of the "*Faust*" of Goethe. The materials are chiefly borrowed from the story of a novel called "*The Three Brothers*," published many years ago, from which the "*Wood Demon*," of M. G. Lewis, was also taken. One or two of the scenes are not unlike in situation, at least, some of those in "*Cain, a Mystery*." These avowals are made by Lord Byron himself, and exonerate him from any charge of improper concealment of his obligations.

Pretending to few of the qualities of dramatic writing, it does not possess any qualities beyond its pretensions. It is in dialogue—it has a *dramatis personæ*—it is divided into scenes and acts, and yet it is as unlike genuine dramatic composition as can well be imagined. But, then, Lord Byron does not ask that we should class it as a tragedy; and if he did, who would consent to it. In fact, his Lordship's genius is essentially undramatic. It is too selfish, individual, and inalienable in its feelings, modes of thought, and impersonations, to allow his writing the exact character of tragedy. However, we must not indulge in these general observations, but proceed at once to the matter in hand. The story is one of a youth named Arnold, the son of a peasant—"of seven sons the sole abortion." He is hideously mis-shapen, but his feelings and thoughts are of a pure and kindly character. His mother drives him out of the house, and he gives way to the following soliloquy.

"Oh mother!—She is gone, and I must do
Her bidding;—wearily but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?"

[ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.]

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home.—What home? I have no home no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!

Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would add his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me, would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD goes to a spring and stoops to wash his hand :
he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein. [He pauses.

And shall I live on,
A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile, save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This withered slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground, with the
point upwards.

Now 'tis set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his eye
is suddenly caught by the fountain, which
seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterranean
And rocking power of the internal world.
What's here? A mist! No more?—

[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing
upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall black man
comes towards him.]

This "tall black man" is the Devil himself, and he
tempts the unhappy wretch to exchange his own de-
formed person for that of some fairer aspect and more
natural and enduring shape. Several of the ancient
heroes and sages pass before him, Cæsar, Alcibiades,
Socrates, Antony, Demetrius, Poliorcetes, and Achilles.
He chooses the latter; and who would not, judging
from this description.

"The god-like son of the Sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening chrysol, and

Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—behold them?
And him—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in his who slew her brother. So
He stood in the temple! Look upon him as
Greece looked her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew."

The incantation under which "the soul of Arnold
passes into the shape of Achilles," is very beautiful and
spirited. The Devil passes into the abandoned person
of Arnold, and resolves upon being his companion
through the world. They go to Rome, which is at this
time besieged by the confederate army under the com-
mand of the Constable Bourbon. The Devil assumes the
name of Cæsar, and Arnold prefixes to his own the title of
Count. They mount "four coal-black horses," and at the
opening of the second scene we find them in the camp
before Rome. Arnold begins already to repent of a trans-
formation which obliges him to mix and participate in
scenes of slaughter and crime. He has acquired
great fame in the Bourbon army, but his reflections are
constantly embittered and poisoned by the sneers, taunts,
and profligate avowals of his companion-devil. The
Constable and his officers enter, and the dialogue between
them is full of spirit. A few passages are all that we can
afford.

"Philibert.

Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourbon.

That they will falter is my last of fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the Gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
But now—

Philibert.

They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourbon.

True: but those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present Phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

Philibert.

So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

Bourbon.

They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!

Philibert.

I look upon
A lofty battlement.

Bourbon.

And there!

Philibert.

Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Sheltered by the grey parapet, from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourbon.

You are blind.

Philibert.

If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

Bourbon.

A thousand years have manned the walls
With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave.
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs fits
From battlement to battlement.

Philibert.

Then conquer
The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

Bourbon.

True: so I will, or perish.

Philibert.

You can not.
In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death."

The second act opens with the assault, and whilst it
rages, a chorus of spirits in the air, chaunts a wild, fearful,
and highly poetical song of triumph.

"Near—and near—nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awakened ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host;
Heroes of the immortal host!
Mighty Chiefs! Eternal Shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou World's Wonder;
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes;
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! Although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!
Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!
Though the Son who slew his mother,
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:

"Twas the Roman curbed the Roman;—

Brennus was a baffled foeman.

Yet again, ye Saints and Martyrs,

Rise! for yours are holier charters.

Mighty Gods of temples falling,

Yet in ruin still appalling!

Mightier founders of those altars,

True and Christian,—strike the assailers!

Tyber! Tyber! let thy torrent

Show even Nature's self abhorrent.

Let each breathing heart dilated

Turn, as doth the lion baited!

Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,

But be still the Roman's Rome!"

A very powerful and spirited scene then occurs in the
interior of St. Peter's church. There is a good deal of
talking, which is sufficiently enlivened by fighting, and
the scene ends, with Arnold rescuing a Roman lady of the
Colonna family from the licentiousness of his sol-
diers. She refuses his further aid, and dashes herself on
the pavement of the church, but does not die. The sol-
diers, with Cæsar, bear her off to the Colonna palace.
The third part opens with a chorus of peasants in the
Appenines. We will quote a few stanzas.

"The wars are over,

The spring is come;

The bride and her lover

Have sought their home:

They are happy, we rejoice;

Let their ears have an echo in every voice!

The spring is come; the violet's gone,

The first-born child of the early sun;

With us she is but a winter's flower,

The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,

And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue

To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host

Of flowers, that flower beloved the most

Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse

Her heavenly odour and virgin lues.

Pluck the others, but still remember

Their Herald out of dim December—

The morning star of all the flowers,

The pledge of day-light's lengthened hours;

Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget

The virgin, virgin Violet."

And here the present fragment ends. In this incom-
plete state, it is scarcely possible to give any conclusive
opinion upon the production. Unquestionably it abounds
with passages of great power and beauty—such as mark
the best of Lord Byron's performances. The language is
more condensed and pithy than that of Manfred, which
in other respects it is not much unlike. What we have,
though strongly imitative of "Faust," is certainly much
inferior to that greatest production of modern times.
Cæsar is a far more open and frank devil than Mephis-
topheles, but he is not near so skilfully drawn. Arnold
has only a limited portion of the interest which clings
round Faust. The one becomes a victim to his hatred
of personal deformity—the other through ambitious hope
of equaling the spirits in knowledge. As yet we have no
female, to compare with Margaret. It is probable that
the succeeding parts will contain some creature of that

sort. But until the whole is published—we are talking in the dark. For the present we have only to repeat that this last production is not unworthy of its author's best days.

History of Roman Literature, from its Earliest Period to the Augustan Age, 2 vols. By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. Author of the "History of Fiction." London: Longman and Co. 1824.

MR. DUNLOP is already favourably known to the public by his "History of Fiction,"—a work which combined much learned research with great beauty of style and interest of matter. The present volumes contain the fruits of more severe toils, but are not, we think, so gracefully drawn up, or so likely to fascinate the general reader. Of works of mere imagination the larger portion must be obscurely known, but of the literature of Rome, who will confess himself ignorant even of the most unimportant part?—They are almost the earliest volumes that we peruse—they are the sources of nearly all our youthful knowledge—they are the elements of our maturer thought—the guide of our taste—the standard of our acquirements, and the delight of our intellectual life. It is no easy task to fling the charm of novelty over a subject familiar to all the educated part of society—or to tell us any thing which we had not before read, thought, or felt. Mr. Dunlop has done much, but he has not done all. He has written learnedly and well, but he has not been able to divest his volumes of a very large portion of languor and heaviness. The principal object of Mr. Dunlop has been to give a connected view of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Roman Literature,—its peculiar origination, and the peculiar effects which it produced. This has been heretofore but partially done. The works which pretend to the character have rarely risen beyond the rank of a mere *Catalogue Raisonné*. In this respect, then, Mr. Dunlop may claim the praise of something like originality. He divides the literary history of Rome into three great ages—that which preceded Augustus, the epoch which bears that emperor's name, and the interval between his death and the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople. The volumes before us include only the first of these periods, and the investigation of the others is to depend upon the reception of the present work. It commences with an inquiry into the Etruscan origin of Roman literature, and a brief sketch of the rise and formation of the Latin language. It is not until the beginning of the sixth century after the building of Rome, that any vestiges of literature can be found amongst them. Poetry, as with most other nations, was the first of the liberal arts cultivated by the Romans; dramatic poetry, founded on the school of Greece, appears to have been that which was earliest preferred, and Livius Andronicus is the first name of any note which can be discovered in the obscure history of those times.

The plan of the author is to give what is known of the history of each writer's works, and of their influence upon the age in which they were produced, and then to ex-

amine the works themselves in critical detail. This it will be evident is a business of infinite labour, and to be faithfully done, would require the diligent occupation of a whole life; but we, who are somewhat up to the reviewing art, know certain professional processes by which such tasks are greatly facilitated and abridged. Mr. D. scatters over his criticisms flowers of all sorts, and illustrates his opinions by references to modern as well as ancient literature. As a specimen of his manner we take the following passage from the account of Plautus:

"The parasites of Plautus would be almost as deserving a dissertation as the clowns of Shakespeare. Parasite, as is well known, was a name originally applied in Greece to persons devoted to the service of the gods, and who were appointed for the keeping of the sacred provisions of the temples. Diodorus of Sinope, as quoted by Athenæus, after speaking of the dignity of the sacred parasites of Hercules, mentions that the rich, in emulation of this demigod, chose as followers persons called parasites, who were not selected for their virtues or talents, but were remarkable for extravagant flattery to their superiors, and insolence to those inferiors who approached the persons of their masters. This was the character which came to be represented on the stage. We learn from Athenæus, that a parasite was introduced in one of his plays by Epicharmus, the founder of the Greek Comedy. The parasite of this ancient dramatist lay at the feet of the rich, eat the offals of their table, and drank the dregs of their cups. He speaks of himself as of a person ever ready to dine abroad when invited, and when any one was to be married, to go to his house without an invitation—to pay for his good cheer by exciting the merriment of the company, and to retire as soon as he had eat and drunk sufficiently, without caring whether he was lighted out by the slaves. In the most ancient comedies, however, this character was not denominated parasite, and was first so called in a play of Araros, the son of Aristophanes, and one of the earliest authors of the middle comedy. Antiphanes, a dramatist of the same class, has given a very full description of the vocation of a parasite. The part, however, did not become extremely common till the introduction of the new comedy, one of the writers of which, Diphilus, whose works were frequently imitated on the Roman stage, particularly excelled in his delineation of the parasitical character. In the Greek theatre, the part was usually represented by young men, dressed in a black or brown garb, and wearing masks expressive of malignant gaiety. They carried a goblet suspended round their waists, probably lest the slaves of their patrons should fill to them in too small cups; and also a phial of oil to be used at the bath, which was a necessary preparation before sitting down to table, for which the parasite required to be always ready at a moment's warning.

It was thus, too, that the character was represented on the Roman stage; and it would farther appear, that the parasites, in the days of Plautus, carried with them a sort of Joe Miller, as a manual of wit, with which they occasionally refreshed their vivacity.

"The parasite naturally became a leading character of the Roman stage. In spite of the pride and boasted national independence of its citizens, the whole system of manners at Rome was parasitical. The connection between patron and client, which was originally the cordial intercourse of reciprocal services, soon became that of haughty superiority on the one side, and sordid adulation on the other. Every client was the parasite of some patrician, whose litter he often followed like a slave, conforming to all his caprices, and submitting to all his insults, for the privilege of being placed at the lowest seat of the patron's table, and there repaying this indelicate hospitality by the most servile flattery. On the stage, the principal use of the parasite was to bring

out the other characters from the canvas. Without Gnatho, the Thraso of Terence would have possessed less confidence; and without his flatterer, Pyrgopolinices would never have recollected breaking an elephant's thigh by a blow of his fist.

"The parasite is not a character which has been very frequently represented on the modern stage. It is not one into which an Italian audience, who are indifferent to good living, would heartily enter. Accordingly, the parasite is not a common character in the native drama of Italy, and is chiefly exhibited in the old comedies of Ariosto and Aretine, which are directly imitated from the plays of Plautus or Terence; but even in them this character does not precisely correspond to the older and more genuine school of parasites. Ligurio, who is called the parasite in the "Mandragora" of Machiavel, rather corresponds to the intriguing slave than to the parasite of the Roman drama; or at least he resembles the more modern parasites, who, like the Phormio of Terence, ingratiated themselves with their patrons by serviceable roguery, rather than by flattery. Iprocrito, who, in Aretine's comedy of that name, is also styled the Parasite, is a sort of Tartuffe, with charitable and religious maxims constantly in his mouth. He does not insinuate himself into the confidence of his patrons by a gaping admiration of their foolish sayings, but by extolling their virtues, and smoothing over their vices; and so far from being treated with any kind of contumely, he is held in high consideration, and interposes in all domestic arrangements.

"It is still more difficult to find a true parasite on the English stage. Sir John Falstaff, though something of a parasite, is as original as he is inimitable. Lazarillo, the hungry courtier, in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Woman Hater,' and Justice Greedy, in Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' to whom Sir Giles Overreach gives the command of the kitchen, and absolute authority there, in respect of the entertainment, are rather epicures in constant quest of delicacies, than hungry parasites, who submit to any indignity for the sake of a meal. Lazarillo's whole intrigue consists in schemes for being invited to dine where there was an umbrana's head, and we are told that

'He hath a courtly kind of hunger,
And doth hunt more for novelty than plenty.'

And Justice Greedy's delight is placed in rich canary, a larded pheasant, or a red deer baked in puff paste. Mosca, in Ben Jonson's 'Volpone,' who grasps at presents made by legacy hunters to his patron, and who at length attempts to defraud the patron himself, is a parasite of infinitely greater artifice and villany than any of those in Plautus; and in the opinion of the late editor of Jonson, outweighs the aggregate merit of all Plautus's parasites. Colax, who, in the 'Muses' Looking-Glass' of Randolph, chimes in with the sentiments of each character, approving, by an immense variety of subtle arguments, every extreme of vice and folly, appears to flatter all those allegorical representations of the passions exhibited in this drama, rather from courtesy than want. He tells us indeed, that

'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence;

but this part of his character is not brought prominently forward, nor is he represented as a glutton or epicure. Perhaps the character which comes nearest to the parasite in the 'Captivi,' is in a play not very generally known, the 'Canterbury Guests,' by Ravenscroft.

This is a very long, but we hope it will not be regarded as a very dull, extract. Indeed Mr. Dunlop is never dull, except when his subject will not let him be sprightly.

All the Latin writers down to Cicero (who is included) are examined in this minute way. To the first of each

class a dissertation on that class is prefixed—as before *Lucilius* we have an essay on Satire; before *Laberius*, on Mimes, &c. These are very elaborately written, and demonstrate the scholarship of the author. If we were called upon to point out any defects in Mr. Dunlop's work, we should object to the extreme minuteness and length of his estimates of the Latin writers, and the want of depth and originality in his criticism. His aim seems to be to collect together all that has ever been said upon each subject, without much regard to its value. A little more severity in the selections, and thought in the observations, would have greatly improved the work. Still it cannot but be regarded as a useful and elegant history of an important subject, by a man of taste and a scholar, and as such we remit it to the public approbation.

Translations from the German, and Original Poems. By LORD FRANCIS LEYBURN GOWER. London: John Murray. 1824.

WHAT Sir William Draper in his letter to Junius said of Lord Percy, may be said by us of the noble author of this volume:—"we are glad to see young noblemen come amongst us." Not that the cause of literature could receive any fresh lustre from mere rank, however lofty, but because it is pleasant to see the younger scions of the peerage turning away with disgust from the temptations which beset them, to the purifying and ennobling pursuits of literature and art. Honorably for this country the instances are not rare, and in many of these instances the most brilliant success has accompanied their exertions. Lord Francis Gower has already acquired a good deal of reputation by his translation of Goethe's "Faust," a translation, though not the most complete, yet certainly the most able that our language can boast. The present is a collection of Poems, written before the translation of "Faust," and may be regarded as the production of a very young man. It consists chiefly of translations from Schiller and Goethe, with several original poems. Not having the German text immediately at our command, we are unable to say any thing of the fidelity with which they may be rendered. There is, however, a good deal of ease and harmony in the versification, and variety and taste in the expression. We will quote the following stanzas, entitled "Honour to Woman," in support of our opinion.

"Honour to Woman! to her it is given
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of heaven,
The heart in the bonds of affection to twine,
And, with chastity's veil, round the form of the graces,
To raise and revive, in her holy embraces,
The feelings her virtues exalt and refine.

Reason's voice, and Truth's directions,
Haughty man delights to brave;
And the spirit's own reflections,
Drive it forth on passion's wave.
Furthest distance still exploring,
Nearer forms content to loe;
O'er the bounds of æther soaring,
Man his shadowy bliss pursues.

But with the charm of her magical glances,
Back to the joy which her presence enhances,
Woman can lure him to wander again.
For she clings to the earth, where her fortune has placed
her,
And, content with the charms with which nature has graced
her,

With a daughter's obedience submits to her chain.

Roused to each insane endeavour,
Man collects his hostile might;
On through life he speeds for ever,
Rest not, stops not, day or night.
What he joins, he tears asunder—
Wishes rise as wishes fall,
Like the hydra's heads of wonder,
Sprouting faster than they fall.

But woman, content with less arrogant powers,
From each hour of existence can gather the flowers,
And snatch them from Time as he hastens along.
More blest and more free in her limits remaining
Than man in the wide realms of wisdom's attaining,
Or in poetry's boundless dominions of song.

To his own enjoyment bending
Every wish that warms his breast;
With the bosom's mutual blending,
Say, can selfish man be blest?
Can he e'er exchange a feeling,
Can he melt in tears away,
When eternal strife is steeling
Every spring of passion's play?

But like the harp when the zephyr is sighing,
To the breath of that zephyr in music replying,
Woman can tremble with feelings as true.
From the breezes of life each emotion she borrows,
While her bosom swells high with its raptures or sorrows
And her glances express them through sympathy's dew.

Mailed strength, and arm'd defiance—
These are rights which men allege—
Scythia's sword is her reliance—
Persia bows beneath its edge.
Man, where'er desire is strongest,
Wields the blade or draws the bow;
He that loudest shouts, and longest,
Wins what peace could ne'er bestow.

But woman can govern each tide and occasion,
With the eloquent voice of her gentle persuasion,
And extinguish Hate's torch, which was lighted in hell;
And the powers of strife, which seem'd parted for ever,
Are bound in an union which time cannot sever,
By the spirits who bow to her magical spell."

The original poems are of various degrees of merit;—some merely tolerable, and others in a high mood of poetry. There is a long poem on Waterloo, which in spite of its too copious infusions of classical illustration, and its manifest imitation of the style of Scott, is greatly creditable to the author. The prize poems are quite as good as that class of writing generally is—though this is saying not much in their praise. We will make one extract more—not because it is the best, but because it is the shortest we can find.

TO ENGLAND.

"Beneath our bowsprit wild and free
Upcur'd the ocean foam;
I blest the breeze, I blest the sea,
That proudly bore me back to thee,
My own, my island home.

Still as with pilgrim footsteps faint
I sought each distant shrine,

For thee I pour'd my evening plaint,
And still to every worshipp'd saint
My earliest prayer was thine.

In vain the sun more genial glows
To crown the stranger's toil;
In vain his ruddier vintage flows,—
There is a canker in the rose
That springs on foreign soil.

I love the look of long descent,
Which in thy homes I trace;
Like thine own forest oak unrent,
To which succeeding years have lent
Their venerable grace.

Around that oak the moss may stray,
The ivy coil its band;
I would not rend its twine away,
Nor spoil the monarch's old array,
With renovating hand.

And though his wintry leaves be shed
By many a whirlwind's rage,
Oh! may he lift his hoary head,
And long his shadowing arms outspread,
For many a future age.

If still beyond my country's shore
My fate it be to roam,
When all the wanderer's toils are o'er,
They shall but make him prize the more,
My own, my island home!"

We have not a peerage list near us, and are ignorant of Lord Francis Gower's age. He may have been "a minor" when he wrote the pieces in this volume, and if so, it would be fair to parallel them with the earliest publication of Lord Byron. Not that we augur much in favour or disfavour of real poetical genius from juvenile productions, but we can safely observe that this volume is far smarter and more poetical than the "Hours of Idleness," by Lord Byron.

EXHIBITION.—BRITISH GALLERY.

(Continued from p. 292.)

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE BISHOP'S GROUNDS.
PAINTED BY J. CONSTABLE, A. R. A.

THERE is so much of nature, and so little of art, artificially applied in this view of one of the finest gothic cathedrals in the world, that to common observers, it is difficult to assimilate the scene with their notions of a picture: particularly when thus surrounded by so many subjects studiously wrought *secundum artem*. To the true connoisseur, however, what is intrinsically meritorious in pictorial representation, is not addressed in vain. Happily for the painter of original feeling, the very circumstance of a picture being unlike in its general character to the usual harmony and striking effect, which attract by displaying all the beauties of a composition by a single *coup d'œil*, is, to the learned eye, unless its dissimilarity arises from caprice or affectation of style, the cause of enquiry into its merits.

This composition is so little indebted to the timid skill that selects rather to please by addressing the pencil to the reigning fashion of taste, than to dare to be original, that we have heard it condemned for the very attributes that constitute its claims to our approval. For it is so unsophisticated in light, shadow, colouring, and general arrangement—so unaffectedly remote from manner or making up, so unlike to a picture, but so like to reality, that, to the eye of prejudice, it seems unnatural! In painting as in poetry, our judgment is occasionally so unwittingly betrayed by the meretricious



SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

at art, that we become enamoured regard truth itself as a lie. He has been judicious in chusing this full blaze of noon, for the effect of his y, but we have no hesitation in asserting choice combatted a difficulty, and it wise to add, if it were only to prove an experiment, than the opportunity of vanquish it.

th the scene, however, and can vouch view from this point. The building is tic, and relieved upon the sky by its out the least effort of a forced effect. is in keeping, by the same simplicity of es relieve by the strength and vigor of as we perceive them in nature. The the approximating colour of the long ing in the sun's bright ray, is painted rrvant painter's eye. There is a fresh- : diffuses a coolness to the imagination before this picture, even though he be crowd which assembles at noon, in

old attempt in the landscape depart- es effective in general spirit and in- short of the vigorous scale which sup- er of the composition, it would have e. We repeat that we have a respect ing in this and every other department with which, we cannot withhold our table has attempted something new, hed his object, with credit to his pen- at this is one of the few pictures in the painter's phrase, " will go down well

PEVENSEY BAY, SUSSEX; THE LANDING
JAM THE CONQUEROR. PAINTED BY GEO.

the green meadows spotted by the grazing herds; every episode is natural and beautiful, under an atmosphere as pure as light. The whole stretch of the off-ship is in good keeping, and happy in effect, the distant shore, and the still more distant bay, recede in aerial perspective, and the blue sea melts into the horizon. The trees are touched with a light and elegant pencil; the sky is a fine piece of art. We now return to the foreground, and here we rest at leisure to examine as it were with a nearer and more scrutinising eye. In landscape painting, as in landscape gardening—here is the trial of the artist's utmost skill. Here then where the painter should have been most powerful, we think he has been most feeble; not so much in composition, as in colouring and effect; although we think the foreground group of trees are artificially composed. The great and prominent deficiencies however in this important feature of the design, are the want of depth and richness of tone. The trees are devoid of that transparency, which judicious glazing could have given, and for the want of which much meritorious execution remains non-effective. The same means would have excavated the foliage, and augmented the depths by that intensity of tone, which we so much admire in the works of Claude, which we are assured were within the scope of Mr. Vincent's graphic powers, and which well studied would have detached the middle distance, improved the general keeping, and diffused a vigor and effect which is only wanting to render this picture worthy of the expectations his improving progress had created, which promised, and still does promise to do credit to our native school.

SPILING THE ALE CASK—THE ROGUSH APPRENTICES. PAINTED BY SAMUEL WOODIN.

In resuming our notices of these familiar subjects, we beg to premise that our descriptions are induced rather from the inventive humour, and character of expression, that pervades these pieces, than from our approbation of their general properties as specimens of art. We, however, are so desirous of promoting originality of conception, that we cannot hide our approval of these attempts, for the

the state of this humble repository of her eatables and drinkables, that she is a tidy, thrifty dame. In this pantry is a cask of ale on tap, rendered doubly secure from violation by a patent cock. Tom, however, has got a gimblet, with which he has spiled the cask, and the two jovial lads are making the most of their good luck. "When the liquor is in, the wit is out," says the sage—so with Tom and Sam, they laugh—they joke—they replenish the jug, and rouse the master a handicrafts-man, who may be supposed taking his after-dinner pipe. He leaves his fire-side, seizes his rattan, and softly descending the stair-case, beholds the idlers wasting his time, the huncles, and what is more heinous, wasting his ale. "The painter can represent but a moment of time," observes the judicious critic. Here, then, stands Jobson, like an old wire-haired terrier, ready to disturb a couple of rats that are making too free with the pantry, not having made up his mind which to pounce upon first. The next moment may be easily conceived, and the spectator may finish the design with the hurly-burly of a lusty thrashing, and "What! you drunken dogs, I have found you out!"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE CONNECTED WITH THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the Somerset House Gazette.

SIR,

Your correspondent J. B. is too deficient in information, memory, and temper, to serve usefully a work so liberally conducted as yours has hitherto been. His sneers at Messrs. Eastlake and Etty are beneath the character of the Somerset House Gazette.

J. B., in his letter, recommends improvement to your work, but it will not arise from his correspondence, if that letter be a specimen of his character and ability. It is not a paucity of models, or of mind, which governs Mr. Eastlake's choice of subjects, all his pictures are commissions, principally given to him in Italy by English travellers, to whom subjects of Italian brigandage are particularly interesting, and Mr. Eastlake's admirable pictures of this class are eagerly sought after.

J. B.'s remarks upon the composition now exhibited, that it is a mere inversion of that of the Wounded Brigand of last year, is as false as a bad memory could have recorded—neither the repetition of bandit subjects, or the models from which they are studied, militate against Mr. Eastlake's invention; the models are remarkable persons, some of whom have figured in the actual scenes which he represents; and it is often a condition of the commission given, that those persons shall be introduced. The woman, for instance, is a native of Sonnini, a town long known as a refuge for the brigands, whose two husbands and brother had fallen in encounters, or victims to the law, for acts of brigandage in which she participated, and for which she now lives in Rome under the surveillance of the police. The costume of these subjects is strictly true, and many of the scenes are those which she herself described.

J. B.'s want of information and memory, I think I have shewn—his illiberality is seen in the sweeping remarks, which overlooked half Mr. Eastlake's pictures now at the British Gallery, which are not brigand subjects—his "Contadina and her Children,"—"Goatherds in the Campagna," and "A Classical Landscape," painted from the same beautiful scenes which were the objects of Gaspar Poussin's study. The merits of Mr. Eastlake's pictures as works of art, I leave, Mr. Editor, with perfect confidence, in your hands. I have duly endeavoured to defend him against insinuations which would not have come within your province as a critic. If I may be allowed to add, from my own knowledge, that Mr. Eastlake is one of the most gifted and accomplished men of his age, and such a declaration should contribute to the establishment of his just fame,

there will be no cause for regretting the appearance of J. B.'s letter, except in his own bosom.

But I have not quite done with Mr. J. B.:—his ill-tempered remark upon Mr. Etty's present picture being inferior to his *copy* of Mr. Dear's Cupid and Psyche (put in italics) was utterly uncalled-for, except by that crooked gratification which little-minded men indulge in. Why was his earliest work remembered, but to put the *copy* in italics? Why were the *Coral Finders*, and his *Cleopatra* forgotten? It would have done more honour to J. B.'s heart, and better proved his judgment, to have found out one of the thousand beauties, than all the faults in the pictures which he has noticed. A weak head and bad heart only, are requisite to discover defects, but taste and feeling are essentially necessary to the appreciation of beauties in works of art.

It is against such writers as J. B., that we look with hope to your exertions,—you have promised your strength to oppose the mischievous efforts of the ignorant and prejudiced part of the public press, who fancy that their sale will be commensurate with the keenness of the Pasquinades they circulate, and wantonly employ *cutters*, who neither regard the talent they defame, or the patronage they destroy. Pardon, Mr. Editor, this long letter, it has been extended beyond my intention, in endeavouring to expose the insinuations thrown out against such artists as Messrs. Eastlake and Etty, and I hope that its effect will not be weakened, when I assure you that it comes from the pen of

A BROTHER PAINTER.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,

DULY appreciating your remarks relative to Mr. E. Landseer's picture of the *Cat's Paw*, in a late number of your Gazette, I beg leave to make an observation or two relative to the style in which that picture is painted. You appear to lament a certain falling off from a greatness of style to which he was approximating in his "Boar Hunt," and "Lion Disturbed at his Repast:" it cannot be disputed that such is the case; but as artists are not, generally speaking, men of fortune, their object is to paint such subjects, and upon such a scale, as are likely to receive the patronage and support of the public: so it is with Mr. E. Landseer; he finds that he has only to paint pictures of the size now exhibiting at the Gallery, and they meet with ready sale; whereas the picture of the "Lion and Stag," which you so much admire, as well as another representing "Two Pointers in search of Game," of the same size, and of equal merit, after receiving the approbation of the discerning few, are left to adorn *his own walls*. How then can he be blamed for departing from that style which meets with no encouragement, and adopting another more suited to the taste of the public, upon whom he alone depends for support?

With great respect, I am, Sir,

YOUR WEEKLY ADMIRER.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,

As you express a willingness to correct a notice in Saturday's Gazette, relative to the antiquities, whose demolition you there record, should it be at variance with facts, I am happy to have it in my power to communicate the following particulars of the ancient Cross preserved in the pleasure grounds at Stourhead. It was formerly, and originally, an ornament to the City of Bristol; and it is, at this time, matter of surprise, that those under whose control it was, could ever have suffered so beautiful a specimen of the pointed style of architecture to be removed from

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

moral took place at a time when men-
all the energies of the inhabitants of

was at the juncture of the four prin-
ve-named city. It is, in all probab-
as 1333. Statues of King Edward
, and Edward III. then adorned it.
have been raised to a greater eleva-
of Henry VI., Elizabeth, James I.,
added. At that time it was 30 feet
ainted and gilded, enclosed by iron
denominated the "High Cross,"
ed, painted, and newly gilt, in 1687.
nd inconvenient, as the commerce of
as taken down in 1733, and erected in
ut even there it was not suffered to
was again pulled down, but happily
emolition, by being presented by the
nccurrence of the city council, to the
q.

veyed it to Stourhead, where it was
le expense. The base, central por-
then introduced with good taste, and
more ancient parts that protection,
quity stood in need of.

ie decline of years, found refuge in
ers of antiquity cannot but congra-
at after many buffetings from the
e "High Cross" has been rescued
lorious ruin, among those who, if they
y wanted leisure to give it a thought.

use you please of these remarks, and
use the hurry in which they are

A SUBSCRIBER,

in ardent admirer of Antiquities and

"The Fine Arts."

le.

acknowledgments for this interesting

who have made themselves sovereigns over the finest ter-
ritories on earth, and certainly the greatest population, if
this observation may be extended to those under their in-
fluence, as well as their immediate control.

The Museum is only shown by means of an order from a
director of East India affairs, which in general may be
easily obtained, and is along with the library exhibited with
great politeness. The latter contains nothing externally
curious, and the number of works in general literature is
very small, but its chief value as might be expected, con-
sists in Asiatic manuscripts, amounting as our informant
assured us, to nearly six thousand in the different branches
of Oriental scholarship. Two huge Chinese lamps formed
of silk and dangling with beads, and porcelain ornaments,
were suspended from the ceiling, and two portraits of kings
of Persia executed by native artists graced the walls; but so
it appeared to me that they were placed too much above
the eye, and were besides in an unfavourable light, I do not
presume to give any opinion of their merits. In a nice
little anti-chamber connecting the library with the Museum
is placed a very interesting bas-relief modelled by Mr.
Croggon of the artificial stone manufactory, from a picture
of the original subject in sculpture at the sacred Temple of
Benares. It exhibited the sun in his mythological char-
acter standing in a kind of chariot, with two lotuses, one in
each hand; below him was the chariotteer, who with greater
humility, and more dexterity than our modern *Jehus*,
managed seven horses ranged abreast. It was impossible
to look at this curious groupe without being reminded of
the Ovidian fable of the unhappy Phaeton and his still more
foolish father. In the Museum we saw a Javanese musical
instrument finished with great neatness; even as a drawing-
room ornament it would have its value. It was composed
of a number of bars of a metal similar to brass or bronze,
connected by a cord which passed from one to the other,
exactly like the little instrument called the harmonicon,
and it is played in the same manner with two small ham-
mers: the sound was surprisingly full, and the combination
capable of great melody. Bricks from the supposed site of

fishes sporting through this fairy land of a Chinese man of taste. The mountains were by no means bad for such a place to have, and seemed abundantly inaccessible, which I take it for granted is the grand charm which all good citizens not much conversant in these matters attach to them: and where is the wonder that these montecules should be well fabricated at Pekin when we know that a mountain maker is one of the most thriving trades in that imperial city, and that a wealthy trader may there purchase hills to grace his retirement, with the same ease and assurance of being fitted, that he selects the size, shape, colour, and wood of his own coffin. But laugh as we may at these everlasting, these immutable Chinese, there is nothing more ridiculous about their notions of ornamental gardening, than a few minutes walk in the environs of London, will justify, by at least the authority of precedent. Let us recollect Druguet's account in "*Three weeks after Marriage*" of his own villa, and hear his plans for future embellishments; then invest his upper lip with a pair of notable mustaches, like a lobster's feelers, and his body with a morning gown of Indian silk; and last of all let it be supposed that the inimitable Downton is playing this character, and our life for it, you embody in the illusion a purse-proud Pekinian, while all the while we are only looking at a comfortable cit. But there is a part of this collection which we have reserved for the last notice, which to all classes must possess the most undivided interest, we allude to the spoils of Tipoo Saib. His coat of mail, or rather as it would have been called in this country about two centuries since, his buff coat hangs on a stand, and though we cannot respect the man, we may have some pity for the soldier who once girt it on him. The helmet appears to be of cork, covered with green silk, and from its size must have belonged to a large man; a kind of flap hangs down behind to guard the back, something similar to the hats in use among the coalheavers in London. The coat is of the same materials and fitted to the body, but I could not so well judge of its shape. These coats were of very late use in this country, and if we recollect rightly there is some curious information about them in the interesting "*Memoirs of Colonel Hutcheson*." Next to the safeguards of the person of the monarch, the ornaments of his throne attract our notice, and condense the feelings already excited. Under a glass case there is a tiger's head as large as life, grinning horribly, his tusks of beautiful crystal, and the execution of the whole very respectable. It is formed of fine gold, and our conductor assured us was of great weight: it stood at the foot of the throne, and gives us some idea of the splendour that Barbaric greatness loves to call its own. It might not improbably have been the crest or heraldic bearing of the sovereign, like the "*Blessed Bears of Bradwardine*," of our own countryman. A more clumsy toy belonging also to this prince is in the same quarter of the room, and might justify us in thinking that the Indians were little better than children of a larger growth. A huge tiger tolerably shaped, and painted, stands above a poor wretch, whom he is in the act of devouring; by some machinery he is made to roar, and the Hindoo acts his part by lifting his hands, and joining in the howl. This formerly adorned the palace, and was probably of use in giving the courtiers a well timed lesson of obedience under the guise of Tipoo's armorial ensign. These are probably the principal articles of general curiosity in this Museum, though they are but a very small part of the number. It possesses one advantage exclusively over all other collections, that the articles are unique of their kind, and such as could only be acquired under circumstances peculiar to the possessors. The interest they excite is undivided by any objects not akin to those most likely to awake our interest, and many of them are fitted to kindle associations of a livelier, and somewhat different nature from galleries of stuffed birds, and rows of well glazed cases of moths, and shells. Such was our way of viewing the matter, let those who come after us shape a moral for themselves; our task is done when we re-

turn our thanks to the distinguished body who so liberally lay open to the public without any fee, the treasures they possess, an example doubly valuable in London, where unluckily it is so little copied. L.

* We think our correspondent is mistaken in this. We were informed the victim represents a *Portuguese*, which indeed is indicated by the costume.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

THERE has been so much discussion of late upon the import of the word *Picturesque*, that we are induced, from an accidental perusal of a work which delighted us many years ago, written by Mr. Uvedale Price, upon the subject of Landscape Gardening, to offer a few extracts that coincide with our notions upon the interesting theme. We venture to think that our readers will not be displeased with us for quoting a treatise so long consigned to the upper shelves of the library:—

"It seems to me that the neglect which prevails in the works of modern improvers, of all that is picturesque, is owing to their exclusive attention to high polish and flowing lines; the charms of which they are so engaged in contemplating, that they overlook two of the most fruitful sources of human pleasure: the first, that great and universal source of pleasure, *variety*—the power of which is independent of beauty; but without which, even beauty itself soon ceases to please. The second, *intricacy*—a quality which, though distinct from variety, is so connected and blended with it, that the one can hardly exist without the other.

"According to the idea I have formed of it, intricacy in landscape might be defined, *that disposition of objects, which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nourishes curiosity*." Variety can hardly require a definition, though from the practice of many layers out of ground, one might suppose it did. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that as intricacy in the disposition, and variety in the forms, the tints, and the lights and shadows of objects, are the great characteristics of picturesque scenery; so monotony and baldness, are the great defects of improved places.

"Nothing would place this in so distinct a point of view, as a comparison between some familiar scene in its natural and picturesque state, and in that which would be its improved state, according to the present mode of gardening. All painters who have imitated the more confined scenes of nature, have been fond of making studies from old neglected bye roads and hollow ways; and perhaps there are few spots that in so small a compass, have a greater variety of that sort of beauty called picturesque; but, I believe, the instances are very rare of painters, who have turned out volunteers into a gentleman's walk or drive, either when made between artificial banks, or when the natural sides of banks have been improved. I shall endeavour to examine whence it happens that a painter looks coldly on what is very generally admired, and discovers a thousand interesting objects, where an improver passes on with indifference, if not with disgust.

"Perhaps what is most immediately striking in a lane of this kind, is its intricacy. Any winding road, indeed, especially where there are banks, must necessarily have some degree of intricacy; but in a dressed lane, every effort of art seems directed against that disposition of the ground; the sides are so regularly sloped, so regularly planted, and the space, when there is any, between them and the road, so uniformly levelled; the sweeps of the road so plainly artificial; the verges of grass that bound it so nicely edged; the whole, in short, has such an appearance

of having been made by a receipt, that curiosity, that most active principle of pleasure, is almost extinguished.

But in hollow lanes and bye roads, all the leading features, and a thousand circumstances of detail, promote the natural intricacy of the ground; the turns are sudden and unprepared; the banks sometimes broken and abrupt; sometimes smooth and gently, but not uniformly sloping; now wildly over-hung with thickets of trees and bushes, now loosely skirted with wood; no regular verge of grass, no cut edges, no distinct lines of separation; all is mixed and blended together, and the border of the road itself, shaped by the mere tread of passengers and animals, is as unconstrained as the footsteps that formed it. Even the tracks of the wheels, (for no circumstance is indifferent,) contribute to the picturesque effect of the whole; the varied lines they describe just mark the way among trees and bushes; often some obstacle, a cluster of low thorns, a furze-bush, a tussock, a large stone, forces the wheels into sudden and intricate turns; often a group of trees or a thicket, occasions the road to separate into two parts, leaving a sort of island in the middle.

These are a few of the picturesque accidents, which in lanes and bye roads attract the notice of painters. In many scenes of that kind, the varieties of form, of colour, and of light and shade, which present themselves at every step, are numberless; and it is a singular circumstance, that some of the most striking among them should be owing to the indiscriminate hacking of the peasant, nay, to the very decay that is occasioned by it. When opposed to the tameness of the poor pinioned trees, (whatever their age,) of gentlemen's plantations, drawn up straight and even together, there is often a sort of spirit of animation, in the manner in which old neglected pollards stretch out their limbs quite across these hollow roads, in every wild and irregular direction; on some, the large knots and protuberances, add to the ruggedness of their twisted trunks; in others, the deep hollow of the inside, the mosses on the bark, the rich yellow of the touchwood, with the blackness of the more decayed substance, afford such variety of tints, of brilliant and mellow lights, with deep and peculiar shades, as the finest timber tree, however beautiful in other respects, with all its health and vigour, cannot exhibit.

This careless method of cutting, just as the farmer happened to want a few stakes or poles, gives infinite variety to the general outline of the banks. Near to one of these unwedgeable and gnarled oaks, often rises the slender elegant form of a young beech, ash, or birch that had escaped the axe; whose tender bark and light foliage appear still more delicate and airy, when seen sideways against the rough bark and massy head of the oak: sometimes from a cluster of rich hollies or wild junipers; sometimes its light and upright stem is embraced by the projecting cedar, like boughs of the yew.

The ground itself in these lanes, is as much varied in form, tint, and light and shade, as the plants that grow upon it; this as usual, instead of owing any thing to art, is, on the contrary, occasioned by accident and neglect. The winter torrents in some places wash down the mould from the upper grounds, and form projections of various shapes, which, from the fatness of the soil, are generally enriched with the most luxuriant vegetation; in other parts they tear the banks into deep hollows, discovering the different strata of earth, and the shaggy roots of trees; these hollows are frequently overgrown with wild roses, with honeysuckles, periwinkles, and other trailing plants, which with their flowers and pendent branches have quite a different effect when hanging loosely over one of these recesses, opposed to its deep shade, and mixed with the fantastic roots of trees and the varied tints of the soil, from that which they produce when they are trimmed into bushes, or crawl along a shrubbery, where the ground has been worked into one uniform slope. In the summer time these little caverns afford a cool retreat for the sheep; and it is difficult to

imagine a more beautiful fore-ground than is formed by the different groups of them in one of these lanes; some feeding on the patches of turf, that in the wider parts are intermixed with the fern and the bushes; some lying in the niches they have worn in the banks among the roots of trees, and to which they have made many side-long paths; some reposing in these deep recesses, their bowers O'er-canopied with luscious eglantine.

* Many persons, who take little concern in the intricacy of oaks, beeches, and thorns, may feel the effects of partial concealment in more interesting objects, and may have experienced how differently the passions are moved by an open licentious display of beauty, and by the unguarded disorder which sometimes escapes the care of modesty, and which coquetry so successfully imitates.

" Parte appar delle mamme acerbe et crude,
Parte altrui ne ricuopre invida veste;
Invida sì, ma scagli occhi il varco chiude,
L'amoroso pensier già non s'arresta.

ANTONIO CANOVA.

CANOVA was born at Passagno, a small village in the Venetian territory, of parents whose poverty disabled them from giving to the genius his earliest youth displayed, the usual cultivation or encouragement; but he resolutely struggled with every difficulty, and finally triumphed over his fate. At the age of fourteen, he obtained the long-wished for boon of a small piece of marble, and sculptured out of it two baskets of fruit, which are now on the staircase of the Palazzo Farsetti, at Venice. The next year, when only fifteen, he executed Eurydice, his first statue, in a species of soft stone, called Pietro Dolce, found in the vicinity of Vicenza; and three years after, Orpheus, both of which are in the Villa Falleri, near Asolo, a town about fifteen miles from Treviso. His first group in marble, that of Dædalus and Icarus, he finished at the age of twenty, and brought with him to Rome, where he vainly solicited the patronage of the Venetian Ambassador, and of many of the great; but when almost reduced to despair, without money or friends, he became known to Sir W. Hamilton, whose discernment immediately saw the genius of the young artist, and whose liberality furnished him with the means of prosecuting his studies, and of establishing himself as an artist in Rome. To this, his first patron, and to all his family, Canova has through life manifested the warmest gratitude. Through Sir William Hamilton his merits became known to others; even the Venetian Ambassador was shamed into some encouragement of his young countryman, and ordered the group of Theseus and the Minotaur. A few years after, Canova was employed to execute the tomb of Pope Ganganelli, in the church of the SS. Apostoli, at Rome. With these exceptions, all his early patrons were Englishmen. Amongst these were Lord Cawdor, Mr. Latouche, and Sir Henry Blundell; for the latter of whom the *Psyche*, one of the earliest and most beautiful of his works, was executed. The finest of all his works, the *Venus and Adonis*, was finished at the age of six-and-thirty. The beautiful figure of the Reclining Nymph, half raising herself to listen to the lyre of the sweet little Love at her feet, is on the point of being dispatched to his Majesty, to whom it was ceded by Lord Cawdor. The group of the *Graces*, the beauty of which was the object of universal admiration at Rome, is also destined for our country, and will adorn Woburn Abbey. It is not generally known that Canova was a painter as well as a sculptor. He pursued the sister arts occasionally, for the amusement of his leisure hours, and many of his designs are truly beautiful. It must be a gratifying circumstance to England, to know that even when living under the immediate dominion of the French, he modelled, for his own private pleasure, a tribute to the memory of Nelson. The warmth and kindness of his disposition, the

noble principles and generous feelings of his mind, and the unpretending simplicity of his manners, gave the highest charm to his exalted genius. By the friends that knew him best, he was most beloved. Canova had the avarice of fame, not of money. He devoted a great part of his fortune to the purposes of benevolence. With the title of Marchese, the Pope conferred upon Canova three thousand piasters of rent, the whole of which he dedicated to the support and encouragement of poor and deserving artists. He performed the most extensive charities, secretly and unostentatiously. He was building a church in his native village, which, it is said, he has bequeathed funds to complete. He died at Venice, on the 12th of October, 1822.—*Annual Register*.

MR. RICHARD EARLOM.

MR. RICHARD EARLOM, the celebrated mezzotinto engraver, was the son of Mr. Richard Earlom, who, for many years, and till his death, held the respectable situation of a vestry-clerk of the parish of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. Mr. Earlom's residence was in Cow Lane, Smithfield, and a portion of the premises which he held were occupied by an eminent coach-maker, to whom the state coach of the Lord Mayor was occasionally taken to be repaired and cleaned. The allegorical paintings which decorate that splendid vehicle, and which were, we believe, painted by the celebrated Cipriani, powerfully attracted the attention of young Earlom, who at length attempted to draw copies of several subjects represented on the panels. He so far succeeded, as to induce his father to place him under the tuition of Cipriani, to whom, at the same time, the ingenious Mortimer was a pupil. Here Mr. Earlom acquired a mastery in the arts of design, and soon after became known to the illustrious Alderman Boydell. Mr. Boydell commenced that noble career, which proved so beneficial to the arts, and so honourable to himself, about the year 1760; and, in 1765, he entertained so high an opinion of the abilities of our young artist, that he engaged him to make drawings from the celebrated collection of pictures at Houghton; most of which also, were beautifully engraved by him in mezzotinto. In this branch of art, Mr. Earlom had been his own instructor, and he introduced into the practice of it improvements and implements before unknown. An oval print, called "Love in Bondage," after Guido Resio, was the first print he engraved, and this was published by Mr. Boydell in 1767. Mr. Earlom's fruit and flower pieces, after Van Huysum, have established his fame as the first artist in the line. In history, "Agrippina," from the grand picture of Mr. West, requires only to be noticed. Many of his fine works were also done for Mr. Sayer, of Fleet-street, and his successors, Messrs. Laurie and Whittle; among these were the prints of the "Cock Match at Lucknow," the "Embassy of Hyderbeck to meet Lord Cornwallis," and the "Tyger Hunt in the East Indies," all from the pencil of Zoffani. Mr. Earlom's first and second part of the "Liber Veritatis," after drawings by Claude, are beautiful as to scenery and effect. He died in his 80th year, the 9th of October, 1822, in Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell.—*Annual Register*.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE public having been somewhat tired with *Zelmira*, ever since the first week of its representation, have been treated by the Committee with a change. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, if not the first, is certainly the second opera, in point of merit, of all Rossini's compositions. It was begun and finished in the amazingly short period of thirteen days. The story had already been set to music by Paisiello, and the Romans on the

first night of its performance, showed their love for Paisiello, by damning the production of his rival. But the Italians are as fickle in matters of music as they are in politics or love, and on the second night no language was violent enough to express their enthusiasm and delight. *Il Barbiere* is the opera in which the peculiar style of Rossini is more manifest, than in any other. The concerted pieces—the finales—duets, &c. are marked with the most brilliant proofs of his genius. The chorus "*Mille Grazie*," is full of spirit and fire, and the chorus-singers, who appear to be strangely jealous of Rossini, exerted themselves to the utmost to damp its effect. We hate jealous people, and regret, therefore, to say, they were very successful. *Signor Benetti* made his first appearance in *Figaro*. His personal appearance is strongly in his favour. With a good figure, an open, intelligent and good humoured countenance, there are combined great ease and vivacity of movement, and an imperturbable self-possession. There is, however, a want of comic humour about him. His voice is clear, sweet, and flexible, but not powerful. His science appears to be considerable. The Cavatina, *Largo al factotum*, one of the most delightful things in the world, he gave on the first night somewhat feebly. He has since greatly improved, but we doubt his ability to give it with much humorous effect. It is in the duet *Dunque io son*, with Rosina, that Benetti shews most talent. It is singular, that until his arrival in London, this singer should have been entirely unknown. Even Rossini himself had not heard of him before. Garcia, in his original part of *Almaviva*, is as animated, skilful and powerful as ever. We do not know how lovers ought to sing, but we are afraid that Garcia is a little too vehement in his manners. "An elephant making love," was a phrase applied to Dr. Johnson, when Garrick caught him fondling with "dear Tetsy;" and it would be no unapt description of Garcia's demonstrations of the tender passion. It is the misfortune of the Theatre, and not the fault of Madame Vestris, that there is no other female for Rosina. The music is not suited to her voice, nor the character to her mode of acting. Her performance is not without a fair share of ability; but the airs of Rosina are beyond her powers. *Una voce poco fa*, was but tolerably given—the duet with Figaro was better,—and in the further progress of the opera, her voice becomes thick and unpleasant. We recollect nothing else worth mentioning, except De Bagnis' wig and Porto's face. The one is unlike any wig that ever was seen before, and the other, we hope, is unlike any face that will ever be seen again.

Before we close, it may be worth while to say something of the lax regulations about dress this season. Black cravats are worn by some half a dozen persons who regularly frequent the pit, and boots are extremely common. Now, though we are quite aware that regulations about dress, at a place of public amusement, have no sort of binding force upon the public,—yet as it is a conventional arrangement, to which no one would object if it were sedulously inculcated by the managers, we are strongly desirous to see some more active means resorted to for effecting this desirable object.

Drury Lane and *Covent Garden* pursue their old course without much deviation. The one is occupied with puffing, the other with Chancery—both very serious and expensive indulgences, but the latter perhaps is the more perilous sort of enjoyment. The Lord Chancellor "who hath a voice potential," threatens the managers of Covent Garden with sundry unpleasant visitations, unless they do that which they assert they never will do—agree amongst themselves. Who ever heard of harmony behind the scene of a theatre?—We forget ourselves, for if report speak truth—some of the prettiest women on the stage are about to enter into the harmonious state of matrimony. Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont, it is said, are on the point of deserting us for ever.

There is a green room anecdote now flying about, which is rather amusing. A certain well known M.P., who

is notorious for his constant attendance at the theatre, as well as for his vehement sympathy with the exertions of the performers, in one of his recent visits to the green room, happened to express his admiration for a fair lady of the *corps dramatique* a little too fervently, and received a slap in the face. It is said that the sufferer thinks of bringing the offence within the provisions of "the cruelty to animals, bill."

By a letter in the public journals signed M. A. Shee, the poet and artist,—we perceive that the tragedy of *Alasco*, of which he is the author, has been refused a licence by Mr. Colman, the new licenser of plays. This is an inauspicious commencement of his official duties. The gentleman who lately held it was remarkable for certain ascetic notions which induced him to be rather severe in his function, but Mr. C. is remarkable for the looseness of his notions, as well as for the questionable character of his own dramatic productions. "The Devil turned precisian!"—We hope that some ample excuse may be found for Mr. C., or else we are afraid that his own future productions may stand a chance of not being licensed by a higher tribunal—the public. The tragedy is to be printed forthwith.

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XVI.

ACTORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MRS. OLDFIELD was recommended to the stage in the year 1699, and was slow in her progress to excellence, to which she did not arrive till the year 1704, when she shone forth in Lady Betty Modish; and as a proof of her personal accomplishments at that period, all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance asserted, that the dramatic pencil had delineated the real character of Mrs. Oldfield under the imaginary one of Lady Betty. They said she was beautiful without artifice, and her address and conversation engaging without affectation. Mr. Cibber has done great justice to the character of this accomplished actress, where, among other remarkable truths he says, "in the wearing of her person she was particularly fortunate; her figure was always improving till her thirty-sixth year."

It was about that time of her life when I first saw her; when the "Careless Husband" was acted by those three excellent performers, the theatre might be justly called the school of politeness, where persons of the first rank might have learned such behaviour as would have added to their dignity. Mrs. Oldfield died in November, 1730.

MR. MILLS was perhaps the most useful actor that ever served a theatre. His person was manly, approaching to the graceful; and his voice a full, deep, melodious tenor, which suited the characters of rage. At the revival of *Tamariane*, about the year 1716, he was in general approved of in Bajazet.

Aaron Hill wrote a criticism on Mills in that character, where he says, "the passions which are strongly marked in Bajazet, as Mr. Rowe has represented him, are ambition, fierceness, pride, and cruelty; and all these influenced and supported by a daring courage; but made hateful and severe by a burning indignation against equals, and scorn of every thing beneath him."

"Now these, 'tis true, are qualities that make him violent, impatient, and tyrannical; but then, that violence and that impatience, should retain the tokens of that pride to which he owed them; he should, indeed, be fierce, but then his fierceness should be awful; he should be cruel, but he should be majestic in that cruelty; he ought to be terrible by his anger, and impressive in his scorn; and if he repines, frets, rages, curses, starts, or reproaches, he should do all this with a dreadful sense of agony, becoming the re-

gret of a despairing emperor, and not with the unmanly nods, flings, jerks, and levity of a capricious school-boy, when he is held back from quarrelling." Mills may be justly said to have been something more than of great use, even an ornament to the theatre.

JOHNSON was a comedian that all the critics allowed to have the sterling *vis comica*. He was most happily adapted to all the characters he appeared in. He was one of those comedians, who, like the incomparable Nokes, could give life to many comedies that existed only by their extraordinary performances.

The Morose, in the "Silent Woman," was one that did with this great actor. His steady countenance never betrayed the least symptoms of the joke he was going to give utterance to. His decent mien (never exaggerated by dress or conduct) made him, at all times, appear the real man he represented.

NORRIS was celebrated for his excellence in the lower life of comedy; though, I presume, so inferior to his predecessors, Nokes, that Mr. Cibber makes no mention of him; and yet he was the best Gomez, and Sir Jasper Fidget, I ever saw. I must confess he was an actor that seemed to derive a great part of his merit from the oddity of his little formal figure, and his singular, squeaking tone of voice, and to that degree, that his entrance into a coffee house, and calling to the waiter for a dish of coffee in the soberest mood, would have raised a smile in the face of the gravest man present.

When Farquhar brought his "Constant Couple, or Trips the Jubilee," on the stage, Norris was so universally admired in the part of Dickey, that he retained the name of Jubilee Dickey to his death. As he lay bedridden some time, quite worn out with age, I remember to have heard from those about him, the following odd passage:—His relations seemed uneasy at his lying so long without help, and would send for a physician, though against his positive order. When the doctor came to his bedside, he asked the patient the usual questions, to which Norris gave no manner of answer; but being pressed very much by the doctor to speak to him, he at last turned his head, and in his usual comic, squeaking voice, said, "Doctor! pray can you tell how to make an old clock go, when the wheels are all worn out?" He died soon after.

MILLER was a natural, spirited comedian; he was the famous Teague in the "Committee," and all the comedies where that character is introduced; and though the gentlemen of Ireland would never admit that he had the true brogue, yet he substituted something in the room of it, that made his Teague very diverting to an English audience, and perhaps more so than if played by an Irishman; for I have often seen that character so extremely well acted in Dublin, that I did not understand one word the actor said. Miller was excellent in Sir Joseph Wittal, Tailboy, Costril, Ben, in "Love for Love," &c. and as a full proof of the force of his abilities, he died in the receipt of a good salary, which he had long enjoyed, without being able to read. They said his principal motive for marrying was, not for a fortune, but a wife learned enough to read his parts to him.

HARPER was a jolly, facetious, low comedian, and the Falstaff of Drury Lane Theatre, when "Henry IV." (where Booth was Hotspur, Wilks the Prince of Wales, and Cibber Glendower) never failed to bring crowded audiences; so that Harper was more seen in Falstaff than Quin, though less admired; and yet (as comparisons will always be made when capital characters are exhibited at the same time at different theatres) I remember a leading critic declaring for Harper, who said, though he wanted the marking eye, and some other judicious strokes of Quin, yet he had what Quin at that time wanted,—that jollity and natural propensity to excite laughter, which Shakespeare has apparently given to Falstaff.

Harper's last character was Jobson, in the old favourite farce of the "Devil to Pay," in which he was inimitable, and left no equal.

SPILLER was a comedian that had a peculiar excellence from most of his brethren in that class, who almost all retained a sameness, or at least some singularity to be known by, in all characters, though ever so various; but he had the happiness of transforming himself wholly into the character he represented.

A remarkable instance of this appeared the first night of his acting, in a new comedy, called the "Artful Husband;" his patron and admirer, the late Duke of Argyll went to see the comedy; but his attention was entirely engrossed by a new actor, as his Grace then thought him, and to so great a degree, that the duke recommended him that night behind the scenes to Mr. Rich, as a young actor of merit, and one that deserved his encouragement.

Spiller shared the general fate for years together of performing all his parts excellently well in an unfashionable theatre, and to thin audiences; a fate, I fear, in some respects, he too much merited. He was a man of an irregular life, and therefore lived neglected; and after death was soon forgot.

BOHEME was a remarkable performer, at Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre: the natural, musical, piercing tones of his voice, particularly adapted to grief and distress, must have touched the heart of every feeling auditor too forcibly ever to be forgot.

Boheme was bred a sailor, and quitted the quarter-deck for the stage. He was tall and erect, with a manly countenance; but by walking the decks of a ship from a boy, he had contracted a straddle in his gait, of which no art or application could ever cure him.

His first appearance was at a booth in Southwark fair, which in those days lasted two weeks, and was much frequented by persons of all distinctions, of both sexes. He acted the part of Menelaus in the best droll I ever saw, called the Siege of Troy. After the entertainment was over my curiosity led me behind the scenes, to enquire after the new agreeable actor; there I was told he was engaged by the manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre, to be in his company the following season.

In some scenes in "King Lear" (though he wanted judgment to mark and support the fine variety in that character) he has surprised many an actor with his powers in the distressful passages; and in the "Herod" and "Marianne" written by Mr. Fenton, he distinguished himself like an actor of importance in the character of Herod. He had also a singular vein of humour, and was excellent in some parts of comedy.

Boheme died of a fever, in the prime of life; and before that theatre was brought into vogue by pantomimes; by which means this very extraordinary actor was not generally known.

GRIFFIN was a comedian excellent in some characters. The revival of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, about the year 1730, was of singular service to that company, as it displayed the great merit of Quin in Falstaff, Ryan in Ford, Spiller in Dr. Caius, Boheme in Justice Shallow, and Griffin in Sir Hugh Evans, which confirmed his reputation as an actor of merit with the public. Some years before he had greatly distinguished himself in Sir Paul Pliant; and long before he died, he made it a finished character; his silly important look always excited laughter whenever he appeared. How finely the author has prepared the audience for his entrance with Careless's letter in his hand, which Lady Pliant has given him by mistake, and which discovers her infidelity and his disgrace; it was not in nature to resist bursting into laughter at the sight of him; his ridiculous, distressful look, followed by a lamentable recital of his misfortunes, in that admirable soliloquy, was as high a subject of incident as I remember in comedy.

Griffin was taken into Drury-lane Theatre in the year 1731, to supply some of the parts of Norria, who was then in the decline; there he remained many years unnoticed,

(as Cibber and Jonson were before him in his walk) till the "Miser" was brought on that stage, altered from Moliere by the late Mr. Fielding. In the "Miser" he shewed his great abilities for that disagreeable species of acting; and met with general approbation. He was a sensible, sober man, and well respected. When he died he left effects behind him very acceptable to his sister and her children; and what is more uncommon, a good character.

* This is the celebrated Joe Miller. There is a frontispiece to the first edition of his *Book of Jests*, where he is represented in the character of Sir Joseph Wittal. This book, a circumstance but little known, was compiled by Mr. Motley, a dramatic writer. He is said to have once kept a public house in the parish of St. Clement's Dances. This son of mirth died in 1738, at the age of fifty-four, and was buried in the upper church yard of this parish, (in Portugal-street.) His tombstone was inscribed with an epitaph written by the noted Stephen Duck, a self-taught poet, who had been a *thresher*. Hogarth engraved a humorous design for his friend Joe. It was his benefit ticket for Fielding's Comedy of *Pasquin*, which was performed in the Haymarket Theatre.

Here lye the remains of
HONEST JOE MILLER.

Who was
A tender husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious companion,
And an excellent comedian.

If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest man the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
With honesty and wit, and humour crown'd;
Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
Or guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

STEPHEN DUCK.

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS. 8vo. H. Colburn [and Co. 1834. THE SERIES OF SKETCHES, or Tales, under the title of "SAYINGS AND DOINGS," which are on the eve of appearing, and are understood to be written by a gentleman of considerable notoriety in the political as well as literary world, may be considered as the first of a species of fiction hitherto new to this country, but which promises to become extremely popular. The author thus develops his plan in his preface.

"The French have, time out of mind, written short dramatic pieces, in which they have illustrated or exemplified the truth of all sayings; and, as every body knows, the dramatic pieces so written have themselves been called 'Proverbs'.

"Whenever these 'Proverbs' have been translated or adapted to our stage, so much does it take to satisfy an English audience, that three or four of them have been generally combined to make up one farce; and consequently, the action only has been preserved without regard to the original point which the authors had in view when they framed them.

"I mention this because I am not aware that any dramatic illustration of a single proverb, has with that view been given to the English public. It is, however, from these dramas that I first caught the idea of noting down what I saw passing in society, in order to help, by the events of real life, the truth or fallacy of those axioms which have been handed down to us with a character for 'usefulness and dignity' as conducive to the understanding of philosophy, of which they are the very *raison d'être*.

"I have for many years watched the world, and have set down all that I have seen; and out of this collection of materials, I have thrown together a few historic illustrations of quaint sayings, the truth and sagacity of which, the characters introduced by me have unconsciously exemplified in their lives and conduct; and which I have the small merit of bringing to bear, after long observation, upon the axioms affixed to each tale.

"In short, I have thought it a curious matter of speculation to compare the 'proverbs' of the moderns, with the 'sayings' of the ancients; and therefore submit to the public my first portion of 'wise saws,' illustrated by 'modern instances'."

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, And Literary Museum:

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

No. XXI.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

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PICTURES BY THE OLD MASTERS.

NOT many years since the French, Flemish, and Dutch collectors were in possession of almost all the choice cabinet pictures of those masters whose ingenious labours, although confined to the imitation of common nature, or domestic scenes, were, and still continue to be, the admiration of all genuine amateurs of painting. With the merits of Teniers, Ostade, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, and many other painters, the English amateurs not more than half a century since, were only generally acquainted, through the admirable translations of their respective works, by the engravers,—excepting, indeed, by the few who travelled, and saw their pictures in the public galleries, or private collections in those foreign parts. Times are wonderfully changed—we have now not only the greatest number of the cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools of any single country, but, perhaps, can boast of possessing as many of the finest specimens as all the countries in Europe collectively. We not only may claim this ascendancy as to numbers of these masters, but may add, that we are constantly accumulating new treasures to increase these stores. The general rage for collecting these works, which commenced in the last century—the employing of so many agents to procure them at any price, and the succeeding opportunities afforded to the collectors abroad, during the period of the French revolution, of finding an universal mart in England for the sale of these graphic treasures, in their evil days of emigration, all contributed to enrich our country with these gems of art.

Of the works of the Italian and Venetian school, our accumulation has not been so great. The possessors of these superior examples of art, have not had the same facilities for their transit to England; but for this, we should have been equally rich in these invaluable stores. The continental galleries certainly retain the highest examples of the great schools; yet, could we make out a catalogue of all we possess collectively—for almost every great family possess some fine Italian and Venetian pictures—we should astonish foreigners with the share which we hold of the wondrous labours of these renowned schools. In foreign countries the public and private collections are accessible. Here, the finest and most valuable pictures of this class are rarely seen, as they form part of the superb furniture of the domestic apartments of our principal town mansions. Many are remotely spread in every part of the empire, in the ancient seats of our nobility, out of the reach of

curiosity, even were their possessors disposed to admit the curious to disturb that domestic privacy, which is so peculiarly characteristic of national feeling. Our connoisseurship then, is acquired, as it were, by snatches:—we have no public galleries, and private collections are accessible only by favour; and the sullen condescension that admits, is spared, by the proud spirit that refuses to court admission: hence we are indebted to foreign speculators, who resort to the British metropolis with new cargoes of pictures for sale, and we idlers admire, and improve, in luxurious independence, by paying our half-crowns or shillings for the sight.

To our painters, however, for this desired information, the affair is not so light, they pay a heavier tax. To these, time is valuable property—and to portrait-painters more particularly; for many a sitter is put off, and the artist's ideas are all abroad, because he can only see these exhibitions in the spring season, when his patrons are in town, and his ingenious talent is most in requisition. These considerations are to be numbered amongst others of no small importance to the progress of the arts, in argument for the necessity of what is so munificently projected by his Majesty—The founding of a national gallery, accessible at all times.

The season is now again re-commencing, when the lover of painting may expect the highest mental treat: when the importations of works of art, in this improved epoch of taste, is as anxiously sought at the west end of the metropolis, as a Baltic or a Levant fleet of tallow, or figs, are looked for in the east.

It is our intention to make a morning lounge to these exhibitions as they occur, and to offer our remarks upon the leading features that grace these novelties. We also propose to visit the principal picture sales at Messrs. Christie's, Phillips', and others, and to make our paper an annual record of all that materially relates to subjects of *virtù*. We flatter ourselves that much biographical chit-chat may be interwoven in our *catalogues raisonnées*, having long collected *matériel* for a picture history, in which we could trace the descent and transfer of some of the most renowned works which have changed hands by the agency of the picture-dealer and the auctioneer.

The first that offers, is a collection that has been brought to this country by a foreign gentleman, and opened on Monday last, for public inspection, in Pall Mall. The proprietor states, in his catalogue, that they are "Selected from the works of the most celebrated masters of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Spanish schools, illustrative of many of the most sublime events of sacred history, and other interesting and gratifying

LONDON, FEBRUARY 28, 1824.

subjects, chosen from the most renowned galleries on the Continent." Of this collection we shall postpone our remarks until the next week.

REVIEWS.

Sayings and Doings. A Series of Sketches from Life.
3 Vols. London: Colburn. 1824.

THE author of these volumes is said to be Mr. Theodore Hook, a gentleman well known for the smartness of his conversation, the vivacity and fun of his farces, and more recently celebrated for his being the subject of a state prosecution. Whether Mr. Hook be the writer of "Sayings and Doings" or not we have no means of knowing, and in these days of hoax and mystification, it is difficult to ascertain any fact connected with literature. But the authorship of these volumes would be creditable to him or almost any other writer of the day. They are pregnant with acute observations upon life and manners, and evince an extraordinary knowledge of mankind. The author says of himself:—

"I have watched the world, and have set down all that I have seen; and out of this collection of materials have thrown together a few historical illustrations of quaint sayings, the force of which the characters introduced by me have unconsciously exemplified in their lives and conduct."

The first story, for "Sayings and Doings" are a collection of stories, is called Danvers. He is a young man of high talents, great acquirements and insinuating manners, who is thrown at an early age into the great whirlpool of fashionable life. His "notions on the marrying score" were by no means injudicious:—

"A bright sparkling eye—a look of sense—animation—a varying expression, and features which should take a different cast, when their mistress heard of the death of a child, from that which they would wear when she lost a pool at loo—an air, a manner, gentleness and grace—a lady-like figure—a feminine diffidence—an amiable softness—a total absence of affectation, and an inexhaustible fund of good-humour, were essentials with him; and if the union of these qualities in one woman were not discoverable, then Burton devoted himself, in his own mind, to a life of perpetual single blessedness."

"Moreover, besides these actual qualifications which his imaginary bride was to have, there were sundry others which she was not upon any consideration to possess. She was on no account to be learned: she might speak French; but if she did, she must do it well and fluently—Latin and Greek were interdicted; the mathematics utterly banished. She might, perhaps, play and sing, but not by any means well enough to be expected or called upon to exhibit like a buffoon in company. The less she liked dancing the better; waltzing was out of the question altogether. If she drew, it was not to be after the antique. The less she dabbled in the arts, however, the more desirable. She was to be religious, and devoid of cant; charitable, without parade; and rational, without pretension: she was to look at the world as one of its inhabitants; not to expect divine attributes in any of her fellow-creatures, nor to affect the possession of them herself; she was to be extremely neat in her person: never to touch upon politics, and always to call things by their right names."

By some strange chance he meets with a young lady

who combines all these qualifications positive and negative; they marry, and live as happy as any congenial couple can who dwell in the vicinity of the haughty Duke of Alverstone. The account of a dinner with their graces is very graphic:—

"Not a soul except the apothecary of the neighbouring town was there; the dinner was served up magnificently at seven o'clock; it lasted till twenty minutes after eight; the champagne needed nothing colder to chill it than the company; the daughters spoke only to their brothers, the brothers only to their parents; Burton was placed on the right of the Duchess, Kilman the apothecary on her left: the whole of her Grace's conversation was directed to the latter, and turned upon the nature of infection, in a dissertation on the relative dangers of typhus and scarlet fever, which was concluded by an assurance on the part of her Grace, that she would endeavour to prevail upon Doctor Somebody from London to come down and settle in the neighbourhood—a piece of information which was received by her medical-hearer with as much composure as a man could muster while listening to intelligence likely to overturn his practice and ruin his family."

"The Duke drank wine with Mrs. Burton, and condescended to enquire after her little one; his Grace then entered into a lengthened dissertation with his second son, upon the mode of proceeding he intended to adopt in visiting Oxford the next morning; and concluded the dialogue by an elaborate panegyric upon his own character, that of his children, his horses, his wines, and his servants."

"After a brief sitting, the ladies retired, and coffee being shortly brought to the dinner-table, the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room, which they found occupied only by her Grace and Mrs. Burton: the Lady Elizabeth having retired with a head-ache, and the Lady Jane having accompanied her as nurse."

About this period a small French clock on the chimney-piece struck ten: never were sounds so silvery sweet as mortal ear as those to Mrs. Burton. Her misery had been complete; for, in addition to the simple horror of a *lettre-a-déte* with the Duchess—a thing in itself sufficient to have frozen a salamander, her Grace had selected as a subject for conversation the science of craniology, the name of which, thanks to her unsophistication, had never reached Mary's ears; and the puzzle she was in to make out what it was, to what body it referred, to what part of a body, or what the organs were, to which her Grace kept perpetually alluding, may better be conceived than imagined. The Duchess voted Mary a simpleton; Mary set her Grace down for a bore; and Mary, with all her simplicity, was the nearer the mark of the two."

A rich old uncle Danvers comes over from the East Indies, and graciously condescends to make them very uncomfortable by taking up his residence with them. The description of the nabob and his eccentricities is very amusing. The old gentleman is entrapped into a marriage with a vulgar Miss Podgers, to the great confusion of the Burtons at first, but not to their ultimate disappointment, for he leaves them all his enormous fortune. The effect of this "God send" is ludicrously described:—

"Four days had scarcely elapsed after his return, before he received innumerable letters from persons with whom for years he had had no intercourse, congratulating him upon his wonderful good fortune; and in less than a week he accumulated two maternal uncles, one aunt, a half-mother-in-law, and upwards of fourteen cousins in Scotland alone; he was elected a member of three learned societies, and received a communication from an university which

shall be nameless, to know whether the honorary degree of D. C. L. would be agreeable to him.

"Various post-chaises, replete with fashionable upholsterers, milliners, dress-makers, booksellers, and wine-merchants, thronged the sweep before Sandown cottage; nine capital estates were offered to him for sale, and thirty-one persons, whose names he had never heard, appealed to his well-known charitable disposition to relieve their wants in various degrees, from the loan of twenty pounds up to the general discharge of the embarrassments of a reverend gentleman with thirteen children.

"His little, heretofore quiet, library was crowded with country gentlemen and directors of charitable institutions; those who had sons in the army solicited him to get companies for their boys; others who had chosen the navy, entreated him to get ships for their lads; nay, one man, and he no fool, high at the Bar, going the summer circuit, requested Burton's influence to lift him to the Bench."

He changes his name to Danvers, buys palaces, gives magnificent dinners, contests a county and loses it, gets into parliament for a borough, spends more than his income, becomes embarrassed, is dunned by his creditors, borrows money at usurious interest, no returns from the West Indies, and when at last as a *mere matter of form* he examined his affairs, he found that his debts amounted to little less than £200,000. He raises money upon annuity, contests the county again, is elected, found guilty of a bribery which he never committed, is tried for the offence, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment. The estates, houses, jewels, &c. &c. &c. are sold by auction for nothing; and of his splendid fortune he finds himself in possession of somewhat less than £1500 per annum, with which he retires to a cottage in Devonshire, where he once more enjoyed quiet and happiness, convinced that "*too much of a good thing is good for nothing*."

This tale is written with great power of description and an intimate and accurate knowledge of society. The characters are drawn with great felicity and truth, and the dialogue is at once smart, pithy, and powerful. Perhaps it is a little too strongly marked with *persiflage* and sarcasm; but a man of wit and sense much accustomed to the follies of town life, can scarcely speak of them without resorting to such a tone of censure. The following out of a number of general portraits is very severe and very true:—

"There is no object in all the study of humanity more striking, more awfully instructive than a faded Dowager of fashion! Far be it from me to class under this sweeping denomination the many excellent mothers, the admirable women who so brightly adorn their sex and the peerage of our country. The thing I mean is one who, weak in intellect but strong in vanity, has had the misfortune to be born so beautiful as to believe her mind a secondary object hardly worth the cultivating,—whose peach-bloom cheeks, whose coral lips, and flowing hair, whose graceful form and sylph-like figure, have caught the heart—if heart he have—of some man, her equal in rank, in fortune, and in intellect,—who as the careless wife, sparkled and dazzled, and who, after a married life of thirty years, finds herself the widowed mother of a race of girls, her very counterparts in mind and person, in trappings and manœuvres for whom she has had just sufficient cunning to succeed.

"They in their turn marry, and she is left at sixty to her own resources. Where are they? Her ideas of comfort

centre not in home; and if they did, what home has she? Her daughters are mixing in the world, which she should make a resolution to leave. Society means with her an assembly of hundreds; her acquaintances are numerous, her friends scant; her view of religion is having a well-curtained, well-cushioned, well-carpeted pew in a fashionable chapel; her notions of charity are comprised in an annual donation or two to a lying-in-hospital, or a female penitentiary: but without a crowd she dies; and thus, to exist, she risks her life night after night by the disreputable exposure of her aged person, bedizened with the ornaments which graced her figure in its youth, and after feverishly enduring the loudly-whispered satire, and the ill-concealed laughter of the next generation, who stand round about her, she sinks into her crimson velvet coffin, without creating a sensation, except perhaps in the breast of her next heir, who, by her departure from *this* world for one of which she has never thought, is relieved from the painful necessity of paying her Ladyship a jointure.

"Of this wretched class Mary had a favourable opportunity of seeing a pretty sprinkling of specimens; and her astonishment at the sight was mingled with a suspicion of the correctness of her own conduct. She, for the first time, saw age without respecting it, and felt a disposition to smile at infirmities which reason and religion had, till that moment, taught her to soothe and commiserate."

It is impossible for any of the hangers-on of fashion to read this story without a pang if they have any feeling, without shame if they have any sense, without remorse if they have any virtue.

Of the other tales, we cannot this week take any notice; but in our next number, we shall give some account of them, with a few remarks upon this class of works.

Poems. By J. G. PERCIVAL, M.D. 2 vols, post 8vo. London: John Miller. 1824.

THIS work is an English reprint of a collection of miscellaneous poems, which, we are informed in the preface, "has met with a very favorable reception in the western world, though the author is only known in England as standing in the first rank of living American poets." Whether Dr. Percival can be classed in the same elevated rank among English poets, we shall not have an opportunity of forming an adequate opinion at present, from the work having been placed before us so late in the week. But from the cursory glance we have been enabled to take, the author appears to possess a most fertile imagination, accompanied by a certain laxity of style not unusual with the more juvenile class of poets.

The principal poem of the collection "Prometheus," (written in the Spenserian stanza) contains many of the seeds of true poetry; though (as the author's countrymen would say) it is rather too "lengthy" for the subject. It is, however, a sufficient indication that the writer is capable of sustaining an epic excursion of considerable extent, whenever his muse induces him to select an appropriate subject.

The first poem of the work entitled "The Wreck," is a specimen of the author's talent in blank verse. And although we neither think his style exactly suited to that

class of composition, nor admire his judgment in having selected such a subject, after the very masterly pens of Falconer and Lord Byron on the same theme; yet this little poem contains some beautiful passages. Our quotations for the present number will be brief, and taken at random.

"The Wreck" being founded on a tale of wayward love, the birth of the tender passion is thus described:—

"Then, as the magic sunset, and the place
Hallowed to her pure spirit, and the sounds
Of closing melody, and the calm words,
That asked a blessing on the silent crowd,
Who listened to the prayer with breathless awe—
As these came o'er her feelings with a charm
Of most delicious sweetness, when her soul
Caught part of the new energy abroad
In that deep-hallowed mansion, and was far
Ascending to the glory which pervades
The one Eternal Temple—then her eye,
Living with her wrapt spirit, chanced to fall
On the bright features of a noble youth,
Whose eye fell full on hers. As if a sense
Of kindred being had at once possessed
Their spirits, and a sacred fire informed
Their souls with one new life, they looked and loved.
It was the birth of passion—there went forth
From each an influence, that as a chain
Linked their young hearts together. They would turn
Aside their eyes, but in an instant back
They glanced and met; and as they met, they fell
In deep confusion downward. Then their hearts
Beat throbbing; a blush rose on their cheeks,
Flushing and fading like the changeful play
Of colours on a dolphin."

The hero of the tale, consigned to voluntary banishment in order to avoid the reproaches of his noble relatives, eventually meets with the catastrophe implied in the title of the tale:—

"Thither he went,
And none knew, of his kindred, when or where
He had escaped them. They, with anxious quest,
Sought him, and after long and fruitless search
Believed him dead. Awhile they mourned his loss,
As great ones mourn, and then he passed away
Into oblivion, and they filled his place
In their affections with a gilded toy,
And found their treasures ampler by his death.
Not so with her who loved him; when he fled,
She followed, but soon sank beneath the weight
Of deep and sudden sorrow."

But we must proceed to give a short extract or two from "Prometheus":—

"Mercy! thou dearest attribute of heaven,
The attractive charm, the smile of Deity,
To whom the keys of Paradise are given—
Thy glance is love, thy brow benignity,
And bending o'er the world with tender eye,
Thy bright tears fall upon our hearts like dew,
And melting at the call of clemency,
We raise to God again our earth-fixed view,
And in our bosom glows the living fire anew."

"Then Poetry was inspiration—loud,
And sweet, and rich in speaking tones, it rung,
As if a choir of muses from a cloud,
Sun-kindled, on the bright horizon hung,
Their voices harmonized, their lyres full strung,

Rolled a deep descant o'er a listening world—
There was a force, a majesty when sung
The bard of Troy—his living thoughts were hurled,
Like lightnings, when the folds of tempest are unfurled."

The following apostrophe to the Sun is all the extract we can at present afford from this long poem:—

"We call thee Lord of day—and thou dost give
To Earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine viewless mould, which lurks in dust,
To him who looks to Heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamped the seal of God, who gathers there
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
In his own centred powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.
Thy path is high in Heaven;—we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star,
For thou, so vast to us, art in the whole
One of the sparks of night, that fire the air,
And as around thy centre planets roll,
So thou too hast thy path around the central soul."

The little poem "The Suicide," contains also some fine passages:—

"Come, grisly Death! and whet thy bloody dart;
Come waft upon the breeze my dying knell;
O! misery and woe have filled my heart,
O! hell to me is nothing—nothing's hell."
He said, and lifted high the poisoned draught;
'This gives,' he cried, 'my body to the tomb—
To nothing—dreary nothing, it shall waft
My soul, or yield it to its endless doom,—
'A doom, that strikes my shuddering soul with dread,
And almost drives my purpose from my breast;
Speak not those words—for every hope is fled;
In death, in darkness, is my only rest.
'Come to my lips,' he spake, with features calm,
'Come to my lips—thou cordial of my woes;
Pour in my wounded heart thy healing balm,
And in eternal sleep my eyelids close.'"

We must, however, defer our further remarks to the next number.

The Animal Kingdom: arranged in conformity with its Organization. By the BARON COUVIER, &c. With Additional Descriptions and other Original Matter. By E. GRIFFITH, F.L.S. Part I. London: G. and W. B. Whittaker. 1824.

Our neighbours on the other side of the channel have got considerably the start of us in physical philosophy, and general science within the last half century. They have produced more original thinkers, and their language possesses more valuable works on these branches of knowledge, than any other country. In practical philosophy and mechanics, we have the advantage on our side. Perhaps there is no subject in which our deficiency has been more manifest than in zoology. We have not a single treatise which contains the modern improvements and discoveries in that science. The present work is an attempt to supply the want, and deserves

great attention. All who know any thing of the history and present state of zoological science, must know that to the Baron Cuvier more than to any other modern is it indebted for some of the most valuable improvements in the way of arrangement and discovery. His "Comparative Anatomy," is a work of singular merit and originality, and its author may be regarded as the legislator of that science. The "Regne Animal" is less elaborate and less complete, but it is the best treatise upon the subject we have. The editors of the present work have very wisely made it the foundation of their labours; and as it is little else than a catalogue or synopsis of the living tribes arranged according to the laws of their conformation, they have added to it much popular and entertaining matter relative to the instincts, habits, and general character of animals, together with additional descriptions of all the species. Hence it may be regarded as a translation of the "Regne Animal," enriched by whatever interesting or important matter might be gained from other modern naturalists and travellers. Thus, after the Introduction of Cuvier, explaining the nature and principles of his work, the editors have given us what they call "a supplemental history of man," which contains some general views of points peculiar to the human race. This part is a compilation merely, but it seems to have been done with much judgment and ingenuity. It is impossible in a paper like ours to enter into any examination of a scientific work. Even if we had the space requisite, we have not the inclination. Our object is amusement—that species of amusement which at the same time insinuates knowledge. Science with all its importance is somewhat too unwieldy and heavy for a literary newspaper. We can only say of the present work, that it is judicious in its choice of subject, simple, accurate, and scientific in its execution, and a valuable accession to our stock of zoological knowledge. The plates which accompany this first part are well executed. Some of them, we perceive, are the productions of Mr. T. Landseer. It is not easy to find in this work many passages fit for quotation, but the following is not merely ingenious, it is highly interesting. M. Cuvier is speaking of the varieties of the human species:—

"Among these varieties there are three which particularly merit attention, in consequence of the marked difference existing between them. These are, 1, the fair, or Caucasian variety; 2, the yellow, or Mongolian; 3, the Negro, or Ethiopian.

"The Caucasian, to which we ourselves belong, is chiefly distinguished by the beautiful form of the head, which approximates to a perfect oval. It is also remarkable for variations in the shade of the complexion, and colour of the hair. From this variety have sprung the most civilized nations, and such as have most generally exercised dominion over the rest of mankind.

"The Mongolian variety is recognised by prominent cheek bones, flat visage, narrow and oblique eyes, hair straight and black, scanty beard, and olive complexion. This race has formed mighty empires in China and Japan, and occasionally extended its conquests on this side of the Great Desert, but its civilization has long appeared stationary.

"The negro race is confined to the south of Mount Atlas. Its characters are, black complexion, woolly hair, com-

pressed cranium, and flattish nose. In the prominence of the lower part of the face, and the thickness of the lips, it manifestly approaches to the monkey tribe. The hordes of which this variety is composed, have always remained in a state of complete barbarism.

"The Caucasian variety derives its name from the group of mountains between the Caspian and the Black Sea, because tradition would seem to refer the origin of the people of this race to that part of the world. Thence, as from a central point, the different branches of this variety shot forth like the radii of a circle, and even at the present day we find its peculiar characteristics in the highest perfections among the people in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, the Georgians and Circassians, who are considered the handsomest natives of the earth. The principal branches of this race may be distinguished by the analogies of language. The Syrian division directing its course southward, gave birth to the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the untameable Arabs, destined to become for a period nearly masters of the world; the Phenicians, the Jews, and the Abyssinians, who were Arabian colonies, and the ancient Egyptians, who, in all probability, owe their origin to the same source. From this branch, always inclined to mysticism, have sprung those religions, the influence of which has proved the most widely extended and the most durable. Science and literature have flourished occasionally among these people, but always clothed in strange and mystic guise, and obscured by a highly figurative diction.

"The Indian, German, and Pelasgic branch (for it is one and the same), is infinitely more extended than the preceding, and was subdivided at an earlier period. We may, notwithstanding, still recognise very numerous affinities between its four principal languages: these are the Sanscrit, at present the sacred language of the Hindoos, and parent of all the dialects of Hindoestan; the ancient language of the Pelasgi, the common mother of the Greek, the Latin, of many tongues now extinct, and of all those spoken in the south of Europe; the Gothic or Teutonic, from which the languages of the north and north-west of Europe are derived, the German, Dutch, English, Danish, Swedish, &c.; lastly, the Slavonian, from which come the languages of the north-east of Europe, as the Russian, Polish, Bohemian, &c.

"This extensive and powerful branch of the Caucasian race may be placed with justice in the foremost rank of the sons of men. The nations which compose it have carried philosophy, science, and the arts to the greatest perfection, and for more than thirty ages have been the guardians and depositaries of human knowledge."

The Agricultural School of Industry at Hofwyl, in Switzerland. By L. SIMOND. London: Roake, pp. 78. 1824.

A MORE interesting pamphlet than the one before us, we do not recollect to have read for a long time past. It relates to a subject at all times of most unquestionable importance; but more especially so in this country, and in this season, when every possible exertion is making to diffuse the light of instruction amongst those classes which for centuries have been regarded as the bond-slaves of ignorance and vice. Fortunately the prejudices upon this topic have dispersed before the sun of knowledge, and a brighter and more genial day is beginning to dawn upon the human race. Within the last year, and it is unnecessary to go any further back, how much has been done for the instruction of the lower classes? At this very moment what unremitting efforts

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

improvement of their moral and in-

The Mechanic Institutes, and so many of the great towns of the island, of grateful zeal which these have a right to the labouring classes, afford a great advancement which this order is speedily to make. But these household labours are not confined to our island, a country in many respects has been equal with us, if not better, and useful struggle. The School of Arts, near Berne, has been established. Its character and value are acknowledged throughout Europe. In England, it has attracted less attention than it deserves. It is exclusively occupied with the Lancaster. Our efforts in the way of the most general character, are only that we thought of giving a name to mechanics and labourers, and to let for a longer period, under the name of the penberg. Let us hear something before we speak of his services:—

y man was at first known merely as a
he has an agricultural institution at
y, near Hofwyl; but agriculture has
ry object with him, and the hope of
f popular education, gave it its great-
ness.
stance, which would have made
more worldly and otherwise disposed
mind. M. de Fallenberg's reaction

ments of labour in their hands, and were followed by a man of about thirty. They saluted M. de Fellenberg as they passed, by a slight movement of the head and a smile. We followed the young labourers to their residence, which was low built, and very plain, fifty paces from M. de Fellenberg's. Their number was nearly forty, from the age of eight to eighteen, clad in short waistcoats and pantaloons, of coarse calico; their heads uncovered and feet bare; but contentment and perfect health beaming on their countenances. The first story of their dwelling consists of two large rooms—one, the dormitory, furnished with pallets and bed-clothes, on a platform the length of the wall, and very clean; the other, with two long tables and benches, and various drawers, in which the pupils keep their collection of plants, specimens of soils and stones, drawings of machines, &c. When the weather is very hot they take their meals and lessons in a shed near the house.

When supper was ready, the young man who presides over them, named Vehrli, gave out a national hymn, historical and religious, which the pupils sang in parts with great precision, shewing themselves as good vocal performers as industrious workmen. Their supper consisted of soup, vegetables, and milk. They afterwards amused themselves with different sports, rather mental than corporeal, their daily labour being sufficient bodily exercise. That in which we joined consisted of divining the thoughts from a certain number of given questions. Reading aloud came next, then grammatical and arithmetical questions, to which the pupils appeared to attach great interest, and answered generally very well. The calculations were made extempore. After we had taken leave, we still heard them singing for some time; their voices, however, gradually subsided, and before nine o'clock they were all in bed. Their hour of rising is five in the morning.

"The scholars begin the day by a lesson of half an hour. Their breakfast is nearly similar to their supper. They work in the fields from six to twelve, dine, take an hour's lesson, and return to the fields until six o'clock in the even-

sence of each pupil for maintenance and education. Were the work pursued at Hofwyl less various, it would be more productive; but it is expedient to make some slight sacrifice, in order to obtain the more extensive good. Agriculture is the principal species of labour, and this is of all others the worst remunerated. If the education of the pupils were combined with the labours of handicrafts and manufacturers, as well as agriculture, the School of Industry would be far more economical than it is at present. It has been said of the Bell and Lancaster schools, that the good they do is principally negative, and consists in keeping young children engaged in more regular pursuits, who might otherwise be acquiring idle and vicious habits in the streets. Even in this contracted view, the Hofwyl school has a great superiority; for what those schools do for some hours a day during two or three years, it does without intermission through the whole period of youth, affording at the same time a maintenance to the pupils. The state of morality at Hofwyl is most gratifying:—

“The greater part of the pupils have already passed the age of puberty. They are not permitted to leave the establishment day nor night; none of them are ever seen at a village feast or dance; neither have they any acquaintances out of the establishment. They do not even think of it. Work, play, and lessons, fill up their time, and their contented looks shew that they experience no want of enjoyment. It is already a great point gained, to have brought them to their twenty-first year, without their having contributed to the general profligacy. (Once freed from control, they are not likely to take instant leave of their prudent habits.)”

Notwithstanding the comparatively short space of time since its establishment, the advantages of this institution have been very manifest. Many of the pupils have gone forth to the world; and have by their diligence, ability, knowledge, and moral habits, reflected great credit upon their instructors.

Although this pamphlet contains a great many interesting details relating to the studies, expences, and habits of the establishment, yet we are precluded from giving any more of them to the public. The extreme importance of the topic, the novelty of M. Fellenberg's plan, its evident advantages, and at the same time, the brevity, clearness, and good sense of this little volume, will ensure it a wide circulation amongst all classes of readers.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By LADY MORGAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1824.

IN a publication which devotes so much attention to the history, condition, principles, and influence of the Fine Arts as our own, a copious and complete account of the volumes before us may very naturally be expected. Salvator Rosa is a great name in the history of intellect. It is the name of a man who in the different pursuits of poetry, engraving, the stage, and above all in painting, rose to the loftiest eminence; and the splendour of his living fame has streamed through the mists of subsequent ages down to our times with a radiance

though somewhat abated, yet still brilliant and intense. Successive generations have consecrated the judgment of his own times, and scarcely any critic of authority has ever questioned his claims to the highest honors of art. Sir Joshua Reynolds—a great authority certainly—has indeed qualified his eulogium of Salvator's merits, but with the inconsistency which so strongly marks the judgments of that eminent person, he has at one time denied him any thing like grandeur, and at another has accorded to him “all the sublimity and grandeur of the sacred volume from which he drew his subject of “Jacob's Dream.” Beyond question, the former of these opinions is most inapplicable to the *Cataline Conspiracy*—the *Saul and Witch of Endor*, and some other pictures of Salvator. Sir Joshua is more liberal in his opinions of his landscapes, and speaks of them in the language of high praise. But if Sir Joshua pronounces on the merits of Salvator Rosa with the sobriety and sternness of a critic and an artist, his present biographer, Lady Morgan, writes of him with all the enthusiasm and admiration of an amateur and a female. Her volumes are from the beginning to the end one long loud note of adulation. She makes him out not only the first of painters, but the most fervent of patriots, and the most accomplished of men. There is indeed no want of research or facts about her volumes, but they are written in such a glowing and partial style, as very much to abate the authority of her opinions. She enters minutely enough into the history of his life, but all her representations are in the highest strain of panegyric. Her opinions of his excellence as a painter are certainly too extravagantly favorable, though no doubt can exist of his great merits. But he was something more than a painter; he was likewise an engraver, original, bold, and spirited; a musician of no mean accomplishments; a comic actor, an *improvisatore*, a great conversationalist, a natural and amusing prose-writer, a more than respectable scholar, and a poet, who, in originality, vigorous expression, sharp and fearless satire, deep feeling, philosophic spirit, and real genius, deserves to be regarded as among the most eminent of his own times, and not very inferior to those of any other period of Italian literature.

The work commences with an essay on the state of Italian painting in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, up to the birth of Salvator. He was born at Renella, a little village not far from Naples, in the year 1615. His father was an obscure, but industrious artist, whose success as a painter was such as to render him adverse to his son's adopting the same profession. The youth was accordingly destined to the church, and thus an opportunity was afforded him of making those scholastic acquirements for which he was afterwards so distinguished.

He was often guilty of petty offences against church discipline and, as a punishment, was put into confinement by his monkish preceptors.—

“Deprived of liberty, he made propitiatory offerings to that Nature he was forbidden to worship, within the ‘dark-

some rounds' of his domestic prison; and by the simple instrumentality of some burned sticks, he covered the walls of the old house with the scenery of his favourite haunts. Vesuvius blazed over the faded frescoes of the dilapidated *guarda-robba*; and the old *loggia*, once the temple of aristocratic recreation, when the Casaccia was the palace of some Neapolitan prince, was converted into a panorama, representing the enchanting views it commanded of the bay with its coasts, woods, and mountains.

"*Santo sacramento!*" exclaimed Madonna Giulia with upraised hands and eyes, as she entered the loggia to take her 'fresca,' or evening's draught of fresh air. "*Cosa stupenda!*" re-echoed the simple *signorine*, his sisters, in stupid wonder at their brother's talent and temerity: and the luckless Salvatoriello, for the studies he pursued and the studies he neglected, was doomed to do penance by attendance on matins, mass, and vespers in the great church of the Certosa, with pious punctuality, during the whole of the ensuing Lent.

"It happened that he one day brought with him by mistake his bundle of burned sticks, instead of his mother's brazen-clasped missal; and in passing along the magnificent cloisters, sacred alike to religion and the arts, he applied them between the interstices of its Doric columns, the only unoccupied space on the pictured walls, which gold and ultramarine had not yet covered over.

"What was the subject which occupied on this occasion his rude pencil, history has not detailed, but he was bringing to his work all the ardour which in another age went to his 'Saul' or 'Democritus,' when, unfortunately, the prior, issuing with his train from the choir, caught the hapless painter in the very act of scrawling on those sacred walls, which it required all the influence of Spagnuololetto to get leave to ornament,—walls, whose very angles Annibal Caracci would have been proud to fill, and for whose decoration the great Lanfranco, and greater Dominichino, were actually contending with deadly rivalry and fatal emulation."

This was the first indication of a tendency to the art of painting, which was subsequently fostered by the precepts of Francanzani, a young artist, who had married his sister. Abandoning his clerical studies, he devoted himself entirely to art; and for a time secluded himself amidst the romantic solitudes and savage grandeur of the Abruzzi and Calabria. Here, amidst the peasantry, and the outlaws, he remained long enough to fill his imagination, and his memory, with those combinations of the magnificent and the terrible, which he afterwards displayed in the productions of his pencil.

On his return to Naples, the death of his father left the family with no other support than the labours of Salvator, who was compelled to toil for a scanty subsistence, by painting pictures and sketches for the dealers, which were sold at the lowest price. He was brought into some notice by accident alone.—

"It happened that as the Cavaliere Lanfranco was returning one day in his splendid equipage from *La Chiesa del Gesù* to his lodgings by *La Strada della Carita*, he was struck by a picture in oil which hung outside the shop-door of a *revenditore*, with other odds and ends of second-hand wares. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and ordered Antonio Richieri, his favourite pupil, to alight, and bring him the painting which had attracted his attention. The *revenditore* was struck by an honour so little to be expected. The carriage of the great Signor Cavaliere Lanfranco stopping before his miserable bulk, was a distinction to excite the envy of all his compeers in the *Strada della Carita*; and he came forward with many gesticulations of respect,

wiping the dust from a painting on canvas, four palms in length, which had lain for weeks unnoticed at his shop-door; while 'bella' and 'purgatorie,' saints and martyrs, had gone off with successful rapidity.

"Lanfranco took the picture into his carriage; and a nearer inspection convinced him of the accuracy of his first rapid decision. It was labelled '*Istoria di Agar e del suo figlio languenti per la seta.*'"

"There was in the conception of this picture a tone of deep and powerful feeling, a gloomy and melancholy originality, which probably struck on the imagination of Lanfranco even more than its execution. He sought for the name of the painter, who was evidently of no school, who copied no master, and whose manner was all his own; and in a corner he perceived a superscription unknown to fame, and by its diminutive termination almost consigned to ridicule. It was 'Salvatoriello.' The *revenditore* either could not, or would not, give any intelligence concerning the painter; and Lanfranco, paying without hesitation the price demanded, carried home the picture in his carriage, and gave general orders to his pupils to purchase all they saw bearing the signature of *Salvatoriello*, without reservation. When he departed for Rome, Hagar was the companion of his voyage, and became the chief ornament of his picture-gallery at La Vigna."

Lanfranco was, at that time, the most eminent painter in Naples, and this distinction at his hands was of great service to Salvator. He went to Rome to pursue his studies, but without any great advantage, nor was it until sometime afterwards, at Naples, that he took his proper station as a painter. His "*Prometheus*" was the first successful production, and it brought him into great reputation. He returned to Rome, and his fortune soon improved, so as to permit him to indulge in expensive entertainments. But it was his talent as a poet, actor, and improvisatore, which procured for him a notoriety that was afterwards of advantage to him as a professional man. Bernini, and his frigid school, were then all-powerful at Rome, and Salvator had every thing to contend with in the perverted taste of the public. In landscape Claude and G. Poussin were just in the zenith of their fame, and it was only by his great originality, boldness, and natural truth, that Salvator became a favourite with the Roman populace. He was occasionally employed to paint for the prelates and the nobility, but the proud dignity and unbending independence of his manner was not very palatable to the great, nor serviceable to himself.

Lady Morgan gives us some amusing anecdotes of his deportment, which we will extract.—

"A Roman noble endeavouring one day to drive a hard bargain with him, he coolly interrupted him to say, that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; observing, 'I never bargain, Sir, with my pencil: for it knows not the value of its own labour before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not, as you please.'"

"A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to virtue than for liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery in the Via Babuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits exclaimed, '*Salvator mio!* I am strangely tempted to purchase this picture;—tell me at once the lowest price:'"

"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator, carelessly.
 "Two hundred scudi! ohime! that is a price!—but we'll talk of it another time."

"The Illustrissimo took his leave; but, bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again enquired 'the lowest price.'"

"Three hundred scudi!" was the sullen reply.

"Corpo di Bacco!" cried the astonished prince, "*mi burla, rostra signoria*, you are joking! I see I must e'en wait upon your better humour; and so addio, Signor Rosa."

"The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who, on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, 'Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? have prices risen or fallen?'"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!" replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when, suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth,—"The fact is, your Excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do I put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy of no better fate than *this*;" and snatching the pannel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into an hundred pieces. "*His Excellency*" made an unceremonious retreat, and returned no more to drive a hard bargain.

"The story, as usual, circulated through Rome, to the disadvantage of the uncompromising artist; and confirmed the character, which has still remained with him, of being '*un cervello indomito e feroce*,' a hot-brained and desperate fellow."

It was during this residence at Rome that some of his finest pictures—the "*Prodigal Son*,"—"Purgatory," "*Pindar and Pan*," &c. were painted. His situation was made uncomfortable, by the power of his enemies, and he sought a temporary refuge from their attacks by retiring to Naples. The insurrection of Masaniello had then first broken out, and with the natural ardor of his temperament, he enlisted in a band called *la compagnia della morte*, and joined the standard of Masaniello. On this passage of his life Lady Morgan writes in the warm language of one deeply imbued with democratic and revolutionary notions, and regards it as one of Salvator's noblest actions.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION.—BRITISH GALLERY.

(Continued from p. 313.)

A VIEW NEAR THE TOWN HALL, GUILDFORD, BY CHARLES DEANE.

SUCH has been the general improvement in domestic architecture within the last twenty-five years, the memorable epoch of wealth in this island, that in many of our provincial towns, the pulling down and building up system has been no less the rage, than in our great and flourishing metropolis. Hence, the tourist in search of the picturesque is disappointed, on entering an ancient town, when looking for projecting stories, grotesque quoins, oaken rafters, and crazy casements, with plastered gables, he finds the buildings here and there cockneyfied, with smooth brick walls, modern sashes, and shop-fronts, that vie with those in Fleet-street or Cheapside. All these changes exhibit the flourishing state of our age at home, and mark the rapid progress of civilization. But, alas! for the tourist, the topographer, and the amateur of the picturesque.

These things being so ordered by the Fates, it is really a treat to our topographical taste, to meet with so pictorial a representation of an old country town, as this: one—to

use the phrase of a grey-bearded antiquary—that has escaped the spoiler's hands. We have before observed, pictures of this class are congenial with our national taste—there are so many traits in these old sites, so materially interwoven with our associations of good, old social times, that none but the most senseless grub, travelling for orders for *Aimsel*, can, even while changing horses, forbear an exclamation of "What an old-fashioned place—aye, fellow traveller, these places were filled by our honest plain-dealing forefathers! Please God, I will visit this town again."

We have offered our opinions upon the talents of Mr. Deane, in a former number, with that critical minuteness which we should not have bestowed on an artist less entitled to our respect. Our first and greatest object, is to notice what is promising and meritorious in the works of our rising artists,—to exert our best efforts to lead the attention of those who have yet to learn how to judge of a picture, to appreciate what is good. Our next is to prevent the abuse of patronage, by exposing what is bad. For there is a duty due to the public, as well as to those who become candidates for public favor, and the general interests of taste can only be ultimately promoted by those who assume the censor's chair, expounding the established law, to the best of their judgment, in truth and justice.

In this composition, then, we perceive the rudiments of all that could be desired to accomplish a complete picture of this class. The subject is truly pictorial, it is characteristic of the scene, and exhibits a masterly arrangement of effect. There is a prevailing richness of tone preserved, although united with a clear atmosphere: it is an interesting street scene, viewed under the influence of a cheerful day—such as would lead us to seek the first snug inn to order our dinner, and take a stroll whilst the cloth was being laid.

This picture, however, would have been less exceptionable—perhaps unexceptionable, indeed, had the ingenious artist bestowed that little more, that is the highest effort in art,—that careful super-adding, yet wanting, after the fatigued mind, yielding against its judgment, whispers "*It will do*." We are always safe in referring on these points to the practice of the Flemish and Dutch masters. In all objects of their graphic imitations, they never considered a work done, until it was finished: it is a fact indelibly marked upon their compositions, that they wrought with the pencil to the full extent of their conception. Had Mr. Deane given a few days more to the finishing of this view, with that indefatigable spirit of energy which those masters evinced, we should have had to congratulate him, perhaps, for having rivalled them in this particular walk of art. We see enough of real merit in this picture to warrant our estimate of his capacity to do more. The shadows cast by the houses upon the road are broken, and interrupted in that repose which would have added so much to the sober effect of the whole, had not the abrupt patches of warm tint been so carelessly scattered on the cool mass. There is also an extravagance of warm tinting intermixed amongst the greys in other parts of the picture, which, however well intended to avoid monotony, by this want of care, expose the intention, and betray a hurried afterthought, that too plainly tells the piece could have been much more perfect, had the painter been determined to do entire justice to his talent, and to the subject.

GAME KEEPERS RETURNING, PAINTED BY MARTIN T. WARD.

WHEN estimating, in our retrospective enquiries, the merits of the founders of the English school of painting, who are worthy of the name of masters, in the true spirit of the word; we name, among others, the venerable Stubbs, whose original talent in his department would have done honour to that age to which we look for almost all that is estimable in painting as simply an imitative art. The animals of this artist, considered as portraits, are as near perfection as any works extant of the old school, and, for some properties superior, for none of his predecessors un-

derstood the real character, the anatomy, and the points of the horse, so well as this painter. His colouring and execution were no less perfect, and when he departed, we in common with those who lamented his loss, exclaimed, we may never behold his like again. We, however, had the gratification to witness the progress of another artist, then only rising into notice, whose pursuits were ardently directed to the same class of study. We mean Mr. James Ward, who has not only persevered until he has equalled Mr. Stubbs in the truth of his pencil, but has super-added a spirit and energy in animal study, that has raised his works superior in comparison to every thing that had emanated from the finest painters of this class. Mr. Cooper has amply supplied the place of the late Mr. Gilpin, the contemporary of Mr. Stubbs, by a species of painting so excellent in its way, that we can admire it as original, even with all our respect for the talent of his distinguished contemporary Mr. Ward. We have the pleasure to name another artist of most promising talent in animal painting, Mr. Woodward, a pupil of Mr. Cooper's, whose picture of "Horses in a Thunder-storm," in this exhibition, is a masterly performance, which, with his other works, we shall duly notice in the course of our strictures.

Of Mr. E. Landseer's abilities we have already spoken. We have now to notice the talent of another youthful candidate for public favor in this department, whose works give presage of future excellence, and of adding to the reputation of our native school. The "Gamekeepers Returning," is a composition that has claims upon the attention of those who interest themselves in the progress of juvenile exertion, in its approximation to mastery. The subject is composed of portraits, two gamekeepers, a pony, and their dogs. This is a spirited performance, and is worthy of the opinion we had formed of his latent capacity, by the earliest efforts of his pencil. The drawing of the animals is free, and exhibits that anatomical knowledge, which alone can give energy to the hand, and embolden the artist to portray the most difficult action with the unconstrained freedom of nature. The painting is masterly; every limb is defined, and he has already acquired the power of painting what he selects for imitation. There is a dexterity of execution that reminds us of the hand of his relation of the same name—so much so, indeed, that we may henceforth speak of their works as the school of Ward. But, lest in this observation we should do injustice to the merit of our young artist, it behoves us to say, that he is entirely indebted to his natural talent, and to sedulous study, for his acquisitions in art. There is a want of unity and general keeping however, in this performance, and the back-ground is feeble, compared with the style of the figures and animals. Practice, added to the good taste which has enabled Mr. Ward to accomplish thus much at so early an age, we are willing to assure ourselves will enable him to acquire what is wanting to make him a leading painter of animal subjects.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—PAINTED BY WM. ETTY.

It has often been asked, how it has happened, that of the many students who succeed each other at the schools at the Royal Academy, where they imbibe the rudiments of drawing from the finest models selected from the antique, that the taste which might be presumed to be thus early acquired from the contemplation of such beautiful and elegant prototypes, so rarely is seen to develop itself in the choice of subjects which the artists, thus educated, select for the exercise of their art? The solution is not easy, for cause and effect are frequently so widely separated by intervening circumstances, as to be too remote to be followed or traced, and the enquirer is left to solve the difficulty by the vague results of speculation.

Whatever may be the cause, of this we may be certain, that few have ventured upon the higher and more elegant pursuits of art; and among them, the greater number have

relaxed in their ardour, and ultimately relinquished the attempt. Doubtless the difficulties are great, where the object to be attained is so much beyond the common reach of mental exertion; yet, vast as the talent must be to accomplish a picture with the attributes of grace and beauty, and the lofty sentiment that must necessarily combine to form a composition of this order, unless every part be wrought almost to perfection, the meanest judge of art will discover the defects, and the artist is exposed to detection, and the mortifying consequences of a failure.

Mr. Etty is one of the aspiring few of the English school, who having ventured upon this unfrequented and perilous path to fame, has neither loitered on his way, nor turned him back. He is still persevering in his classic course, and we trust, will overtake the object of his research.

We have seen but few of the compositions of this promising artist, but in them we have observed so much of beauty and elevated sentiment, that we cannot forbear the expression of our surprise at the coldness and indifference with which such emanations of his tasteful pencil are viewed, when so many are affecting to lament the paucity of works of this class in our public exhibitions. If this neglect be the effect of ignorance, it is pitiable; if of envy, it is execrable. It behoves the few who have taste to discern what is excellent in art, and candour to acknowledge living merit, to uphold a contemporary who is thus endeavouring, by the exercise of his talent, to rescue our school from the reproach of incapacity for the highest and most classic pursuits of study. We are shocked at perceiving these rare specimens of the poetic in painting so unkindly abused, so unjustly stripped of their merited attributes. We abhor that cynical difference of opinion, that affects to judge of art by rules out of the pale of sober criticism, or by any other than the established rules of taste, as far as they may safely be defined. But if we should appear singular in this, we venture to commit ourselves upon the assertion, that if certain of the small compositions of his pencil which have been exhibited on the walls of the British Institution had been painted some two centuries since, and recently consigned to England without a name, learned sponsors would have fathered them upon some of the Italian masters, and a host of dilettanti would have discovered beauties in them inimitable by modern art, whilst each would have contended for the possession of such graphic gems to adorn their galleries.

That this cabinet composition is without fault, the warmest admirers of Mr. Etty's abilities would not assert. The mass of blue drapery in the principal figure is generally disapproved, and the colouring of the flesh is not so pure as could be wished; indeed its prevailing hue has been compared to that of decayed rose-leaves. The eye of the English connoisseur is rendered somewhat fastidious on this quality in painting, by the perfection which our school of portrait has attained in the representation of the carnations. But we hold it fair to make the same admissions in favour of a contemporary, that we do for a predecessor; and he must be ignorant indeed, who cannot admire the elevated sentiment of the old Italian compositions, because the colouring is not so rich as the Venetian, or so fresh as that of the Flemish, or combining the excellencies of each, as applied to portraiture by the most distinguished of our own painters.

There is in this composition of Maternal Affection, however, a pleasing variety of tone in the subordinate scale of the carnations, from the brightness of the infant complexions to the brunette, a sweetness of expression in the countenances, and an execution that is strictly compatible with the style of composition, being delicate without feebleness, and spirited without affectation. We particularly admire the beauty of pencilling displayed in the extremities, a rare quality in the works of the English school: the drawing is equally creditable to the talent of this rising artist, whose sedulous attendance at the Royal Academy, so highly creditable to his perseverance, and worthy of the imitation

of many of his compeers, has raised him to this pre-eminence, and must lead to that ultimate superiority, which a knowledge of drawing alone can effect, and which gave the Italian masters so decided a superiority in the higher gusto of design over all other schools. Our knowledge of the habits of Mr. Etty are not from personal acquaintance—we know him not: we cannot then be suspected of favouritism, in adding our testimony of praise, by repeating what we have just been told—that such is his ardour for improvement in this essential attribute of elegant composition, that on his return from Italy, he was seen at his post in the Drawing Academy the evening after his arrival. Congratulating so promising an artist on his approximation to excellence, we have no hesitation in saying, that we anticipate works from his elegant pencil, that will rival those of the admired old masters, and add a distinguished name to the list of masters of our own school.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM THE BROAD-WAY.—PAINTED BY
C. R. STANLEY.

WHY our topographical painters should continually wander far and wide in search of the picturesque (we mean our metropolitan artists), when there are yet so many subjects for pictorial imitation at home, we cannot discover, unless an itinerant spirit of restlessness leads them forth to seek something ever new, from the sheer hankering after novelty. We have no predilection for cockney rustics, neither in the metamorphosis of smart Marylebone servant maids into cottagers, lace-makers, hay-makers, or gleaners—nor of unshaven St. Giles's beggars into fishermen, woodmen, or hoary shepherds. Cooked and contrived as they may be, they will smell of London smoke. But with regard to street views, with all their pictorial characteristics with which well-selected peeps at the old parts of a great city like this abounds, we know of no reason why that which strikes the eye of taste as a pleasing combination of objects should not form the subject for a picture here, as well as at Canterbury or York. The Flemish and Dutch painters were enamoured with locality: hence their paintings abound in truth of representation: they studied from the objects by which they were continually surrounded, and every city, town, and village almost in Holland and in Flanders had its graphic historian; and sites innumerable, destroyed by war, or swallowed up by time, yet exist in the pictured canvas, in a sort of magical delusion, which leads the imagination back through ages past, and places us there, where all that did exist is now a shadow, the shadow of which is now beheld as the reality.

We could write a list of at least an hundred points amidst the ancient back streets of London and Westminster, that would furnish most interesting subjects for pictures of this class, provided they were painted with that strict identity and pictorial feeling which such scenes demand, and without which they are worthless, a mere waste of colour and canvas. The painters of whom we speak frequently wanted subject, but never talent to imitate what they saw; we, on the contrary, have abundant prototypes, but hitherto a lack of imitative power: (we are speaking of our painters in oil;) in the water-colour department we have all that is admirable in these studies.

It is with the greater pleasure, then, that we notice these efforts of our rising painters in the topographic style; for were our artists to determine to do justice to these subjects, we should attain another step towards the accomplishment of what we so earnestly labour for—the creating a general taste for collecting. We have long observed that the English have a predilection for portrait—topography is a species of portraiture. Cabinet pictures, too, are most generally pleasing, at least, compositions within certain dimensions: these subjects are well suited for high finishing. General effect, local truth, and accuracy of details, are essential to this style, all of which are within the peculiar scope of Eng-

lish study. By perseverance we should raise a topographic school that would leave all others far behind.

There is in this view a striking general effect, a “good eye to a whole,” as the painters observe, and an approximation to a right feeling for such subjects. Yet there is not that correct drawing which is indispensable, either of the buildings or figures, which can satisfy the connoisseur. Westminster Abbey is represented under that bright haze which we have often beheld when looking eastward in the forenoon, but the drawing of the towers is false: this must be the effect of carelessness, for the object is too well known to be tolerated in pictorial imitation thus disproportioned. In water colours, we should have seen more correctness of delineation, and why not in oil? If the difficulty be greater, yet the means are equally certain, and the painter has no excuse for this deficiency, as the patron will always remunerate for accuracy in oil painting, proportioned to the labour and skill with which it is wrought. The figures too are not executed with that care which a cabinet picture demands: there is a cleanness and smartness of relief observable in these objects when viewed in sunshine, which may be more obviously discernible by reference to reflection in a Claude-glass. The style, by this optical aid, may be studied with advantage, as every touch of light and dark, have an effect so entirely compatible with painting, that when well imitated, diffuses to a scene like this, the appearance of reality, and delights every beholder, whether he be learned or ignorant of the graphic art.

The scrutinizing eye with which we trace these imperfections, is not exercised to detect errors for the vain gratification of displaying our critical skill. We are influenced by better feelings, and expose these errors to excite our rising artists to do entire justice to their graphic powers. We perceive in every exhibition abundance of talent in almost every department of art; but at the same time we have to regret its almost general misapplication. Effect, management of light and shadow, distribution of colour, judicious selection of subject, are all understood by many, indeed by most of our rising school, but these properties are so carelessly displayed, and fall so far short of that excellence, which would be attainable by a more careful practice, that pictures by many of the old masters, who had not half their feeling, are admired as superior works, by the fascination of a careful execution. These sagacious and indefatigable painters controuled the hand to labour up to the utmost perception of the mind that guided it. We may add, that until our young painters accomplish this desideratum, their compositions, notwithstanding all their other merits in comparison with the finished pictures of the old masters, will appear but as sketches, and will be appreciated accordingly. Stubbs, Ward, Cooper, Wilkie, Turner, Calcott, Constable, Mulready, Collins, Etty, Sharp, and some few others we could name, have given us examples of the efficacy of well studied execution and careful finishing in various compositions; and their respective works would stand the test with the best of the old schools, even without claiming allowance for the advantages which the paintings of the old masters have derived from the hand of that inimitable improver—Time.

THE WINDMILL, PAINTED BY J. LINNELL.

FOR some years we were attentive observers of the progress of this artist, whose early works in landscape composition, and boat pieces, were considered the most promising among the juvenile competitors, who studied these picturesque subjects. We beheld his improving taste, and anticipated the pleasure of seeing him hold a distinguished rank in his department. Some of his wood scenes were so well designed, painted with so masterly a hand, and treated with so original a feeling, that we were prepared to enrol him amongst those who were fast approximating to a rivalry to the old masters; when we missed his contributions to our exhibitions, and heard that he had all but relinquished

landscape, for portrait painting. Gainsborough did the same; an act which was likened by his contemporaries, to quitting his first love before the altar of wealth. Mr. Linnell may have potent reasons for the dereliction from the choice which he made, and which we have been led to suppose, was congenial to his taste. We, however, have our reasons for regret at this departure from what we had hoped he would have steadily persevered in; for our school of landscape would have been enriched by the talents of so close an observer of English scenery—it wanted the addition of his strength; whilst the school of portrait could have well spared him as an ally. We do not say this in disparagement of his talent in the department he has chosen, for we believe his pencil would give value to the canvas, on which he depicted whatever was placed before him as his prototype.

We are glad to see this composition on the walls of the British Institution, as it tells us that Mr. Linnell has not entirely forsworn landscape painting. We wish, however, that the picture had not been hung so high, for we cannot bring its details within the verge of our optics. We should venture to suppose it would have merited a preferable station, or the artist must have degenerated in talent; for all that we remember to have seen of his hand, was worthy the eye of the connoisseur. The scene appears wild and heathy, and well suited to the site of a windmill. The mill itself is certainly picturesque; the rising ground in the off-skip reminds us of a favourite bit with a path winding through broom and furze, near North-end, Hampstead. The sky has a character that we cannot well describe; but if we are not deceived, it possesses an originality and a merit inherent, that is superior indeed to that common-place blue and buff which is spread above the horizon of so many modern landscapes, as by a *recipe* for making skies. There is an effect of colour diffused to the landscape generally, however, which we do not approve: the prevailing hue appears to be clayish. Freshness of colour is an almost indispensable attribute of a natural and simple scene in English landscape. Mr. Linnell, however, we have long felt satisfied was a strict observer of nature, and a faithful colourist; we should rather, then, exonerate him from a failure in this, and give him credit for broken tints which he may have introduced in the scene that have escaped the research of our eye; for we should, in respect for his judgment, suppose, from the disadvantage under which this composition is viewed, that our own, in this instance, was more likely to be erroneous.

We should not have dwelt so long upon this picture, but from the frustration of the hopes we had formed of Mr. Linnell's perseverance in his pursuit. For we are ardently desirous of establishing a school, composed of artists of original talent in their respective departments: this artist was one whose works would have been worthy of a place in any collection. We indulge in the anticipation that the period is fast approaching, when it will become the rage to form collections of the works of the English masters. With this important object in view, we cannot spare one who is entitled to the credit of that distinction, from the list which we shall use our unceasing efforts to bring the nation to acknowledge as worthy to compete with those of the times past.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—In the little we have to say this week respecting the drama, we shall as usual give precedence to the Opera, and commence our observations with a great philosophical truth: to wit, of the sharp things in the world, the edge of curiosity is the soonest blunted. For the first five days after Rossini's arrival in town, all the musical people were in the greatest excitement to see *la huitieme merveille*—he is now as completely forgotten, per-

sonally speaking, as if he had never presided at the piano, nor scraped his ungainly bow upon the boards of the King's Theatre. The curiosity to hear *Zelmira* is abated in a still greater degree. It was performed on Tuesday, to a collection of people who must pass, in civility, for an audience, but who were manifestly too few in number, and too questionable in other regards, to be fairly entitled to that respectable title. The town is tired at *Zelmira*, which has but one really fine piece in it of any originality. The rest are all *risfacciamenti* of former compositions. Before we dismiss this theatre, we must make a remark upon what strikes us as a very criminal negligence on the part of the managers; we allude to the permission which is given to, or taken, by a very improper class of persons—females—to place themselves in the most conspicuous boxes of the theatre. On Saturday, the exhibition in different parts of the house was absolutely disgusting. If we have not any regard for morals, let us pretend to it, and be decent even in our licentiousness. That this public exposure of impurity ought not to be allowed, we know. How it is to be prevented, we do not know. It is the business of the theatre to manage that.

Drury Lane.—The "Merry Wives of Windsor," has been converted into an Opera, and sung at Drury Lane:—"To what base uses may we not return!" Mr. Elliston says it has not been *operatized*; nothing has been done except to cut out some speeches and put in others: to substitute song for dialogue, and singers for actors. This approximates pretty nearly to our notions of opera. What difference does it make that the songs are selected from the works of Shakspeare, from his sonnets, his other plays, and his "Venus and Adonis?"—None at all. Mr. Elliston, however, may be excused. We recollect his turning *Macbeth* into a Burletta, and *Richard III.* into a melo-drama, and playing the two principal characters himself! After that, who will quarrel with his stuffing a comedy with songs, and setting Braham and Miss Stephens to sing them?—and they do sing them delightfully indeed. The first song by Braham, in the character of *Fenton*, to a Welch air, is uncommonly plaintive and beautiful. So is another in the last act, a Ballad of Marlow, "*My love is like the sun*." They are both in that sweet and simple style which Braham can make so effective, and which he will not often employ. Miss Stephens, as *Mrs. Ford*, has very little to do, except to look very fascinating, and that she manages with great expertness. The music of her part is not very *recherché*, but what it wants in other respects is compensated by her talent. The duet "Love like a Shadow Flies," between her and Braham, is beautifully sung, and receives a regular encore. Her dress, as well as that of Madame Vestris in Mr. Page, is picturesque and pleasing. We are delighted with Dowton's *Falstaff*. Abating something for his exaggeration, we do not know any *Falstaff* which is at all to be compared to his. He dwells a little too strongly on the free expressions of the part; but as to the rest, there is a rich fund of humour, glee, and spirit in his performance. Wallack makes as much of *Ford* as can well be made, and Mr. Brown makes less of *Sir Hugh* than we thought even he could make. Harley and Hughes in *Slender and Simple*, were very amusing, and Miss Povey in "Sweet Anne," sang more prettily than she looked. The Opera, we cannot call it Comedy, is drawing very profitable houses.

A new piece has been produced at this theatre, called "Rumfustian Inamorata." It is in the style of "Bombastes Furioso," of which it is a direct imitation. Nothing can be more lamentably deficient in sense, wit, humour, or decency. From the first line to the last, it is a strain of low vulgar trash, without one redeeming quality. Where was the vigilance of Mr. George Colman the younger, when he gave his permission for the performance of this piece? Does he use his caution "with a difference?" We shall see anon. The story will soon be "extant," and whether in the matter of Mr. Shree's Tragedy he has "exercised a

d discretion." (that is the phrase,) or a fantastic office, the public will decide after the Tragedy is published, but we are already in possession of enough to know the licensing this contemptible stuff at Drury Lane, is grace to the office, as it is an insult to the public taste. The author is said to be a Mr. Walker, the author of "Wallace's Tragedy," and sundry forgotten melo-dramas. We grieve for it, inasmuch as Wallace has some talent, and W. is a young man.

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK. No. XIII.

BRITTON, THE MUSICAL SMALL COAL MAN.

R. THOMAS BRITTON, the famous musical small coal man, was born at or near Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. From thence he went to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coal man, in St. John Baptist's street. After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up. Upon Tom went into Northamptonshire again, and, after he spent his money, he returned again to London, set up small coal trade, (notwithstanding his master was still living,) and, withal, he took a stable, and turned it into a shop, which stood the next door to the little gate of St. James's of Jerusalem, next Clerkenwell-green. Some time after he had settled here, he became acquainted with Dr. Williams, his near neighbour, by which means he became an excellent chymist, and, perhaps, he performed such feats in that profession, as had never been done before, little cost and charge, by the help of a moving elaboration that was contrived and built by himself, which was admired by all the faculty that happened to see it; such, that a certain gentleman of Wales was so much taken with it, that he was at the expense of carrying him into that country on purpose to build him such another, which Tom performed to the gentleman's very great action, and for the same he received of him a very good sum and generous gratuity. Besides his great skill in chymistry, he was as famous for his knowledge in the theory of music; in the practical part of which faculty he was likewise very considerable. He was so much addicted to that, that he pricked with his own hand, (very neatly and accurately,) and left behind him a very valuable collection of music, mostly pricked by himself, which was upon his death for near an hundred pounds. Not to mention the excellent collection of printed books that he left behind him, both of chymistry and music: besides books that he left behind him, he had, some years before his death, sold by auction a noble collection of books, of them of the Rosicrucian faculty, (of which he was an admirer,) whereof there is a printed catalogue extant, here is of those that were sold after his death,) which he often looked over with no small surprise and wonder, particularly for the great number of MSS. in the before-mentioned faculties that are specified in it. He had, moreover, a considerable collection of musical instruments, which were sold for four score pounds upon his death, which died in September 1714, being upwards of three score years of age, and lies buried in the church yard of Clerkenwell, without monument or inscription, being attended to have, in a very solemn and decent manner, by a great number of people, especially of such as frequented the musical club, that was kept up for many years at his own house, (he being a man of a very generous and liberal spirit,) at his own little cell. He appears by the print of (done since his death,) to have been a man of an ingenuous countenance and of a sprightly temper. It also sends him as a comely person, as indeed he was, and, I think, there is a modesty expressed in it every way agreeable to him. Under it are these verses, which may serve as an epitaph:—

"Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell,
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell,
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius too, as fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove:
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find,
So low a station, such a liberal mind."

In short, he was an extraordinary and very valuable man, much admired by the gentry, even those of the best quality, and by all others of the more inferior rank, that had any manner of regard for probity, sagacity, diligence and humility. I say humility, because, though he was so much famed for his knowledge, and might, therefore, have lived very reputably without his trade, yet he continued it to his death, not thinking it to be at all beneath him. Mr. Bagford and he used frequently to converse together, and when they met they seldom parted very soon. Their conversation was often about old MSS. and the havock made of them. They both agreed to retrieve what fragments of antiquity they could, and upon that occasion, they would frequently divert themselves in talking of old Chronicles, which both loved to read, though among our more late chronicles, printed in English, Isaacson's was what they chiefly preferred for a general knowledge of things, a book which was much esteemed also by those two eminent chronologists, Bishop Lloyd and Mr. Dodwell.

Britton in his person was a short, thick set man, with a very honest ingenuous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant, both painted by his friend Mr. Woolaston, and from both there are mezzotinto prints; one of the pictures is now in the British Museum, the occasion for painting it was as follows: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Woolaston; but having always been used to consider himself in two capacities, viz. as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life above him, he could not, consistent with this distinction, dress as he then was, make a visit, he therefore in his way home varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick-lane, determined to cry small coal so near Mr. Woolaston's door, as to stand a chance of being invited in by him. Accordingly he had no sooner turned into Warwick-court, and cried small coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Woolaston, who had never heard him there before, flung up the sash, and beckoned him in. After some conversation, Mr. Woolaston intimated a desire to paint his picture, which Britton modestly yielded to. Mr. Woolaston then, and at a few subsequent sittings, painted him in his blue frock, and with his small coal measure in his hand. Upon what occasion the other picture of him was painted, is not known; from that a mezzotinto print was also taken; in this he is represented tuning a harpsichord, a violin hanging on the side of the room, and shelves of books before him. Under this print are the following lines:—

"Tho' doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train;
In Greece or Rome, sure never did appear,
So bright a genius in so dark a sphere;
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd."

These lines were written by Prior. Those under the other print were written by Mr. John Hughes, who frequently performed at Britton's concerts.

The circumstances of this man's death are not less remarkable than those of his life. There dwelt in Britton's time, near Clerkenwell-close, a man named Robe, who frequently played at his concert, and who being in the com-

Hearne says his death happened in September, 1714. Upon searching the parish books, it is found that he was buried on the first day of October following.

Of the origin of Britton's concert, there is an account written by a near neighbour of his, one who dwelt in the same parish, the facetious Mr. Edward Ward (the author of the "London Spy," &c.) who at that time kept a public house in Clerkenwell, and there sold ale of his own brewing. From his satirical reflections on clubs, we learn that "this club was first began, or at least confirmed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a very musical gentleman, and who had a tolerable perfection on the bass viol." Ward says that "the attachment of Sir Roger and other ingenious gentlemen, lovers of the musick, to Britton, arose from the profound regard that he had in general to all manner of literature: that the prudence of his deportment to his betters procured him great respect; and that men of the best wit, as well as some of the best quality, honoured his musical society with their company. That Britton was so much distinguished, that, when passing the streets in his blue frock, and with his sack of small-coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as these, "*there goes the famous small coal-man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen*."

He also says, that at the first institution of it, his concert was performed at his own house; but that some time after he took a convenient room out of the next for it: what sort of a house Britton's own was, and the spot where it stood, shall now be related.

It was situated on the south side of Aylesbury-street, which extends from Clerkenwell-green to St. John's-street, and was the corner house of that passage leading by the old Jerusalem tavern under the gateway of the priory into St. John's-square. On the ground-floor was a repository for small-coal; over that was the concert-room, which was very long and narrow, and had a ceiling so low that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarce be ascended without crawling. The house itself was very old and low built, and in every respect so mean, as to be a fit habitation for only a very poor man. Notwithstanding all this mansion, despicable as it may seem, attracted to it as polite an audience as ever the opera did; and a lady of the first rank in this kingdom, now living, one of the most celebrated beauties of her time, may yet remember that in the

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Garrick was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would all come to *church* again."

Garrick gave him the retort courteous in the following reply:—

"Pope *Quin*, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that *heresy* corrupts the town;
That *Whitfield-Garrick* has misled the age
And taints the sound religion of the stage;
Schism, he cries, has turned the nation's brain,
But eyes will open, and to *church* again!
Thou great infallible!—forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not *heresy*, but *reformation*."

Some of Mr. *Quin*'s friends, with whom he sometimes corresponded, said, he was deficient in literature, and laughed at those who read books by way of enquiry after knowledge, saying, he read *men*—that the *world* was the best book. If this was true, what an amazing strength of natural parts must he have been blessed with to be able to make the figure he did as a man of sense and genius!

From the death of Mr. Booth (in 1733) to the appearance of Mr. Garrick (a period of ten or twelve years) Mr. *Quin* was the first in the profession, and then began to make his fortune; his power was so great, as to demand eight hundred pounds a year salary, at that time an enormous sum—which Mr. Rich was then obliged to comply with. No wonder that at such a fortunate juncture, he collected a sum sufficient to enable him to retire to the full enjoyment of all the comforts and blessings of this life, for which no man had a higher relish. He was an excellent companion when kept within proper bounds, and died with the character of a sensible, witty, honest man.

The following very remarkable anecdote was related by Mr. *Quin* to two worthy friends of his, a short time before his death. His mother was a reputed widow, who had been married to a person in the mercantile way, and who left her in Ireland to pursue some particular business in the *West Indies*. He had been absent from her near seven years, without having received any letter or the least information about him. He was given out to be dead, which report was universally believed: she went into mourning for him; and some time after a gentleman whose name was *Quin*, who had an estate of a thousand pounds a year, paid his addresses to her and married her. She bore him a son, and no couple appeared more happy. But in the midst of their happiness, the first husband returned, claimed his wife, and had her. Mr. *Quin* retired with his son, and at his death left him an estate; but the heir at law, hearing the story of our hero, soon recovered the estate, and left young *Quin* to shift for himself, in what manner his wit and genius would suggest to him: he soon took to the stage, where he acquired both *fame* and *fortune*, and counterbalanced by his talents the untoward accidents of his birth.

We cannot quit this subject without inserting the excellent epigram written by Mr. Garrick about a year before *Quin*'s death, who was well known to have been a great *bon vivant*. No one was more pleased with it than himself: indeed he was a true lover of all sorts of wit and humour.

A soliloquy by Mr. *Quin* upon seeing the body of *Duke Humphrey* at the cathedral of St. Albans:—

1.

A plague of *Egypt*'s arts I say;
Embalm the dead! on senseless clay,
Rich wines and spices waste;
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taste.

2.

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle-fat and *Bordeaux* wine,
And spoil the *Egyptian* trade!

Than good Duke *Humphrey*, happier I
Embalm'd alive! *Old Quin* shall die
A mummy ready made!

Mr. *Quin* died in March, 1766, at Bath (to which place he had retired for many years) at the advanced age of 73. As a proof that we cannot part with those with whom we have spent most of our joyous hours, without a sigh, the following epitaph appeared soon after his death, from the same eminent hand that produced the preceding lines, and was engraved upon his monument in the Abbey Church of Bath:—

That tongue that set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what *Shakespeare* writ;
Cold is that hand, that living was stretch'd forth
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth;
Here lies JAMES QUIN, deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould, however cast,
"To this complexion thou must come at last."

WALKER set out a young man of great promise. His first part of any importance was *Axalla* in Tamerlane about 1716. Mr. Booth told me that, at that time, great expectations of Walker's being a capital actor, which would no doubt have been his good fortune, had he remained where he could have been properly assisted; but encouragement was fatal to him. He quitted that theatre for the pleasure of joining the young geniuses in the Lincoln's Inn Field's company, where he must have starved, and died forgotten, if the famous Macheath had not made him the celebrated THOMAS WALKER.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, And Literary Museum:

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

XXII.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

A stamped Edition for Country Circulation, postage free, Price Tenpence.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND ROSSINI.

WHEN we hear of the death of a great contemporary, whether he be philosopher, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, musician, player, or mechanic, we are proud to say, new man. No sooner do we lose any of those illustrious deeds preserve the consequence of our lives, as it were, from mental degeneracy, than we pour their memory by affectionate remembrances, as though we were linked to them by the ties of consanguinity. Such spirits seem allied to all mankind. In beloved by all, in death mourned by all. How great honours of genius!—the pride of their own country, accepted of other countries, the expatriate in no country.

Appalled by these reflections, we were among the first to visit the Exhibition in Pall-Mall, to see the whole of the portrait, as large as life, of *Signor Rossini*, as we had been informed it was the very image of that lively man. We beheld him sitting before his piano-forte, never playing nor composing—but we presume, as the late *Pistrucci*, the painter and improvisatore, caught his son for his picture. We have seen many a specimen of Chinese face-painting, the handy-works of the limbo of Canton; such as India captains, mates, and sea-pigs, consigned per good ship *Constancy*, to wives and sweethearts in Old England; all of which are like they can stare. We have seen *Rossini*, and can do as much for this Chinese whole length of *Signor Puccini*,—presuming that this gentleman studied in the same school, as we have seen nothing like it that has emanated from any European academy. Those whose prior knowledge of the arts, appointed the brother of enlightened foreigner to execute our national coin, doubt had cogent reasons for preferring his superior art to that of any English medallist. We are happy, however, that the same high personages have no further to trol over the arts, for we could not bear to contemplate the possibility of seeing a foreigner seated in the ident's chair of our Royal Academy. Commissions almost thrust upon Canova, whilst he was in England, by those who had never condescended to enquire whether we had a native sculptor. Canova, however, a man of great talent, whose memory we hold in respect. We honour genius of every countenance—but we can never consent to prefer exotic talent, as it is manifestly superior to that indigenous to our soil. We should have been happy in beholding a portrait of *Rossini* from the pencil of his compatriot, would have ranked him in art with the distinguished artist painted: but if this be really a specimen of the

modern Italian school of portraiture,—we may ask, Is this that Italy that was?

Never did we feel so proud of our own school, as when standing before this picture of *Signor Rossini*, by the renowned *Signor Pistrucci*. We thought of *Reynolds*, *Lawrence*, *Phillips*, and our much respected friend *Owen*,—though of him, alas! we never think but with a sigh.*

Yet, we repeat, this must be vastly like *Rossini*—for it is the subject described by his biographer, and looks too like not to be the man himself. If the honest Germans should yet be feverish for the reputation of *Mozart*, we would, as kind physicians, lead them before this picture. The first blush of the thing would act as a cooler; for if they discovered ought in the physiognomy that could accelerate the pulse of patients so circumstanced, one stroke in twenty-four hours, we know no more of physic than a pestle, nor of physical effects, than a mortar.

We like his countenance for all this. He is a pleasant, lively, good-natured wight, seemingly in great good humour with himself, and ready to rub his *fat hands*, for they are something like *Mynheer Handel's*, and answer—"Well! if you will have it that I am a greater composer than *Mozart*, I am not the fool to contradict you."

Unluckily for this physiognomy, though a man cannot help his face, and for *Pistrucci*, and for modern Italy, there is a portrait hanging beneath *Signor Rossini*—it is of *Michael Angelo*, painted by *Sebastian del Piombo*.

We pretend to no faith in the fantastical science of phrenology, nor of much in the fanciful speculations of physiognomy: but there are some intellectual traits in one human visage so obviously superior to what we can discover in another, that the veriest driveller would at once proclaim, of these two heads, that the one might be a devilish clever Italian fiddler, but that the other must be a great philosopher. For our own part, we may safely aver, that this is the *Michael Angelo*, that could have "hung the pantheon in the air." The looking upon such a countenance raises our notions of humanity, and excepting that we could discover an authentic portrait of our own bard, the *Michael Angelo* of dramatic poetry, and were allowed to choose, we should prefer this to all the heads we have yet beheld.

"What asses!" whispered an old grey-bearded friend, whom we met at *Signor Bistolli's* exhibition. This ejaculation was begotten by a group of fashionables, who on hearing some expressions of admiration upon this head of the great *Michael Angelo*, joined in the conversation, and with the usual prejudice, and ignorance of the

LONDON, MARCH 6, 1824.

We were all very old
in school.
to be
The
smiling,
the lady were
gentleman
they seemed to
believe,
and the Eng-
lish youth. We
were all very old
and bowing
the friend,
the cicerone
in our sur-
roundings into the
Senior himself.

be valuable an anachronism." "Why, Sir, with regard to that," observed an elderly gentleman, wiping his reading glass with the fur fringe of his glove,—"why Sir, my worthy friend, Mr. Soane, I remember, on speaking upon the subject of historical painting, at my Lord, referring to a fine composition of Raffaelles, remarked, that the greatest painters were apt to be too regardless of chronology as to the architecture. But with that liberality which becomes a man of genius in one profession, in judging of the works of a professor in another, Mr. Soane rejoined,—'The painters have adopted, and judiciously, perhaps, that style which is most pictorial. Certainly we find the Greek and Roman costume, and the Greek and Roman architecture generally so agreeable, as combined in historical painting, that we tolerate what pleases the eye, and rarely consult the judgment in these matters of taste.'" This was handsome;—it however was rather cutting than untying the difficulty, and we are inclined to think with Monsieur l'Editeur, that anachronisms in painting, as in poetry, had better be avoided. At the same time, we know not where to seek authorities for a style of architecture fitting to these sublime compositions from Jewish sacred history.

Monsieur l'Éditeur was prone to gossip, and we to listen. An intelligent stranger, with a budget of good talk, is an agreeable companion, whether at an exhibition, in a steam packet, or in a diligence. The more so, perhaps, for being a stranger and an Englishman to boot, for we Britons, as strangers, rarely bend our backs under this humane fardel.

look, "I perceive you are a bit of a cynic old gentleman, and thrusting his arm in ours (mine) do not let us depart in ignorance. I wish to know something of the old masters, and you can teach;—come, Tom, do you be attentive." Tom, his gay companion, smiled and bowed. We were now before the "School of Athens," by Sebastian del Piombo. *Whew!* in an inward whistle, half whistled George, and Tom referred to his catalogue and read, *Pythagoras discoursing from his Chair to a numerous Assembly.*

"And is that the immortal philosopher of Samos?" said George; "the Pythagoras! Tom you are bookish, but if this is the end of study, commend me to a life of ignorance—Pythagoras! is this another hoax? I would have sworn it had been a picture of Lazarus, fresh from the tomb, not completely resuscitated. But joking apart, looking significantly in our face, do you really esteem this the sublime in painting?" "Why, Sir, we have our doubts." "Thank you, Sir, thank you," said the lively questioner, "that is enough for me; if a worm-eaten miserable piece of humanity like that resembles—what is the painter's name—Sebastian del Piombo?—poor Pythagoras, I am an ignoramus in these abstruse concerns; but by the lord, with deference to Mister Sebastian del Piombo, I do think if one of our living painters were to represent old Pythagoras as pithless as this scare-crow, he would be sent to Coventry." We smiled, Tom and George laughed, and so did Monsieur l'Editeur. "Look at our philosophers at Trinity," continued George. "The very smell of their kitchen would have fattened the worthy Greek. Now I could imagine one of our professors in that philosophic chair of Master Pythagoras, with a napkin under his chin, and a *haunch* before him—the modern against the ancient schools!" We were much amused with the rattling cantab as he proceeded with the catalogue. "Let us behold—O! here is Leonardo da Vinci—this is he, Tom, whom they crack up so many pegs above the admirable Crichton—all moonshine no doubt. I am incredulous; what think you, old gentleman, of these walking encyclopædias?" We, Monsieur l'Editeur and *ourselves*, shook our editorial heads. "I thought so," said he; "I never knew a fellow who could write you fifteen or twenty languages, paint, model, compose, sing, play fiddle, flute, organ, bas-viol, and to pretend to every thing possible and impossible—but that fellow was a cruel bore."

"Here is Raffaele, and—O, here we have Michael Angelo again. What, ye gods! why, by the same painter too—Sebastian del Piombo. This will never do, wily catalogue maker:" then turning to the fine head which we have noticed before, "Nay, if this be Master Sebastian's, then may I be crucified if the other is by the same hand—what think you, Sir?" We smiled again. "There I have you," said George. "You see, gentlemen," addressing himself to Monsieur l'Editeur, "you see I am already becoming a connoisseur; ergo, I would bet fifty to one, that if Sebastian del Piombo was the author of this portrait, he was not the painter of the

School of Athens; unless, like his old Pythagoras, he was on his last legs."

George was running on with great humour, and we should have derived much more amusement from his lively remarks, had he not seen a party of ladies of his acquaintance enter the room, when he and his friend Tom, politely thanking us for our attentions, we lost them in the crowd.

"Pray, Sir," said Monsieur l'Editeur, "did you notice the two little Canaletti's on that side of the room?" "We did, Sir." (We must still answer in duets, though the said intelligent companion and ourselves are no triumvirate.) "Are they not delectable scraps?" They are masterly emanations of his pictorial feeling to be sure. To dash in a scene with that felicity, with that truth, a man must have been created with an instinct for imitation. Practice alone could never hope to attain what appears so natural and inherent. What a scene-painter must this Venetian have been. We are told he designed the scenery for the theatre at Venice for several years. "Pray have you seen the Canaletti's at Buckingham House?" "We have, Sir, an hundred times; and always with new delight. There are several views of Rome amongst them which he painted for his patron, Mr. Smith, the English envoy at Venice, the Mæcenas of his day. These were purchased by the Hon. Mr. Stuart and old Mr. Richard Dalton, for our late sovereign, soon after his accession to the throne. The royal library, which his present Majesty has presented to the British Museum, was founded on the collection of choice books, purchased at the same time from Mr. Smith, by order of the same august personage, King George the Third."

"Well, Sir," said Monsieur l'Editeur, "if I had my choice, I should select the head of Michael Angelo, the Cuyp, and these two charming Canaletti's." "We agree in our tastes, Sir; and were they set up to auction and we were rich, we should hope to be forgiven in running them up. You, or ourselves should pay for the bargain." "That would be fair, Sir," replied Monsieur l'Editeur, "we cannot object to a generous competition in affairs of art."

* This distinguished artist, and highly esteemed member of society, has for the last four years been confined by an affection of the spine. The world of taste have thus been disappointed of the expected elegant labours of his hand. When in the zenith of his practice, he was improving in art, and adding to the intellectual honours of our country and our age. Were the ten senior members of the Royal Academy honoured by the pension respectfully proposed, in our address to the nation, this gentleman, who has contributed so largely to the improvement of the British School, we believe would come within the number.

REVIEWS.

Sayings and Doings. A Series of Sketches from Life.
3 Vols. London: Colburn. 1824.

Of the first tale in these volumes we spoke last week in terms of very high praise. If we are obliged to qualify our praises of the rest of the collection, it is

not certainly because it wants either ability or interest, but because that interest is imperfectly excited, and that ability very negligently exerted.

In the story called "Merton," for instance, which occupies two thirds of the remaining volumes, there is an abundant display of all sorts of faculties except that of judgment. The materials are plentiful enough, but they are so injudiciously selected and so loosely put together, as not seldom to offend the most liberal taste, and to outrage even the extravagant imaginations of professional novel readers. The object of the author is to illustrate by stories, some ancient proverb;—an old *saying* by a modern *doing*; and these "doings," we are told, are not merely founded on facts—but are absolutely facts. The author talks of his acquaintance with life, and indeed his writings bear testimony in many respects to his assertion;—but we must beg leave to doubt whether "Merton" be a series of facts—or any thing like facts; and even if they were so, it might be doubted likewise whether they were not so chosen as to look too much like fiction for the author's purpose. Merton is a youth of talent, character, and high promise, who comes into life with lofty expectations, but whose existence is one continued tale of disappointments, dangers, disasters, and misery,—not from any fault or improvidence of his own, but from the intervention of untoward and unexpected occurrences. The proverb meant to be illustrated is,—*"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."* Poor Merton found it so—for the cup is continually raised to his lip, and as regularly dashed down by some unforeseen and afflicting circumstance. He falls in love with Fanny Meadows, a beautiful girl, and elopes with her to Scotland. On the very borders his mistress wanders away from him, and he is taken before a magistrate for an assault committed in a moment of desperate passion. This gives his pursuers time to come up with him at the moment of the ceremony. He quarrels with his rival—who is shot by another man just an hour before the time appointed for his own meeting. His mistress sends him a note pointing out how he may rescue her from her family—and it is delivered to him just five hours too late. Arriving in London, he gets tipsy for the only time in his life, and setting out on a visit to some improper person—forces his way into the house of his mistress, and is taken up by the watch. The next day he is seen by her in a very equivocal situation with a lady of unimpeachable character. His father promises to reconcile all and obtain the consent of the Meadows' family, and as he is leaving the house for that purpose—drops down dead. He is patronised by a Lord Castleton; and reading in the papers an account of the marriage of Miss Fanny Meadows—flings himself into the arms of an intriguing and accomplished *protégé* of his noble patron. He then finds that it is not *his* Fanny Meadows who is married, but her cousin. His country house burns down just as he arrives at it on a visit—and whilst he is poking among the ruins for his father's will, his wife elopes with a dashing baronet. His

bankers fail with an unpaid draft in his pocket, and a court of law refuse him a verdict against the adulterer just as he had arranged to marry Fanny if he succeeded in getting a divorce. He goes to Yarmouth in Norfolk, in search of Lord Castleton, who had gone to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight;—is very near being taken up for a swindler, and is in reality taken up for the murder of his wife's seducer. He is tried, found guilty, sentenced to death, escapes a few hours before the time fixed for his execution;—goes to his wife's father, and kills him by his appearance—is recaptured—led to the scaffold—when just as the drop is about to fall—the murdered man appears and he is saved.

All this part of the story is so extravagant and so utterly impossible, that we cannot read it with any patience. The author says, "it is literally true." In England it certainly is not true, since it violates the forms of legal proceedings, as well as the very principles of law. The remainder of the narrative is marked with the same kind of unhappy *contresens*. His wife is supposed to be dead, and the day before his marriage with Fanny, he finds her a common prostitute in the streets!—He is supposed to be the heir of a peer, and enters upon the estate, when it is proved that not he, but a half brother is the real heir. He draws a twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery—but some one has stolen his ticket. After a hundred more of these disappointments, when every thing seems smooth in his course, and the heavens begin to smile upon the future—he flies with a free hand and an ample fortune, to bestow both upon his Fanny, and finds her—dead!

Our readers will easily perceive that all this is overdone. If it were written with less ability we should throw down the volumes in disgust; but in spite of the improbabilities, the interest is so strong as to lead us on to the conclusion. The sketches of society introduced, are uncommonly happy, and the portraits of character are drawn with the ease, truth, and touch of a master.

It is to the whole narrative, and not to the parts, that we object.—A few extracts from the volume will not be unacceptable to our readers. The following is a description of a species not uncommon in society.

"Felton was a thorough bred *dandy*—and never sure was word so profaned, so misused, or so woefully misapplied by the more ordinary judges of society than this. The uninitiated call a man a dandy who wears a stiff neckcloth, or stays, or whiskers, or any thing *outré*, even if he live in the city, and be detectable in a playhouse lobby, or on a great shining horse with a new saddle, in the park on a Sunday. Never was such a mistake—Felton was *really* a dandy; he lived in the best society, knew every body, and every thing, could distinguish the hand of Ude, even in a rissole, would shudder if a man took white wine after brown game, or port with cheese, (after the manner of the ancients.) He was the youth who at Oxford woke the dean of his college at two in the morning to shew him an ill-roasted potatoe as a slur upon the cookery of the University; he was the man who always left town when the chairmen began to eat asparagus; he was the identical person who was called the late Mr. Felton, from never being in time for dinner; he was the being who only saw fish or soup upon

his own table;—carriages were named after him;—he had a mixture of Fribourg's, and gave the tons in hats. In short, he was a *dandy*."

There is some severity, and a good deal of truth in the following hit. "Sayings and Doings" are full of them.—

"When Harry reached London, he went to Steevens's. The force of habit was strong upon him, and the days of his boyhood came to his mind, whenever he entered the coffee-room of that house, which before 'clubs were trumps' in London, or rather when clubs were closed against half-pay officers, parsons without preferment, lawyers without briefs, and clerks without money, was a mighty fashionable place. At present, the innumerable societies where cheap chops, and brandy and water, may be had by subscription, under gilded cornices and Corinthian columns, have robbed the metropolitan coffee-rooms of their visitors, and the men, who ten years ago were afraid to venture their slender purses into Long's or Steevens's, on account of the expense, now denounce them as vulgar places, in comparison with their "Clubs," the chief merit of many of which, to their five or six thousand members, is the cheapness of the *vic-tuals*, and the positive interdiction of tips to the waiters. This was not so in *my* time—but never mind, all is for the best: 'extremes meet,' and most abuses cure themselves."

Merton and an Irish friend get tipsy, and set out on a visit rather late in the night, for decent people.

"Waiter! waiter!" cried Fitzpatrick, "open the door, if you please! Come, my excellent Harry, lean upon me, and I'll take care of you all the way:" saying which the admirable Charles fetched across to the other side of the short passage.

"Steady!" cried Harry.

"Steady she is!" answered Charles.

"And in this plight, and in this trim, did these two excellent personages serpentine their road out of the coffee-room into Bond-street, and through many other streets, the names and bearings of which were as much unknown to them at the time, as they are to me now, till they actually made Thayer-street, Manchester-square, high and dry, the breadth of their progress having been infinitely greater than its length, during the excursion.

"That's the door!" said Charles. "I know the number perfectly;—that's it!—so here goes!"

Lieut. Col. Fitzpatrick thundered away at the portal—no answer:—again the door

'*Vastis tremit ictibus!*'

"Allow me," said Harry. "Suffer me, my dear Charles." And Harry produced a noise with the knocker, the force and power of which may be pretty well understood, when I state that it awakened the watchmen.

"This had the effect. The bolts within were undrawn, and a man servant more than half asleep, with a candle in his hand, (which was blown out in the operation), opened the door.

"What did you please to want, Sir?" was the question.

Fitzpatrick had entirely forgotten the lady's name who was his particular acquaintance.

"Your lady, Sir," said Fitzpatrick.

"Follow me! follow me!" added the enterprising knight-errant, turning round to Merton, who was behind him on the steps.

"No sooner said than done," cried our hero; and both the gentlemen were in the house in a moment.

The servant awoke in reality at this juncture, and calling lustily for help, the door, (highly to the credit of the parish,) was almost instantly surrounded by several watchmen. Fitzpatrick endeavoured then to make his way out, but was easily caught. Harry, bolder from his ignorance of the *locale*, (for Fitzpatrick had evidently mistaken the

house,) and anxious to save himself from exposure, made a dash up stairs; stumbled over a step on the landing-place, and made so much noise, as to induce the inmates of the drawing-room to leave their shelter and seek safety in flight. Judge what his feelings, (if feelings he had, under his present circumstances,) must have been, when, as the door of the apartment opened, he found himself standing, or rather staggering, before his own, his beloved, worshipped, and adored Fanny Meadows and her maid!

This was the climax of all his miseries; (at least he then thought so, poor fellow!) and without waiting for any thing more than a shriek of horror from the astonishing girl, he dashed down stairs again, and was given in charge to the guardians of the night at the door."

We ought not to omit the portrait of Merton's *atra cura*—we mean his wife.

"A creature all animation, all passion, full of enthusiasm, volatile and voluble; her wit sparkling as her eyes, her eyes as playful as her wit—she was her ladyship's constant associate. The lovely girl was just turned twenty—her figure was perfectly symmetry—her eye-brows were dark and arched—her countenance full of expression—her forehead snowy white—and the strong curling ringlets which clustered round it, raven-black.

— "In her look she bears

A Paradise of ever-blooming sweets;
Fair as the first idea Beauty prints
On the young lover's soul: a winning grace
Guides every gesture, and obsequious love
Attends on all her steps."

She was a connoisseur in painting, an amateur in music: she played like Cramer, and sang like Catalani. She tampered with her beauty in *outré* dresses, to set fashions, and sported with her wit to establish a character of originality. It was indifferent to her what subject was under discussion, or in whose hands she found it; she was always ready for the field, and armed for conquest. Her animal spirits were excellent and unvarying; and the constant excitement and perpetual *sparkle* of her society, endeared her most particularly to Lady Castleton, who had no great turn for exertion herself, and who safely confided the charge of making the house agreeable to her dear delightful Miss Etherington."

Another extract and we have done. Merton is invited to a grand ball in Russell-square.

Henry at first objected; but never having seen much of that part of the town in which this semi-fashionable lived, and desirous of ascertaining how people 'make it out' in the recesses of Bloomsbury and the wilds of Guildford-street, and feeling that 'all the world to him' would be there, at length agreed to go, and accordingly proceeded with the ladies in their carriage through Oxford-street, St. Giles's, Tottenham-court-road, and so past Dyott-street and the British Museum, to the remote scene of gaiety, which they, however, reached in perfect safety. Arrived there, if it had not been for the undisguisable distance at which it was placed from all the civilized part of the world, nobody would have discovered that they were amongst a different race of people from that which inhabit our part of the metropolis.

Such names as were announced 'coming up,' Mr. Fish and Mrs. Plush, and Miss Duggin and Mr. Coggin, and Lady Grubb and Sir George Pott, and Mrs. Hogg and Mrs. Moakes, and Miss Cowcroes, and Mr. Crump and Mrs. Grout, and Miss Gill;—it all sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ear; but when they really were in the rooms, which to do them justice were hot enough, and disagreeable enough to be quite fashionable, these persons with the odd names looked just as well as their betters; and as it is not

the custom to label ladies and gentlemen as one labels decanters, it all did mighty well.

"They were a good deal finer, to be sure: gold and jewels, and greengage-coloured velvets, and crimson and fringe, and flounces and tassels, and tawdry necklaces and earrings, abounded; but the girls perked themselves up, and wriggled themselves about, and flirted their fans, and rapped their partners' arms, (for they danced quadrilles after the manner of Almack's,) and gave themselves all the little coquettish airs of their superiors. But the rooms, somehow, smelt badly; they had no more idea of *Eau de bruler* than they had of nectar; and the people drank hot punch, which was handed about in little tumblers by under-sized livery servants in cotton stockings and without powder; in short it was altogether vastly oppressive. However, there was a tremendous supper, and a Lord Mayor to partake of it; and the solemn gravity with which his Lordship (who was in full dress, sword, chain, and all,) was treated, was eminently ludicrous. (His Lordship was a shoemaker, or a linen-draper, or something of that sort.) However, the latter part of the night was 'uncommon good fun.'"

Of "The Friend of the Family"—and "Martha, the Gipsy"—we have no room to say much, nor, indeed, will it be necessary; for long before this, the greater part of our London readers will have had "Sayings and Doings" in their hands, and made up their minds as to its merits. That these merits are great, the extracts we have given will sufficiently shew: that they might have been greater is a poor intimation of a possibility—and yet it is one which we cannot forbear making.

Poems. By J. G. PERCIVAL, M.D. 2 vols, post 8vo. London: John Miller. 1824.

OUR notice of these poems in our preceding number, was taken from a very hasty inspection. We are therefore gratified to find them improve on acquaintance. Dr. Percival evinces considerable poetic powers. He has an exuberance of imagination which requires the curb of good taste in some of his longer poems; but his minor pieces contain numerous beautiful passages. Among others, the two little poems entitled "Mental Beauty," and "Mental Harmony," may be noticed as containing several *beauties*, and no small portion of *harmony*, though in blank verse. We give a few lines from each:—

"Beauty has fled, but yet her mind is still
As beautiful as ever; still the play
Of light around her lips has every charm
Of childhood in its freshness: Love has there
Stamped his unfading impress, and the hues
Of fancy shine around her, as the sun
Gilds at his setting some decaying tower,
With feathered moss and ivy overgrown.
I knew her in the dawning of her charms,
When the new rose first opened, and its sweets
No wind had wasted. She was of those forms
Apelles might have painted for the Queen
Of loveliness and love—light as the fays
Dancing on glimmering dew-drops, when the moon
Rides in her silver softness, and the world
Is calm and brightly beautiful below."

"There is a holy feeling in the trance
Of thought; it is a calm and quiet sense
Of purer being; we have known such hours,
And they shall be remembered. Who would lose

The memory of our blessings, and the light,
The recollection of departed days
Of a serener pleasure, and a deep
And happy friendship, tranquilized and raised
To more exalted union, such as bound
Two intellects in elder time, who loved
To meet in fond endearment, and to lend
In mutual talk their fullest thoughts."

The following extract from "Maria, the village girl," shews graphic powers of no ordinary stamp:—

"Her looks were purely Grecian, such as charm
Taste in an ancient statue, or a gem,
Or fair intaglio, where a perfect white,
Shaped to a nymph-like beauty, sparkles in
A ground of azure."

"Her brow was softly arched, and it was pure
And pale as marble, and the dew of death
Seemed resting there, and gave a fearful tint
To its else perfect loveliness, and told
Thoughts were at work beneath it, which might still
Ere long the life within her, but are loved
Although we know them fatal, as we cling
To the Circean bowl, and dying grasp
At its alluring poison, which conveys
A madness to the brain that hath a touch
Of inspiration in its reveries,
And spreads around the spirit light and calm,
Till earth seems beautiful and life is Heaven."

Her hair was of a sunny brown, and fine
As lines of light that stream across a cloud,
Ere the sun rises, or the scarlet tuft,
That floats beneath the green wave, where on rocks
The sea-plume clings, and throws its feeling threads,
Like flowing silk around it. It was full,
And dropped in light profusion down her neck,
And o'er her bosom; and it parted lay
In native ringlets round her brow, and shone
Deeper beside the snow it rested on,
And that came fairer through the curling shade
That waved above it, as the sighing wind
Sent a sweet-breathing air to shake the leaves,
And crisp the sheeted water. As she hung
Her head in deepest sorrow, some few tears
Stole out and peared her cheek, but these she brushed
With a light touch aside, and then renewed
A song, half sad, half playful, such as comes
From a crazed brain, that says, it knows not why,
A thousand things which are at first as gay
As wild mirth in a revel, and then fall
To a faint tone, in which despair alone
Can have a concord, and at last a sob
Closes it, and her glistening tears o'erflow."

We must pass over numerous minor poems, by recommending "Home," and "the Deserted Wife," to our readers: in order to give a specimen of the author in the lyric stanza from the "Ode to Music:—

"Descend, and with thy breath inspire my soul;
Descend, and o'er my lyre
Diffuse thy living fire;
Oh! bid its chords a strain of grandeur roll:
Touched by thy hand their trembling accents ring;
Borne on thy sounding pinions through the sky,
To Heaven the notes in burning ardour spring,
And as the tones in softened whispers die,
Love seems to flutter round on his Aurora-wing."

The latter portion of Dr. Percival's poems, consisting of sonnets, ballads, &c. are of such various degrees of

merit, that we should be inclined to class some of them among very juvenile productions, whilst others are eminently beautiful; but this we believe is common to every volume of "Miscellaneous Poetry." We must, however, conclude our favorable opinion of this American poet, with the following extract from "The Mermaid:"—

"The waning moon looked cold and pale,
Just rising o'er the eastern wave,
And faintly moaned the evening gale,
That swept along the gloomy cave:
The waves that wildly rose and fell,
On all the rocks the white foam flung,
And like the distant funeral knell,
Within her grot the Mermaid sung."

"Her silken tresses all unbound,
Played loosely on the evening gale,
She cast a mournful look around,
Then sweetly woke her wild harp's wail;
And, as her marble fingers flew
Along the chords, such music flowed—
Her cheek assumed a varied hue,
Where grief grew pale—where pleasure glowed.

The sound rose sweetly on the wind,
It was a strain of melancholy—
It soothed each tumult of the mind,
And hushed the wildest laugh of folly.
It flowed so softly o'er the main,
And spread so calmly, widely round;
The air seemed living with the strain,
And every zephyr breathed the sound."

the Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By LADY MORGAN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1824.

WITH the death of Masaniello ended all the hopes of Ivator; and he returned to Rome wearied, grieved, and disappointed. He applied himself to poetry and painting, and wrote "La Babilonia," and "La Guerra," which retained his feelings in one mode of expression, whilst celebrated pictures "L'Umana Fragilità," and "La Fortuna," embodied them in another. They all illustrate the boldness of his opinions and the melancholy experience which had disturbed the tranquillity of his life:—

"The first picture represented a beautiful girl, seated on glass globe; her brow was crowned with flowers, the fairest and the fairest; her arms were filled by a lovely infant, which she appeared to caress; while its twin-brother, cradled at her feet, was occupied in blowing air-bubbles from a reed. A child, something older, was mischievously employed in setting fire to a wreath of flax twined round a spindle. Above this group of blooming youth and happy infancy, with wings outspread and threatening aspect, hovered the grim figure of Death, dictating the following sentence:—

"Nasci pœna—vita labor—necesse mori."

A label affixed to this painted allegory, called the picture "Umana Fragilità." It expressed the labour of existence, the nothingness of life, a truth which none feel so fully as they who, like Salvator, are endowed with qualities which the vulgar believe most largely to contribute to enjoyment of their possessor."

The second of these philosophical pictures was a painted

illustration of his poetical satires. 'Fortune,' as she is represented when infancy paints her in her brightest smiles, appeared as a fair woman, pouring from a cornucopia a torrent of riches, honours, crowns, mitres, crosses, jewels, gems, and coins, which fell in endless succession upon a multitude of gaping greedy candidates for her fickle favour. These candidates were all either unclean beasts, crawling reptiles, or birds of prey, filthy, sanguinary, and rapacious. In their eagerness to snatch at the treasures which Fortune seemed to reserve for them, they trampled under their feet the symbols of genius, liberty, and philosophy, which impeded their efforts; and books, globes, and instruments, the pen, the pencil, the stylus, and the compass, lay broken, sullied, and neglected. The ass decked himself with orders, the swine assumed the mitre, the fox mounted a cross; wolves, vultures, and tigers divided amongst them princely coronets and royal crowns, and Fortune laughed while she thus accorded as caprice or violence directed her choice. This picture was known in Salvator's gallery by the name of 'La Fortuna.'

But these pictures were the sources of great misery to the artist. They drew upon him the envy of his rivals, and the hatred of the great. He was accused of intending to satirize the prelates, nobility, and even the holy Pontiff. Atheism and sedition were charged upon him, and he was at last—to escape the inquisition which menaced him,—obliged to publish an apology or explanation, disclaiming any individual allusions. All was in vain, and he retired in a bitter spirit to the protection of the Medici at Florence. Here he was courted, feasted, and patronized, and gave way to the ostentatious liberality of his disposition. Experience, however, soon taught him a little wisdom, and he settled down into more prudent habits, selecting his company, and making his house "an academy of wits, the habitation of hilarity, and the mart of gaiety."

In the midst of his great labours at Florence, he found time to produce some splendid works, which he sent for exhibition in the Pantheon at Rome, in the spirit of revengeful pride:—

"Among these, the most remarkable was a Bacchanalian piece, full of poetical imagery. It represented a dark forest gloomed by the interweaving of trees, through which a vista appeared, whose termination was lost in the distance; while, in an opening, a group of male and female figures with children, all richly habited with draperies floating in the air, frolics round a statue of Bacchus. Others lay on the earth, drinking from vases and goblets; and some rolled in drunkenness, in a variety of the most appropriate attitudes. The composition was admirable, the scenery finely adapted to the grouping, and the shadows of the trees, by the exercise of a rare skill, were made to harmonize with the general tone of colouring: the whole picture was most singular. Others which he sent, were also in good style. They consisted of landscapes, battle-pieces, marine views, and historical subjects; all original, masterly, and spirited in the most eminent degree."

His unremitted toils disturbed the current of his feelings, and he fell into moods of melancholy, which nothing but the society of his friend Francesco Lippi, a painter, poet, philosopher, and epicurean, could dissipate. Their occupations and amusements are pleasantly described by Lady Morgan. Lippi is supposed to have

been much indebted to the high genius of Rosa, both in literature and art :—

“ His ‘Flight into Egypt’ owes to the good-natured assistance of Rosa’s pencil, that it was ever finished to contribute to the fame of its author. It happened that Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness, to which even his strenuous spirit was occasionally liable, flung down his pencil, and sallied forth to communicate the infection of his *far niente* to his friend Lippi. On entering his studio, however, he found him labouring with great impetuosity on the background of this picture; but in such a sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill-humour, that Salvator demanded, ‘*Che fai, amico?*’—‘What am I about?’ said Lippi; ‘I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures ruined; I am under a spell, and cannot even draw the branch of a tree, nor a tuft of herbage.’ ”

“ ‘Signore Dio!’ exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off his friend’s thumb, ‘what colours are here?’ and scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring, ‘Let me see! who knows but I may help you out of the scrape.’ ”

“ Half in jest, and half in earnest, he began to touch and retouch, and change, till night-fall found him at the easel finishing one of the best back-ground landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d’œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.”

We will quote an anecdote which occurs in this part of the volume :—

“ Rosa’s confidence in his powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked, how he could keep such an instrument in his house? ‘Why,’ said his friend, ‘it is not worth a scudo.’—‘I will lay you what you please,’ said Salvator, ‘that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again.’ A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which not only was sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a ‘capo d’opera.’ On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music books. Both these pictures were exhibited this year, 1823, at the British Institution.”

We are constrained to pass over Lady Morgan’s notice of Salvator’s “amatory adventures” with the Lady Lucretia, as being rather too luxuriant. Her ladyship (Lady Morgan we mean) talks of “frailty” and “sin,” but her censures are somewhat mitigated by the epithets “blameable frailty,” and “venial sin.”

From Florence Salvator returned to Rome, carrying with him the regret of his friends, but no great portion of wealth. Here he was remarkable for the elegance of his mode of life, as well as for the splendid productions of his genius. But the resentment of his rivals would not be appeased; and in spite of his admirable and acknowledged talents, he was not engaged upon any of the public works at Rome. His indignation subsided into a gloomy melancholy, and for a time his life was full of misery. He roused himself from this state of despair, and painted some of his finest pieces. These were exhibited in the public galleries, and afterwards withdrawn by him in order more intensely to excite the public curiosity. Lady Morgan gives a very spirited and interesting account of his habits, communions, and enjoyments at this period, but we cannot afford any

space for extracts. The small landscapes of Salvator were in great demand, to the exclusion of his figure pieces. This vexed him extremely, and the following anecdotes of his irritability are not without interest :—

“ The Prince Francesco Ximenes having arrived in Rome, found time, in the midst of the honours paid to him, to visit Salvator Rosa, and being received by the artist in his gallery, he told him frankly, that he ‘had come for the purpose of seeing and purchasing some of those beautiful small landscapes, whose manner and subjects had delighted him in many foreign galleries.’—‘Sapiate ch’ io non so fare paesi!’—‘Be it known then to your Excellency,’ interrupted Rosa impetuously, ‘that I know nothing of landscape painting. Something indeed I do know of painting figures and historical subjects, which I strive to exhibit to such eminent judges as yourself, in order that *once for all* I may banish from the public mind that fantastic humour of supposing I am a landscape, and not an historical painter.’ ”

“ Shortly after, a very rich cardinal (‘*ricchissimo porporato*’), whose name is not recorded, called on Salvator to purchase some pictures; and as his Eminence walked up and down the gallery, he always paused before some certain *quadretti*, and never before the historical subjects, while Salvator muttered from time to time between his clenched teeth, ‘*sempre, sempre, paesi, piccole.*’ When at last the Cardinal glanced his eye over some great historical picture, and carelessly asked the price as a sort of company question, Salvator bellowed forth, ‘*un milione.*’ His Eminence, stunned or offended, hurried away, and returned no more.”

It was about this period that he produced his two most celebrated historical pictures—the “Job,” and the “Conspiracy of Catiline.” These gave a new spring to the genius, and a brighter radiance to the fame of Salvator. Still he had not been permitted to share in the decorations of the Roman edifices; party spirit and academic intrigues at length gave way, and he thus expresses his joy at being able to give a permanent picture to the Roman public, in a letter to a friend :—

“ ‘*Sonate le compagne!*—Ring out the chimes!—At last, after thirty years existence in Rome, of hopes blasted, and complaints reiterated against men and gods, the occasion is accorded me for giving one altar-piece to the public. The Signor Filippo Nerli, the Pope’s *Depositario*, resolved upon vanquishing the obstinacy of my destiny, has endowed a chapel in the church of San Giovanni de’ Fioranti; and in despite of the stars themselves, has determined that I shall paint the altar-piece. It is five months since I began it, and I had only laid it aside with the intention of taking it up after Lent, when the occurrence of the *festa*, which the Florentines are obliged to celebrate here in this church, on the canonization of the *Santa Maddalena de’ Pazzi*, has forced me to continue to work at it, and to shut myself up in my house, where, for this month and half, I have been suffering agonies lest I should not have my picture finished in time for their festival. This occupation has kept me not only secluded from all commerce of the pen, but from every other in the world; and I can truly say that I have forgotten myself, even to neglecting to eat; and so arduous is my application, that when I had nearly finished, I was obliged to keep my bed for two days; and had not my recovery been assisted by emetics, certain it is it would have been all over with me, in consequence of some obstruction in the stomach. Pity me then, dear friend, if for the glory of my pencil, I have neglected to devote my pen to the service of friendship.’ ”

It was not long after this that the faculties of this great artist gave way, and he died in the midst of a family and

friends, who were proud of his genius and regretted his loss. We will extract the description of his person, and with that our notice of these most interesting volumes must conclude:—

“Salvator, (according to Passeri,) though not above the middle stature, exhibited in his movements much grace and activity. His complexion, though dark, was of that true African colouring, which was far from displeasing; his eyes were of a deep blue and full of fire; his hair, black and luxuriant, fell in undulating ringlets over his shoulders. He dressed elegantly, but not in the court fashion; for he wore no gold-lace or superfluous finery. Bold and prompt in discourse, he intimidated all who conversed with him; and none ventured openly to oppose him, because he was a tenacious and stern upholder of the opinions he advanced. In the discussion of precepts, erudition, and science, he kept clear in the first instance from the minutiae of particulars, but, adhering to generals, he watched and seized his moment to rush into his subject, and make his point good. It was then he shewed himself well furnished for the discussion, and this little artifice he practised with infinite skill. He had won over many friends and many partisans to his own way of thinking; and had also raised against him many enemies, who attacked his opinions. Between these parties disputes frequently arose in his assemblies, which sometimes led to scandalous ruptures.”

Lady Morgan has executed her task with much elegance and ability. There is a good deal of reading and of taste displayed in these volumes; and in spite of a style rather too elaborate and affected, we have perused them with very considerable pleasure and instruction.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

FRIEND HARDCASTLE,

You love to hold a gossip, and so do I. Have you heard of the wonderful discovery of another Liber Veritatis, or Liber Studiorum, or to speak vernacularly, of another book of scraps and sketches of Claude? What a rout they make about these matters! I picked up the story in a painter's study. Your painters are mostly great talkers, and enthusiasts, when they get upon their favorite topic, the arts. It was a dark day, and three or four had dropped in upon my friend, a portrait-painter, who was turning over a portfolio of prints for his amusement, being disappointed of his sitters. The plague of darkness must have been visibly felt, indeed, by the Egyptian limners—and such there were, it is evident—Belzoni's tomb to wit. But as you would say, my grave friend, Mr. Hardcastle, “there is no wit in being witty upon sacred subjects,” I will keep to my theme. “There,” said one of the party, “that is the very Claude,” alluding to a print in Boydell's publication, not the Liber Veritatis, from the picture in Buckingham House. “But what is this discovery of the book—who found it, where was it found? and I do not believe it.” “But I do,” said one—“for I have the authority of . . . , who has seen it.” “What, did it come from Spain?” said another. “No.” “What Portugal?” “I cannot say.” “From France—the devil! O! that is enough.” “I would not believe it, if I were to see it,” added a third, and the subject had nearly been laughed down. But, when a genius has a hobby-horse to ride, ready saddled and bridled too, who is he that shall prevent his mounting! In came another. A stranger to these matters would think your painters sad idlers. *Point de tout*, when they are not painting, *which they rarely do in the dark*, they meet, and hold a *palaver* on art.

You know, Mr. Hardcastle, this is not lost time. I question whether any men, excepting the lawyers, benefit so much by talking. Not, Sir, that I compare the palaver of these legal gentlemen, for all their logic, with that of your painters. Heaven forbid! In taste and imagination, it is as stone-blue to ultra-marine.

Well in came Mr. . . . , as I have already said, he is the man for news. He is not a professor, but a crack-amateur, and almost lives among the artists. I wish he were at my elbow at this moment, to correct me where I am wrong. Such gentlemen practitioners are either very agreeable, or very much the reverse. The *gent* in question is delectable, ever ready to do a kind office, and no one can do it in so *masterly* and off-hand a *style*—indeed, in a *manner* of his own. It is no exaggeration, on the word of a sculptor, Mr. Hardcastle. Believe me, this *amateur* of every thing that is worth knowing, is as full of original wit as *Blackwood's Magazine*—has as much *point* about him as the *needle* of George Cruikshank; and that reminds me of what . . . observed of the Somerset House Gazette, on our last club sketching party. Old Ephraim (pardon my familiarity, old gentleman) must be highly amused, *I should guess*, as the Americans say, at the aspect of *things*. We were talking of your reflections upon the days of King George the Second, venerable Sir, and we all burst at once into the same exclamation, all being struck, as your true artistical geniuses are, as by inspiration, with the same images, attributes, or requisites appertaining to a theme. Yes, it suddenly flashed upon us all, like a zig-zag dash of old Dick Wilson's, from a black cloud—*things* are coming round again. We shall have another age of *numous*. Look at our exhibitions—behold the dramatic, comedy-like, farcical, humorous, whimsical, droll, comical compositions, the *Points of Humour*, to use George Cruikshank's phrase, that arrest you every third step, and shake you into a laugh, to the *last stitch* in the side. *Ferily*, to use your favourite word, and a good word it is: verily I have seen, within the present month, grave citizens—your good two hundred thousand pounders—aye, and noblemen too, who never laugh, the one having too little wit, and the other too much pride, commit a hearty *ha—ha—ha*—in public. How is it possible to help it. These great dons, I mean great in their sorts, or kind, weighty men, and men of weight, cannot but laugh, in the presence of such mirth-provoking pictures; as well might they forego a sudden propensity to sneeze. I have seen your young sylphs of fashion too, in the self-same rooms, believe me, Mr. Hardcastle, who proudly pout their pretty lips, and never smile in morning gowns, throw ope their coral portals, and shew you such a *show* of precious pearls—and laugh ye Gods, like *Millicent* and *Euphrosine*. Yes, we shall have another age of *numour*, as sure as my name is

Blank. And if I were not a sculptor, by Apollo, I would turn painter, and have a hand in this risible reformation. Sir, look you, could any good be expected to come forth of Galilee! this is a bit of a paraphrase. But I put it to your own sagacity, Mr. H., to your conscience, could it ever have entered the speculative scone of Doctor Samuel Johnson himself, (though to be sure he was prejudiced for all his wit) that we should have humour poured in upon us at this rate, from the North? No, Sir—Et war oot owa of all human speculation. There is Davy Wilkie, who looks for all the world, as if butter would not melt in his mouth—why the witty rogue is as full of fun, as an egg is full of meat. What a catalogue of Scotch humourists could I make out—and I'll be pledged to do it too, and send it to you, Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle—all painters. Then, again, of writers what a host—all seeing life through the same dramatic *barncacles*. Old Ettrick Hog—I can fancy I see him, the worthy seer, shearing—not his sheep, but honest Hector, in his spectacles without ears, slipping off his nose. Who but he, could dramatise *your* mountain cure forsooth? He knows the faithful, fond, it

telligent dumb creature to a hair. A blessing on thy bonny pow for this, thou best historian of the best of brutes. Then there is Galt, who lent his able hand to polish *ebony*.

Then there's Sir Walter Scott,
Who sayeth, *He is not*.

Which savoureth of an incomprehensible fib. But Englishman and Scot are now but one, I wot; thanks to that best, and most holy of kings, who looked alike fatherly on all his beloved subjects; and if this Scot, in these enlightened days of King George the Fourth of that honoured name, is still inveterately determined to disown his own flesh and blood, then, Mr. Hardcastle, there is not one wise and good man on this side of the Tweed, but would adopt his bairns. Look sharp, brother Saxons though, and do not allow these Northern lads to cuddle all the fun and frolic to themselves.

Well, but this amateur—this flying-post for news. "Oh!" said . . . "he can set us right." Truly, he gave us a Gazette account of the finding of the Claudes; but, as I have not the painter's faculty of attending to two things at once, I can serve you with nought but the odds and ends of the story. It was something like unto this. Devil take these painters, they can paint and talk, and talk and paint, and keep their ideas distinct and separate, as the right and left hand of a *piano-fortist*. I do envy them this double faculty: for if I attempt *colloquiality*, with my marble before me, I either dislocate my own knuckles with the *mallet*, or expose my bust to the *chiselling* off of its nose. But of these Claudes, it seems, Sir, that a Mr. Somebody—my memory is a miserable recorder of proper names—a Mr. Scratch, if you please, who was a sort of *fac-totum* to my Lord Holland, and as far as I could make out, a man whom his Lordship desired to serve. He left his Lordship's service, and having a smattering of *virtu*, thought he could pick up his means, by purchasing pictures and books on art, and such like elegant wares, on the continent, and bringing them fresh and fresh to the English market. O! the rage for *novelty* with English dilettanti, though that is nothing *new*. My lord, so runs the tale, was wont to furnish Mr. Scratch with the loan of certain little funds, "to carry on the war;" this was kind, and generous, and lordly.

Well, Sir, Mr. Scratch arrives in Spain, or Portugal, I would not swear to which, I think however 'twas Spain; and there, whether it was in Madrid, or Salamanca, or Alcantara, I know not; but in some great town, in an old street, he found an old shop, kept by an old bibliopoliast, an honest vender of ancient books. Our Mr. Scratch seems to have had his wits about him; so, being on the top of the bookseller's moveable pair of *steps*, and routing among the upper shelves, he casually *opened* the leathern covers of a largish, heavyish book, with clasps I wot, and with an imperial crown deeply impressed upon its outer covering. What does he do—one peep inside such a treasury was enough. The very smell of an old book will suffice your coolly skilled in these researches. He saw some sketches tuck on the leaves of this interleaved folio. You must not be fastidious of terms—Sketches of Claude's. Mr. Richard Payne Knight is now the possessor of these glorious scraps. It is well that that great connoisseur was not a-top of these high steps, and that he made not the memorable discovery; or that delirium of delight that is apt to overwhelm the gentleman, the scholar, and the dilettante, that agitating, indescribable extacy which blockheads know not even by name, that rushes to the sensorium on finding *such* a treasure, would have sent him topsy-turvy to the earth. Mr. Scratch, the cool collector, kept himself aloof, and only pitched the ponderous volume as if by chance upon the floor. There he let it lie, as though 'twas lumber not worth descending for to pick it up. Your rich dilettanti should never cater for themselves. These learned great ones take the bait as greedily as perch. Presently and

leisurely the cautious *Scratch* descends, and kicking the corner of the Book of Claudes, says, "O! Humph, what have we here?" He had already crowded the counter with a *waggon-load* of books. I quote the words of my informant—here I am on oath. Well, turning the leaves over with well affected *nonchalance*, "What do you ask for this?" "I do not know." "I think that book has something curious about it too, but I am no judge—it has been long by me." "Come," said Scratch, "we will put it in the lot—set it down at fifteen piastres." There are more asses in Spain, than those that carry bells at their ears. Scratch brought his bargains home. Happy England! where all things find their level. Now, then, the scene of this drama is shifted from Spain to London, and thus my informant proceeded with this "*strange eventful history*." Mark again, good Mr. Hardcastle, I tell it with allowance. Better cut the matter short, I hear you say. I will, good Sir, and here goes—rattling on as fast as Mathews. Down goes Scratch to Signor Colnaghi's at Charing-cross. It would be useless to attempt to impose upon the sober judgment of this worthy. "He would have no objection to purchase. But the price! quite out of the question." Twenty connoisseurs were on the scent, but each kept his own council. Yet, it seems no one had absolutely pronounced the sketches—*Claude's*. "Show them to . . . the landscape painter," says a friend to Scratch. He took advice, and . . . at once exclaimed, "I'll *swear* the hand is Claude de Lorraine." Up went the price. With deference due to all your connoisseurs, I verily believe your worship, Mr. Hardcastle, the painter's, after all, is counted the only safe and orthodox authority. Now, then the plot thickens, and the devil may take the hindmost. "Where is Sir T. L. . . he is your chapman—he is liberal—and a first-rate judge." Perhaps he wished to place the treasure . . . "Pray Sir T. . . now do let me be your agent," said Mr. . . . "you are too generous. The thing is up—and I will procure them for a fair, yet tempting offer." The knight consents—it is known he does these things with the spirit of a prince. "Have them I must," said Sir T. . . "so spare not price." So Mr. W. . . placed eight hundred sovereigns in a canvas bag—(the word canvas I admit to be poetic) at least so I think. Hard, shining cash—how tempting! The sketches, in the old-fashioned thick leathern cover, stamped with the imperial crown, was as certainly already Sir T. . . 's as human foresight, backed with eight hundred sovereigns, could make it. Mr. W. had sent for a hackney chariot, it arrived—the bag of money would have been already on the seat, only that a picture-dealer is not so *absent*. Had the cash been there, there had he been also. In this moment of departure, who should approach the door in Saint Martin's-lane but Mr. Richard Payne Knight—"Your most obedient, Sir," quoth the agent of Sir T. L.; "Sir, your's," answered the great dilettante. "I wish to speak with you Mr. W. . . ." "Sir, excuse me, I am going on very urgent business." "What, after the Claudes I presume?" "Yes, Sir." "Then you will not procure them Mr. W.?" "That, with submission is my affair, Sir," bowing to the ground, "I am determined to have them at any price." "Humph! may I ask what you mean to offer?" "Eight hundred sovereigns, Sir. Here they are in this bag!" "Then I can save you your journey Mr. W. . . ." replied the magnificent collector; "Sir, I have just purchased them for double that sum."

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TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

Sir,
DURING a recent visit to Rome, I saw with great pleasure an English artist, Mr. Evans, engaged in copying the se-

pictures known as Raphael's Bible, in the Loggia di can. I learnt that they were executing for Mr. who has been adapting a place for their reception in Regent-street. To the care and surprising ac- with which they were copied I can bear testimony; the same size as the original, and accompanied by copies of the beautiful arabesques which surround and which are well known from Volpato's engrav- The arabesques were copied by Italian artists, em- by Mr. Evans. These precious works of art are decayed; their exposure for 300 years even to an atmosphere, had nearly been fatal to them. be French general Miollis, who commanded in 1809 ; ordered glazed windows to be placed in that part Loggia which those delightful works of art occupy, as preserved them from entire decay. The fac- which have now been made of them, will enable us and to form a correct estimate of the excellence of inals; and long after these are obliterated in Rome, hope that Mr. Evans's copies will be admired and in England, and Mr. Nash be remembered as the whose spirit preserved to our descendants a better ge than prints can afford of the powers of the im- Raphael.

I remain, Sir, &c.

P.

TO THE

R OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

EMBER to have heard some sage one compare the capabilities of man to the several parts of a watch, part of its mechanism he would liken me, requires head than my own to decide on. We* men of lite- are not apt to value ourselves lightly; and after everie on the many efforts which I have made in , I think that I too am an author. Know then, Mr. that I have taken upon myself to instruct mankind loss of time or hindrance of business: in other am as far as my knowledge in French will serve *scardar*, in sober English, a chalker of walls—one of sings who in brief and terse terms dole forth senti- and pendants which they would have the public How or when I first felt this literary propensity, I t: whether from my father who, as landlord of e in the Wall, was constantly in the habit of chalk- or whether I imbibed it from my mother, who was lanon heard to wish for a piece of blue chalk when er went to bed sober, to make a fit memorandum traordinary an occasion to mark it in as singular r as so singular an occurrence demanded—(pardon sing.) Be this as it may, whatever line of life was out for me, on the score of my *parents*, I chose to very different one; for on their death I rubbed out alk that was crowded on the back of their corner d, and let all comers drink without putting up a balk against them. I continued until I—but let et old chalks to tell of new ones, of what line of I now to chalk out for myself. For, as if I was com- be punished by a sort of poetical justice, I found I e beholden to the very thing I had despised for a ubeistence. I took to chalking up. I was ignorant r or pica, yet I commenced printer. Yes, Sir; for e first to exhibit the effects of my new fount upon acious wall about the metropolis; an art which was e by poor Ben Bowspit: who, having lost his lar- m and his starboard leg, gained an honest penny by rscriptions on our pavements, arresting the travel- s with many a pathetic autographical appeal of "Pity ilor," or "Remember Nelson," ornamented with d yellow border of cannons, union jacks, &c. &c.

Ben would assist these silent appeals now and then with all his vocal ability which seldom failed him, not in showers of gold, but more humble halfpence—"God bless your hon- our, may your boots never spring a leak, nor your royal consort forsake you; drop a copper into the wake of a poor cripple who lost his larboard arm with the gallant Nelson off Cape —." These vociferations were however al- ways kept in reserve, and never uttered until Ben having spent his last penny for grog, wanted another to buy Dutch pink and a bit of ochre for to-morrow. But avast—I am telling Ben's story instead of my own. Well then, Sir, to my progress. I was the person who about twenty years ago ornamented the several walls with the word Quoiz, to the great terror of many an old woman; but perhaps, Sir, you are too much of a chicken to remember this; if you do not, you know the meaning of the word as well as I did. But, Sir, you must remember s. c. r. perhaps that had a mean- ing; but I am a wall-writer, not a wall-reader. My pro- ductions after these are too multifarious to mention: I wrote *down with tyrants and GOD SAVE THE KING. Fox for ever and no Pitt*, and *Pitt for ever and d—n Fox*. But the best thing I ever did was *Burdett for ever*; after this I had but little to do. I was indeed employed to write no war, but a war we had. I still however continued to write *Nel- son for ever*, and inscribe in large roman "WELLINGTON," but this was merely to keep my hand in: these gentle- men's merits were too well appreciated to want any pane- gyric from me, and I was obliged to transfer my talents on paper, and "*apartments to lett*," "*eggs new laid every day*," and "*new milk*," kept me from starving: to be sure, I had a good election now and then, and a *row at a common hall* and the great Bonassus, helped me to live. But now, Sir, Othello's occupation is nearly gone; for ex- cepting a job now and then of "Use Warren's Blacking," or the address of "Doctor Eady," I have nothing to do. I therefore propose that my artistical abilities may be em- ployed by you at so much per mile or street, from the city of London five miles round, to write up your paper, for which I have the following tasty idea, "Take in Somerset House Gazette."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY FRESKO.

No connection with any other artist, or with the writer of "no King," "no ministers," "no nothing," or "some more Bellinghams is wanted."

* An urchin, the height of a horse's fetlock, was one day attempt- ing to clean the animal with a wisp of straw, making the usual *hushing* noise that the exertions of the brush generally call forth by these people: on asking the cause of this, the urchin said, "Oh, Sir, we grooms always do so."

MR. DUBOURG.—EXHIBITION OF CORK MODELS.

To the Editor of the Somerset House Gazette.

SIR,

DOUBTLESS you who are so *recherche* in the sights of London, cannot have forgotten the *Cork Exhibition*, as it was denominated, which, for so long a period, was fre- quented by the young ladies and gentlemen during the re- cesses from boarding-school. Two generations, at least, in succession, must have beheld the beautiful and accurate models of the classic structures of ancient Greece and Rome, made by that indefatigable and ingenious artist, Mr. Dubourg, which were exhibited, of late years, in Lower Gros- venor-street, Grosvenor-square. Reading your account of De Louthembourg's Eidophasikon, printed in your very entertaining weekly miscellany, I perceive you mention that that excellent scene-painter modelled the fore-ground of his *Greenwich-hill* with pieces of cork. Your readers, such of

them at least, who, like myself, dabble in the arts, may not perhaps be aware of the excellent hints that may be fabricated out of large pieces of cork, broken into various sizes. The fractures form picturesque features, similar to those in the gravel and sand-pits, which Gainsborough delighted to sketch for his fore-ground bits. By the way, worthy Mr. Hardcastle, I had the honour to be acquainted with that truly British genius at Bath, and have more than once sat by him on an evening, and seen him make models, or rather thoughts, for landscape scenery, on a little, old-fashioned, folding oak table, which stood under his kitchen dresser—such a one, as when a young man, fatigued with shooting, I have seen by the fire-place of a little clean, country ale-house, paved with brick, where I have stopped to take refreshment. This table, held sacred for the purpose, he would order to be brought to his parlour, and thereon compose his designs. He would place cork or coal for his fore-grounds, and make middle grounds of sand and clay, bushes of mosses and lichens, and set up distant woods of brocoli.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his estimate of his old, but then departed friend, affected to smile at this practice—and if I recollect rightly, designated these amusements of Mr. Gainsborough, at best, but "*ingenious trifling*." But, with every respectful feeling for the writings of that discreet man, and truly great artist, I must differ with him on this point; for a man of Gainsborough's genius, might be allowed credit for applying such combinations to the purposes of his art, as well as Guido, of whom we are told, that he would place a brawny, muscular porter in a particular position, and from so unseemly a model, compose and paint one of his beautiful female saints.

I could enlarge upon this subject, but I took up my pen to speak of the Cork Exhibition, and the venerable artist, its ingenious author, hoping, Mr. Hardcastle, that you will, from respect to my motive, whatever you may think of my prosing lucubrations, spare me space for this among your pages. Know, then, good Sir, that Mr. Dubourg, some few years since, finding that his exhibition room was very thinly attended, and having gained very little during even its most prosperous days, he was necessitated to dispose of it. The models produced but a small sum, on which he lived for a time. That sum is long exhausted, and he is now in his eighty-ninth year, borne down with age and infirmity, barely existing in a humble lodging, depending on the good offices of his landlady, a laundress, and a precarious supply of the common necessities of life.

The members of the Royal Academy, as a body, with their usual consideration for the aged and distressed, any way connected with the arts, have granted him assistance: but I know that their pension list dips deeply into their funds. Assured, then, that the Somerset House Gazette has a circulation amongst persons of education and taste, if you will print this, I doubt not but many ladies and gentlemen amateurs of the fine arts, will feel benevolently inclined to assist this aged artist. Many of these must remember this exhibition of cork models, representing the classic buildings of ancient Greece and Rome—and at the same time, the mild, modest, obliging manners of their ingenious fabricator, who used to attend to describe the buildings. I have often witnessed the pleasure which he used to express, in explaining the structure of the beautiful little temples, and in affording a brief history of the times in which they stood in all their glory, to his juvenile audience.

Among other subjects, will be remembered the incomparable model of the Colosseum at Rome, and that of the beautiful remains, the Sybil's Temple, at Tivoli, so often, and so appropriately introduced in the compositions of Claude. The whole were modelled, if I mistake not, on the scale of one-eighth of an inch to a foot, in correct proportion. A more classic exhibition, perhaps, was never contrived, to display to the rising generation, the archi-

tectural beauties of those celebrated buildings, whose sites, consecrated by so many memorable events, thus helped to fix the great epochs of ancient history. I venture to hope, that through the favour of the Somerset House Gazette, some of those ladies and gentlemen, who in their youth derived pleasure and instruction from this holiday exhibition, may associate those happy days with the recollection of poor Mr. Dubourg, a truly ingenious and worthy man, now almost forlorn, helpless, in poverty, and in the vale of years. Reference may be made to two respectable gentlemen, who have interested themselves in his affairs. Mr. Green, the portrait-painter, Little Argyll-street, and Mr. Nicholson, the landscape-painter, 52, Charlotte-street, Portland-place. The aged artist resides at No. 6, Eden-street, Hampstead-road.

I cannot, in justice to my feelings of respect for the genius of my country, dismiss this subject, Sir, without expressing my entire approbation of your patriotic exertions in behalf of the English school of fine arts; and most heartily join you in my fervent wishes for the adoption of your proposal for the nation to grant honourable pensions to a certain number of the senior members of our Royal Academy. Neither our gracious sovereign, nor his upright ministers, nor the wisdom of the parliament, nor the generous feelings of the British people, would object to such a substantial manifestation of respect for the services that enlightened body have rendered to the nation at large, were their meritorious claims generally known. It would surprise the world to be told how much they annually lessen their funds in alleviating the sufferings of distressed men of genius, and their helpless families. The very funds raised by the exertions of their own talents for so many years, which I presume, without being amenable to censure, they might appropriate to their own future advantage by making provision for themselves.

AN AMATEUR OF PAINTING.

P. S. I should esteem myself obliged, if through the influence of your miscellany, I could be informed of the seniority of the Royal Academicians. By the same medium, I should also beg to suggest for the consideration of the council of arrangement for the next exhibition at Somerset House, whether it would not be well to insert, after the names of the members, in the printed catalogue, the date of their election. All such information is interesting to the public.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

THE genius of Rubens was strongly turned to the picturesque disposition of his figures, so as often to sacrifice every other consideration to the intricacy, contrast, and striking variations of their forms and groups. Such a disposition of objects, seems to call for something similar in the management of the light and shade; and, accordingly, we owe some of the most striking examples of both to his fertile invention. In point of brilliancy, of extreme splendour of light* no pictures can stand in competition with those of Rubens; sometimes those lights are almost un-mixed with shade; at other times they burst from dark shadows, they glance on the different parts of the picture, and produce that flicker, (as it sometimes is called,) so captivating to the eye under his management, but so apt to offend it when attempted by inferior artists, or by those who are less thoroughly masters of the principles of harmony than that great painter. All these dazzling effects are heightened by the spirited management of his pencil, by those sharp, animated touches, which give life and energy to every object.

Correggio's principal attention in point of form, was directed to flow of outline and gradual variation; of this he

irely lost sight, even in his most capricious foreground; and the style of his light and shadow was so, that the one seems the natural consequence of the other.

His pictures are always cited as the most perfect of those soft and insensible transitions of that effect, which above every thing else, impresses an idea of beauty. The manner of his pencilling of a piece with the rest; all seems melted together with so nice a judgment, as to avoid, by means of soft, yet delicate touches, that laboured hardness of identity, which arise from what is called high finishing. Rembrandt's pictures are indeed as far removed from this, as from glare; he seems to have felt beyond all the exact degree of brilliancy which accords with the idea of beauty, and to have been with regard to that Claude was in landscape.

Rembrandt's pictures of Claude are brilliant in a high degree; but the brilliancy is so diffused over the whole of them, so hallowed, so mellowed and subdued by the almost atmosphere which pervades every part, and unites every part, that nothing in particular catches the eye; there is splendour, the whole is repose, every thing is in the sweetest harmony. Rubens strongly from Claude, as he does from Correggio; his pictures are full of the peculiarities, and picturesque in nature; of striking contrasts in form, colour, and shadow; sun-beams bursting through a small opening in a dark wood—a rainbow against a stormy sky—thunder and lightning—torrents rolling down, up by the roots, and the dead bodies of men and animals among the sublime and picturesque circumstances exhibited by his daring pencil. These sudden effects, these cataracts of light, these bold oppositions of light and darkness which he has so nobly introduced, destroy all the beauty and elegance of Claude; on the other hand, the mild and equal sunshine of that character, would be ill accord with the twisted and singular, and the bold and animated variety of the land-
scapes of Rubens.

The general brilliancy and dazzling effects of that splendor may justly be opposed to the more mild diffused light in Claude and Correggio, the deep midnight which Rembrandt has spread over the greater part of his pictures, may be opposed to it with equal justice; and the comparison between these painters may shew, how much the picturesque delights in ex-
hibit while the beautiful preserves a just medium between them. The general character of Rembrandt's pictures is of extreme force, arising from a small portion of light amidst surrounding darkness; and though it be the same in Rubens and Correggio, and even Claude have the effects of that kind; yet it was only occasionally, and the subject, as in night scenes, required them: in Rembrandt they result from his prevailing style; and it hardly need be said, how much more they are directed to objects and circumstances of a picturesque and beautiful character. Rembrandt's pencilling, where it is apparent (for he well knew where to soften it) is different from that of the painters I have mentioned: the principle on which he wrought; his colours were, as it were, dabbed on the canvas; and one might think them to have been worked upon it with some instrument than a painter's brush. Many painters when they represent any striking effect of light, use touches of the pencil more rough and strongly than the quality of the objects themselves seem to require; but Rembrandt, who succeeded beyond all others in forcible effects, carried also this method of creating them further than any other master. Those who have seen his picture in the Stadt-house at Amsterdam, may observe a figure highly illuminated, whose dress is a sil-
ver, with fringes, tassels, and other ornaments of the same brilliant colour: it is the most surpris-

ing instance I ever saw of the effect of that rough manner of pencilling, in producing what most nearly approaches to the glitter and to the irritation which is caused by real light when acting powerfully on any object; and this too with a due attention to general harmony, and with such a commanding truth of representation as no high finishing can give. Rembrandt, it is well known, had scarcely any idea of beauty or elegance; and as little of that grandeur in the human form, which results from correctness and fullness of outline, added to nobleness of character. He had however a grandeur of his own of a mixed and peculiar kind, produced by the arrangement of his compositions, and even by the form of many of the objects themselves, when set off and partially concealed by the breadth and the disposition of his light and shadow. In that branch of his art in which he is so pre-eminent, he often produces a mysterious solemnity which impresses very grand ideas, and which I am persuaded would add no small degree of grandeur to the figures and compositions of the higher schools. Rembrandt has great variety and truth of expression, though seldom of an elevated kind; one figure of his, however,—the Christ raising Lazarus—for the simple yet commanding dignity of the character and action is perhaps superior to that of any painter who has treated that awful subject. I do not recollect any other figure of his in that style equally striking; but should the Christ be a single instance, it still may shew that genius was not wanting, though early education and habit, and all that he saw around him whether in nature or in art, had given a different bias to his mind. That bias seems to have been towards rich and picturesque effects, especially those of light and shadow; and the figures, dresses, buildings, and scenes which he represented, though they occasionally produced grandeur, were chiefly chosen with a view to such effects. What was his opinion of studying the antique, may be inferred from an anecdote mentioned in his life; he carried one of his visitors into an inward room, and shewing him a parcel of old-fashioned dresses and odd bits of armour, "there," said he, "are my antiques."

Rubens, though he set a just value on ancient statues, and though he endeavoured to gain a more chaste and correct outline by copying, and, as it is said, by tracing the outlines of drawing what were excellent in that respect, could never overcome his original bias. Indeed it may admit of some doubt whether a strict attention to such excellencies be compatible with that peculiar spirit and effect which his works display; and whether he might not have lost more on one side, than he would have gained on the other. Much certainly may be done by early and constant practice, but correctness and purity are allied to caution and timidity; and to be in a high degree correct and chaste in form, spirited in touch, rich in colouring, and splendid in effect, is a combination of which the art of painting since its revival, can hardly be said to have given any perfect example.

As the ornamental style of the Venetians and of Rubens, who formed himself upon it, bears a nearer relation to the beautiful than to the grand; so on the other hand, the picturesque style where ornament is little used, as in the works of Salvator Rosa, is more nearly related to grandeur. The style of Salvator and that of Rembrandt, though widely different, resemble each other in one particular; in each the strokes of the pencil are often left in the roughest manner; and as nothing can be more adapted to strongly marked picturesque objects and effects, so nothing can be less suited to express beauty, and to convey a general impression of that character. What is the style most truly productive of that general impression, will be much better learnt from the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds than from anything I could say, though he had not exactly the same point in view. Speaking of Correggio he says, "his colour and his mode of finishing approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter; the gliding motion of his

outline, and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground, the clearness and transparency of his colouring, which stops at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for."

* I speak of those pictures, (and they are very numerous) in which he aimed at great brilliancy. As no painter possessed more entirely all the principles of his art, the solemn breadth of his light and shade is, on some occasions, no less striking than its force and splendour on others.

MR. DAVY, THE COMPOSER.

On Sunday, 22nd ult. died, at his lodgings, in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, after a lingering and acute disease, Mr. John Davy, the well known English dramatic composer.

Mr. Davy was born of humble parentage, in the city of Exeter, and at an early age placed under the care of a blacksmith or farrier, for the purpose of working his way through life by that laborious employment. But his foster parent, Nature, had destined him for a more congenial pursuit, by furnishing him with an exquisite ear for musical sounds. Young Davy, like many eminent musicians, even from infancy, shewed a strong musical bias; and instead of studying the laborious mysteries of Vulcan, he amused himself at every convenient opportunity, by "ringing the changes" on horse-shoes. It is not probable that this "*Fanatico per la Musica*," should harmonize for any length of time with the views of his master; though it had the effect of attracting the notice of the celebrated JACKSON, at that time the organist of Exeter Cathedral. This gentleman was so struck with the dawning talent of young Davy, that he had him removed from his humble station, and became his gratuitous musical preceptor and friend during the remainder of his life. Under such an able master, the pupil made a rapid progress both in the practical and theoretical knowledge of music, and on the decease of his benefactor, Mr. Davy was appointed his successor as organist of St. Peter's.

As the metropolis, however, is always considered the *ultima thule* of men of genius of every class or profession; the subject of our notice was induced, against the advice of his friends, we believe, to quit the western world and the substantial advantages it afforded, for the sands and shoals of a metropolitan life. The unfortunate situation of Mr. Davy, the victim of poverty and acute disease for several years past, has in some measure verified the apprehensions of his friends. Though Mr. Davy's talents procured him a permanent engagement in the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, and he was occasionally one of its most popular dramatic composers, he had not sufficient discretion in pecuniary matters, to provide against the ordinary contingencies of sickness and old age. And we understand he has been altogether supported for some years past by the benevolence of his professional brethren, and the respectable music-sellers. It has been said, we believe with some foundation, that latterly the indiscretion of the unfortunate man in a great degree suspended these offices of "mild charity," so as to render it doubtful whether his last hours were cheered by the balm of comfort.

We shall have occasion in our future numbers to allude to the productions of the late Mr. Davy among our English composers; it being our intention to offer a few remarks in each number on the present state of musical science in England, accompanied by impartial brief views of such works as are more peculiarly entitled to notice. As our plan with regard to the notice of musical works will be similar to that we have adopted with regard to the other branches

of the fine arts, to encourage and promote the advancement of native talent, we flatter ourselves with the hope, that our labours will be favourably received both by the professor and the amateur of music.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—At length an appeal has been made to the taste of the town, which has proved signally successful. After "dragging its slow length along" for half-a-dozen weeks, amidst all sorts of desertion and disdain, the Opera has emerged into the brilliancy of popularity, fashion, and emolument. The re-appearance of Madame Catalani has crowded the house with all that is distinguished for taste, science, and rank about town. She came out on Saturday in her favorite part of *Donna Aristeo*, in Mayer's opera, *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, and repeated the character on Tuesday. The audience assembled to witness her exertions and welcome her return, was numerous beyond all example. This is as it should be; at once an evidence of their taste and a tribute to her talents. Her reception was more than flattering; it was a long, enthusiastic, tumultuous burst of applause, wholly unlike the usual coldness and indifference of an Opera audience. Madame Catalani for a moment gave way to her feelings and burst into tears. The present scene and the recollections of the past, combined to affect and soothe her. Upon that stage, and before that audience, some of her best and brightest laurels had been gained, and the larger portion of her fortune acquired. This, Madame Catalani has never forgotten; and in all her pilgrimages over Europe, she has carried with her the memory of our kindness, and the expression of her gratitude.

We have great liking for the music of Mayer—who was a classical and correct, though very cold and passionless composer. Like most of the Germans, he wrote for the orchestra, rather than for the human voice—and his opera abound with harmonies, to the partial exclusion of melodies. *Il Fanatico* is in some measure an exception, and contains two or three airs of surpassing beauty. The humour is not very apparent in the music, and depends entirely on the acting. Mayer's attempts in the comic, want lightness, spirit, and grace. They remind us of his ambitious countryman, who jumped out of a second floor window *pour apprendre d'être vaif*.

The part of *Aristeo* has been re-composed for Madame Catalani, and is fitted for the display of her unrivalled powers. It is a kind of exemplification of all the curious difficulties of the science. The practising duet with *Fedro* is a complete trial of the whole musical scale. Her execution of an *avveggio* was quite marvellous. It proved that her voice had lost nothing of its old capabilities. Her shake has become more firm and distinct, and her transitions are as clear and precise as ever. Perhaps, there is not so much sweetness of tone about it, as we recollect twelve years ago. But sweetness was never the great distinction of Madame Catalani's voice. There is a beautiful duet with Curioni, *non prova il core*, in which she sustained her share with uncommon grace and spirit. But the two great triumphs of the performance are the *segui a fidarti*, and her part of the trio—*Eterni resti in trono*. Curioni was very ridiculously dressed, and sang the little he had to sing in his best style. This gentleman's voice is in better keeping than it has been at any time since his residence in England, and we are glad to learn, that he ascribes it to his adopting our English habits of living. We wish he would in a similar spirit adopt our English modes of dress. Caradori sings in the same delightfully unaffected manner which has gained her so large a share of public admiration. Her air—*ad un amato oggetto*, though coming immediately after a brilliant

of Catalani, was full of beauty and pathos. Of De in the crazy amateur, we can only say that he is lly the best *buffo* we have had for years. His hus a little too extravagant, and runs into grotesque— l it is most amusing. Another merit of De Begnis, he can sing.

perceive that the "Spiritual Concert" at the Opera ming, was graced and strengthened by a rich cataf performers. The lateness of the performance pre- is from giving any notice of it this week.

at Garden.—Miss F. H. Kelly has played *Juliet* the present week. We do not mean to enter into ticism on her performance, because it is sufficiently own; but we are desirous of adverting to what is he ill-usage of this young lady by the managers. This has been brought against them by sundry small critics, most provoking pertinacity throughout the last year. ith is, Miss Kelly is a clever girl with very bad ha- nich obscure and annihilate her talents. *Juliet* she ith a great deal of sweetness, but without an atom ility. In every other part she has failed. In two gedies her trickeries and bad taste were fatal to the s well as to her own reputation. What is the ma- o do? She draws no money to the house, and to him xmer is valuable who is not attractive. Must he his stage to every ambitious person who pleases to him with unfairness and partiality? Surely it is of moment to him that all his performers should have ance with the public. Unhappily there is a troop of eaded persons about Miss K. who flatter her into the of greater ability than she really possesses, and who ber believe the managers are unfair, and that has been formed against her. The best thing for matic interest would be to get rid of these silly per- od devote her most earnest labours to the acquire- a chaster and purer style of acting. e is a new comedy to be produced here on Thursday. ene is in Sicily, and the incidents and characters, at we have seen of them, appear to be very original. dogue is singularly smart, neat, and epigrammatic. m the pen of a distinguished poet and critic.

PAINTER'S SCRAP BOOK.

No. I.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

ollowing anecdote of Sir Joshua Reynolds is related of his pupils, who was present at the scene. This ink one day into Sir Joshua's painting room, found a state of perplexing contemplation; he had been uring to produce a glitter on a piece of splendid , which occupied a very interesting situation in the f the eye of his picture, and never could do it to his re tried again and again, rubbed it out, took snuff usual energy, but all would not do. He now looked time despondingly on the picture, playing with a g's brush, which he held in his hand; at length he o move backwards towards the chimney, with his ehind him, till his heel kicked the fender; when r sideways, he thrust the brush into the ashes and

His face then assumed a look of hope, mixed with on, and having just wiped off a portion of the cin- the carpet, he advanced towards his work, and on the remains of them upon the part where he the brilliancy to be produced, crying out with a tri- t air, "that will do."

IUA REYNOLDS and WILSON, THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER. JOSHUA REYNOLDS and WILSON, the landscape painter, king together at the view from Richmond Terrace. was pointing out some particular part, and in order

to direct his eye to it, "There," said he, "near those houses—there! where the *figures* are." Though a painter, Sir Joshua was puzzled: he thought Wilson meant statues, and was looking upon the *tops* of the houses; for he did not at first conceive that the men and women they plainly saw walking about, were by Wilson only thought of as figures in the landscape.

HOGARTH'S ADMIRATION OF THE LINE OF BEAUTY; OR, DIFFERENCE OF PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

HOGARTH had a most enthusiastic admiration of what he called the line of beauty, and enthusiasm always leads to the verge of ridicule, and seldom keeps totally within it. One day, Hogarth, talking with great earnestness on his favorite subject, asserted that no man thoroughly possessed with the true idea of the line of beauty, could do anything in an ungraceful manner: "I, myself," added he, "from my perfect knowledge of it, should not hesitate in what manner I should present any thing to the greatest monarch." He happened at that moment to be sitting in the most ridiculously awkward posture imaginable.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THERE resided in the same neighbourhood with Gainsborough's father, a very respectable clergyman of the name of Coyte. With the sons of this gentleman young Gainsborough and his brothers passed much of their ti e; and from the instructions of the old gentleman reaped some advantage. The parson's garden having been plundered of a great quantity of wall-fruit, much pains were taken, but without effect, to discover the thief. Young Gainsborough having one summer morning risen at an early hour and walked into the garden, to make a sketch from an old elm, seated himself in an obscure corner, and had just taken out his chalk to begin, when he observed a fellow's head peeping over the wall of the garden, which was next the road, with apparent intention of seeing if the coast was clear. He made a sketch upon a rough board, of the head of the man; and so accurate was the resemblance, that he was instantly known to be a man from a neighbouring village, and upon a close enquiry, proved to be the fellow who had before robbed the garden.

ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THIS prelate, who died in 1109, was remarkable for the great austerity of his manners. The married clergy he not only drove from their monasteries, but from their other ecclesiastical benefices; yet this harsh conduct seems in Anselm to have proceeded from mistaken ideas of propriety, rather than from natural inhumanity, as his fame was generally upright. An anecdote of this Archbishop proves that the arts were beginning at this time to raise their drooping heads. On his return from Rome, knowing that he was way-laid by a banditti, he disguised himself to escape them. They were aware of this, and sent an excellent artist to Rome, who took his portrait so exactly, that the prelate, who found that he should be known in any dress whatever, was obliged to wander much out of his road to save himself.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Early in April will be published, in 3 vols, a Novel, called ANNALINE; or, MOTIVE HUNTING.

We understand a new Quarterly Work will soon make its appearance, under the name of the CAMBRIDGE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

time so compressed as not to be unreasonable in bulk or expense. The first-rate talent has been employed, both in the Drawings and Engravings. The Second Part will be ready on the 1st of May, 1824.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane.

NEW NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH.—Such Architects as are disposed to prepare DESIGNS for the NEW CHURCH, to contain accommodation for 1800 persons, are requested to apply at the Vestry of the Caledonian Church, between the hours of Ten and Twelve, on or before the 10th of March, for instructions relative to the said Designs. The letter of the Architect only, whose plan shall be approved of will be opened. No Builder, nor any person who combines the occupation of a Builder with the profession of an Architect, need apply until the Committee are prepared to receive Tenders to contract for the building, of which due notice will be given.

NEW REVIEW, TO BE PUBLISHED EVERY TWO MONTHS.

Early in March will appear, Price 6s. No. I. of

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW, or, Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations. The vast and perpetually increasing abundance of English publication, and the new vigour which political circumstances, and the general growth of the popular mind, have excited in foreign literature, deserve a more frequent and comprehensive survey, than that which it is within the plan of our principal Reviews to give: and the deep and spreading influence of English Opinion in the Old and New Worlds, unquestionably requires that it should be delivered in the spirit of manliness and integrity, sincere, learned and impartial. On the Continent a new and brilliant period has opened, that almost resembles the fifteenth century, in the suddenness, masculine strength, and original splendour, of its intellectual exertion. In France, in Germany, throughout the North and East of Europe, from Siberia to Hungary, great acquisitions have been made in every region of mental and physical discovery, into which powerful and accomplished minds could break their way. Of these labours the English reader has been kept in general ignorance: an ignorance which it is presumed will be within the scope of The Universal Review to enlighten. In Politics, honouring the wisdom of their ancestors, they will be the abettors neither of change, nor of corruption. Their principles are constitutional and national. In Religion, not less honouring the holiness and sincerity of the Founders of the Established Church, they will respect conscientious differences of opinion. In Criticism, they will not indulge in Essay writing. General views and abstracts of the more important classes of knowledge will be given from time to time; an original feature

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, And Literary Museum:

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

XXIII.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

A stamped Edition for Country Circulation, postage free, Price Tenpence.

TERS ENGRAVERS, AND ENGRAVERS PAINTERS.

has rarely happened, that among those artists who been painters and engravers by turns, that they not failed in one of these pursuits, for to excel in usually demands the entire attention of the pro-

We can, however, make some exceptions to general rule, and among others we shall first in- e Hogarth, and continue our observations upon who pursued engraving as a profession. This genius first commenced his career in the arts as graver. He then became a painter, and astonished orld with the originality and extraordinary inven- displayed in his compositions. His reputation e first of these pursuits, however, had he only rred the designs of others to his copper, would een entirely eclipsed by the calcographic school as since raised that elegant branch of the imitative to so proud a pre-eminence in this country.

collett occasionally engraved from his own subjects, from nature, which were coldly correct; indeed, mmon-place, that, as works of art, they would long been entirely forgotten, whilst as a landscape ver, he is yet acknowledged the first in the world. dozzi sometimes engraved from his own designs; e obtained very little acquisition of fame by the apt: yet he drew the human figure to admiration, e could paint; for he acquired his diploma in the d Academy, for a picture which was exhibited at asret House.

erwin, in one large plate, the "Fiuding of Moses," mposition of his own, crowded with portraits of s of fashion, exposed himself beyond all example, is egregious vanity, and folly of attempting the n of painting and engraving by his own hand. the same quantity of beautiful execution with his titful *burin*, been a translation from a worthy sub- his fame might have gone hand-in-hand to posterity e Reynolds, or a West.

ecannot bring to memory the works of any depart- rist, so completely equal to himself in these two hic pursuits, as Michael Angelo Rooker; celebrated e series of views engraved from his own designs, h, for a succession of years, embellished the Oxford anacks; a complete set of which, if consigned for at Christie's, would excite a competition among all great collectors in town, for the possession of so de- e a prize. We have thus far confined our observa- on the talents of those that are gone.

Mr. Burnet affords us a living instance of the rare union of talent for engraving and painting, more equally balanced, perhaps, than we could quote from the commencement of these separate studies. Many amateurs have been deceived, when looking in at the print-shop windows, attracted by a new print of a humorous subject, they have seen inscribed at one corner, J. Burnet, sculpsit, and naturally looking to the other corner for D. Wilkie, R. A. pinxit, have read J. Burnet again. It is said "*Seeing is believing*," but many have not believed what they have seen on these occasions, until they have inquired of the printseller, if the writing-engraver had not committed a mistake? We remember Sir Joshua's picture of Garrick between the tragic and comic muse. An apt parody might be sketched out by some brother artist, in a playful mood. The genii of painting and engraving contending for Mr. B. Were this very clever artist undecided which of the genii he should prefer, we should whisper, elope with painting—she is the more engaging goddess, and will bring you the largest dowry. We should hesitate the less in giving this decision, because we think that were Mr. Burnet to devote his talents entirely to the culture of painting, he would not only arrive at greater excellence than he possibly could by thus dividing his attention, but that his inventive talent must necessarily operate against those ultimate attainments of engraving, of which his admired hand would be capable; for the slow progress of a calcographic work, particularly in the line manner, must occasionally excite the impatience of a mind so versatile in its capabilities in the art of design. We have no personal acquaintance with this distinguished artist. Indeed, we are not conscious of ever having seen him—nor had we the pleasure of knowing that very promising landscape painter, the brother of Mr. Burnet. We, however, may be numbered among those who sincerely regretted the death of that young artist, whose fast improving abilities led us to expect that we should, in him, have the gratification of adding another name to the list of English masters. Mr. Burnet, we are of opinion, has only to bend the entire energies of his mind to the improvement of his pencil, to do more than repair the loss thus sustained, by the world of taste, in the premature death of his near relative.

To this list of engravers, who have excelled as painters, we may add the late Mr. Wright, whose miniature portraits were rarely equalled, certainly never surpassed. This unfortunate gentleman, whose loss we shall never cease to deplore, commenced his studies as an engraver. The celebrated folio work of sketches

LONDON, MARCH 13, 1824.

...most precious gems of
...not external notice
...miniature portrait
...friendly and generous
...much of that cele-
...This miniature was
...Royal Academician,
...in illustrating the
...contributed so much to
...and which have furnished
...school of engravers, was
...we have sufficient autho-
...has so rarely occurred,
...engraving from his
...most distinguished in-
...have originally studied
...drawings were so admirable in
...We heard this ori-
...the series of Mr. Westall's
...European Museum, "Ah!
...worked many a month—
...large plates from these
...that they were en-
...—and that Mr. Hea-
...our memory serves us
...Mr. Helmes, another artist,
...with equal originality, was
...what, to have left untold, in
...own school, would have
...that Mr.

vows that his sentiments and emotions are not at to human rights, improvement, and happily that in describing the events of history, he is as well as thought. This is right: he who can dwell on a topic of the highest importance emblematic of the welfare and character of a nation, and the of some of its highest personages, may be a philosopher, but he cannot be a proper historian.

Materials of Mr. G. are such as have been accessible to his predecessors, with the exception of the contemporary journals, which were not published until

Hume and our most considerable historians have used, and were therefore to them of less assistance. We must have sifted and examined his authorities with the most diligent industry. His opinions lean strongly to the Whig party, and yet they are not wanting in great impartiality. Of other historians, Clarendon, he speaks in the language of respect; but unfortunately as an annalist, he indulges in very bitter invective.

His work opens with a general introduction and a review of the founders of the Commonwealth—Coke—Hampden, and Pym. There is nothing really new in this survey, but it is calmly and judiciously written. The beginnings of the revolution are traced from the original "seminal speck" up to the present. It is not to be expected that in three or four of a weekly journal any thing like an adequate of a great historical work can be given. We content ourselves with a few disjointed extracts. The first chapter is particularly interesting. It relates the history of religion and the various opinions respecting church government. His disquisition is liberal, well-informed, and, except in the following singularly temperate. Speaking of the bill for the regulation of bishops, he says:—

"The vote had no sooner been adopted in the House of Commons to maintain the bishops' voices in Parliament, than a motion was brought into the Commons for the utter abolishing of the office of archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, their officers, out of the Church of England. This motion was supported by St. John, the best lawyer, Selden, and one of the men of highest talents among the advocates of liberty."

"The history of this bill, as given by Clarendon, is worthy of our attention. He says, 'The utterly new and at its first introduction was pressed by very much it was at last read; and no question being put at first reading, it was laid by, and not called upon for some time after. At length, when every body was doing something else, they called in a morning for this bill, so long before been brought in, and gave it a second reading, and resolved that it should be committed to a select committee of the whole house the next day.'

"As a very long debate the next morning who should sit in the chair. They who wished well to the bill resolved to put Mr. Hyde [Clarendon] in the chair, might not give them trouble by frequent speaking, so much obstruct the expediting the bill; and in the end it was so commanded. However, the chairman did stop to their haste: for, besides that at the end of every day to the house, before the question he always enlarged himself against every one of

the votes, and so spent them much time, he did frequently report two or three votes directly contrary to each other; so that, after near twenty days spent in that manner, they found themselves very little advanced towards a conclusion, and that they must review all they had done. At length, other occurrences intervening, they were forced to discontinue their beloved bill, and let it rest: Sir Arthur Haselrig declaring in the house, that he would never hereafter put an enemy into the chair."

"It is scarcely worth observing that the bill against episcopacy was read twice on the day of its introduction, except for the sake of illustrating the accuracy of our historian. The committee on the bill sat on the eleventh of June, exactly fifteen days after."

"Here we have an instructive example of the character of a lawyer, full charged with all the pitiful tricks of his profession, and drawn with his own hand. At the most memorable crisis of the history of our country, and in the midst of a circle, says Warburton, of 'the greatest geniuses for government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause,' we perceive how the future historian of the period employed himself. I do not love Clarendon; but I could almost find in my heart to compassionate the despicable figure he makes."

"The historian takes great pains to persuade us, that nobody approved of the bill, that every body scouted it. In that case all his craft was a gratuitous exhibition, merely to shew how he excelled in the character. Would not any man who revered episcopacy, or who was capable of feeling in the smallest degree the deep sentiment and the vast importance of all that was now at stake, have been anxious that the question should be tried upon its intrinsic merits? He was certain of success, as he assures us, by the direct method (it is clear the bill would not at this time have passed the house of lords); but he had an invincible instinct impelling him to prefer the low, the indirect, and the dishonest: and it is a fitting retribution for such conduct, that five-and-twenty years afterwards, in old age and retirement, he felt no shame to record it."

Closely connected with the religious measures of parliament was the proceeding adopted on the subject of plays and players. Theatrical exhibitions were discountenanced by the ruling powers, and only obscurely practised until 1647, when they were completely interdicted. Mr. Godwin's speculations on this matter are elegant and ingenious, but they stretch little beyond the ordinary moods of historical writing:—

"Nothing perhaps can more fully prove the profoundness of the views of these leaders, than the measures adopted by them on this very subject. It was their aim to new mould the character of the people of England. The nation had hitherto subsisted under a king; they were desirous to change the government into a republic. Nothing can be more unlike than the different frames of public mind demanded under these two forms of government. Wherever a court exists, and possesses considerable authority in a country, the manners and habits of the court will diffuse themselves on every side. In such a country there must always be a certain degree of frivolity and suppleness, an artificial character, and an outside carriage, not precisely flowing from the heart of the man who presents himself, but intended to answer a temporary purpose, and taken up with a design to win the good graces of him to whom it is addressed."

"Athens and Rome, it is true, had theatrical exhibitions: but the case there was widely different. Their plays were the offspring of their respective republics; they were written under the auspices of that form of government, and were calculated to render the spectators better citizens."

monwealth-men, and not worse. But in England it was not so. It is true, and begins now to be universally acknowledged, that the dramatic productions of this country, from the revival of the theatre to the period of which we are treating, are superior to the dramatic productions of all other ages and countries. The men of the period of the civil war were not entirely sensible of this. But that is not the point. The plays which had been written in the preceding sixty years, were impregnated with the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience. Kings were represented in them as persons too sacred to be called in question and contended with by their subjects: loyalty was shewn as one of the first of virtues. Among many splendid and admirable moral sentiments, dissolute and profligate manners nevertheless abounded. Every thing appeared relaxed and thoughtless, sometimes impudent, sometimes tender, scarcely ever with a firm and undaunted purpose. Such plays were not wanted, more particularly in the beginning of the commonwealth. It was the purpose, as has been said, of the leaders of the commonwealth-party, to change and to fix the tone of mind of the people of England; and whatever was calculated, particularly with such allurements and appliances, to bring back our old follies, was hostile to the object these men had in view. The presbyterian system of church-government was in many respects well adapted to foster republican sentiments; and it was not to be desired that any other habitual scene of things should occur, that might have a tendency to counteract them. Even, in the language of the parliamentary ordinance, 'lascivious mirth and levity,' were friendly to the royal cause, and hostile to that of the commonwealth.

"Superficial and disdainful judges, it is true, are disposed to overlook these things, as unworthy a serious attention. But there cannot be a greater mistake. It was no contemptible observer of human nature that said, 'Let who will write the philosophy of a nation; give me the writing their ballads.' There are in fact two kinds of dogmas that are equally sound in different respects on this subject. If I can convince the master-minds of a nation, I may in some degree count upon carrying every thing before me. In taste, in opinions, in moral sentiments, in religion, the common people do but follow the example set them by their betters. The strong intellects go before, and the vulgar, both great and small, tread in the steps of their leaders. But this is a work of time; and the maxim can only be applied where we have a large space to act in. In the present case it was necessary for the statesmen to improve their opportunity, to bring up the public mind as rapidly as might be to the frame required, and to keep off such influences as should counteract and weaken this frame. A manly and energetic tone must be diffused through the community: 'vain, deluding joys, the brood of folly without father bred,' must be banished. And under these circumstances it would be most appropriate to say, in the language of the prologue to Addison's tragedy,

"Such plays alone should *claim* a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear."

The manner of Lord Strafford's death has often been debated with great vehemence. The parliament has been charged with illegal severity, and the King with a weak and treacherous compliance. Mr. Godwin believes the sentence to have been just. We will extract some passages from his considerations:—

"It becomes therefore a great question, in what manner the prosecution of the earl of Strafford ought to have terminated. The enormity of his guilt, assuming that it is criminal to invade, and meditate to destroy, the liberties of a nation, will hardly be questioned. The object of the statute of Edward the Third, is to defend the king; it has scarcely ever been contemplated by any law to defend the

great body of the people associated under him. Are their interests therefore always to be assailed with impunity? These are principles undoubtedly, more binding than, and which disdain to be confined within the letter of, any positive statute.

"It is questionless desirable in all ordinary cases, wherever positive law is established, to restrain ourselves within the letter of that law, and to allow the criminal all the benefit, if benefit to him shall result, of any evasion or escape that the law shall afford him. A court of justice ought not to strain or wrench the commandment to the destruction of the person arraigned; it affords an ill example; and when once a relaxation of this sort is admitted into the construction of a law, there is no foreseeing where it will end.

"Law is that which restrains the individual, and even restrains the whole community, from exercising their natural liberty of being the judge and the chastiser of their own wrongs. But there are cases of an extraordinary nature, which reinvest the community in the entire rights they possessed before particular laws were established.

"No one, as I have said, who is a friend to public liberty, can question the guilt of the earl of Strafford: his accusation and his conviction were of the substance of eternal right; his defence was technical. Several conscientious men in those days were on the whole for his acquittal; more have been so since. We argue the case in cool blood; and are not made clear-sighted by the actually flowing and existing light of the public welfare, which then discovered what was requisite to be done.

"Law is made for man; and not man for the law. Wherever we can be sure that the most valuable interests of a nation require that we should decide one way, that way we ought to decide. Strafford was at that day the most dangerous man to the liberties of England then present, and to come, that could live."

"For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form, and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasives that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts who serve us for food, is a thought to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart can ever be reconciled. The strongest case that can be made in its favour, is where, as in this business of Strafford, the public cause, and the favourable issue of that cause, seem to demand it."

At the same time he reprobates the conduct of Hollis, a thorough-going patriot, in reference to Strafford's death. Mr. G. is an impartial historian, at least. Our notice, imperfect and unsatisfactory as it necessarily must be, has already overstretched its proper limits, and we shall conclude it for this week with the ensuing remarks on the famous declaration published by Charles, the day after he heard of the taking of Bristol by his forces:—

"In the course of it he speaks of himself as the most faultless of men, and his cause as the most just of causes, and qualifies his adversaries as 'those who have neither reverence to God, nor affection to men.' He calls upon his good subjects to 'abhor the men whose malice and subtlety have engendered those miserable, bloody distempers, which have disquieted this poor kingdom.' Through the whole paper there is not one word of amnesty or oblivion. He says indeed that 'whosoever have been misled by those whose hearts from the beginning have designed all this mischief, and shall redeem their past crimes by their present

and loyalty, in the apprehending or opposing such continue to bear arms against us, shall have cause ify our mercy, and to repent the trespasses they nited against so just and so gracious a sovereign.' t tyrant ever failed to say as much?

renews all his former protestations, that he is ' far least thought of invading the liberty and property bject, or violating the just privileges of parliament, : acknowledges to be an essential part of the good he realm.' And what is there in this? With the arliament he had refused all further communication. requires is unconditional submission, and that the England shall yield themselves to his sovereignty. ntented to co-operate with a parliament: and what ent? Yes: when he has driven all the illustrious ns of freedom into exile, or shut them up in dungeons, has restored all those renegades, who preferred s of a court, and the cause of *him* who fifteen years id laid aside the use of parliaments, he may safely self with such a parliament. He would have used ngine to throw down all the defences which had en set up for the subject, and to surrender a de- ver into his hands for ever.

is the sum of this gracious declaration. links I see him in his triumphal entrance into ound by all his minions and myrmidons: se's roof wet with his country's blood.' We may on the peaceful entrance of the son, hereafter corded, what would have been the triumphal en- the father. Charles the Second entered in the ar (so called) of his reign, and when the wounds vil war had long been healed and forgotten. He ed through an ordeal of adversity and privations ate station, which might well have purged him of ions which are almost infallibly generated by n of power. His resentments were politic resent- erely; like the wrath of a judge—to prevent the ce of similar offences. He had received no per- ury, and was hailed with the applauses and servile of nearly a united people. But Charles the First and remembered. All was recent; and he still with his calamities. His followers and himself d the affronts put upon him, to the insults offered ws to our Saviour; and he would have been cer- to have left the balance imperfectly settled."

d two passions principally concerned in instigating ict of Charles the First:—first, an over-weening and pride; and secondly, religious bigotry: egot- pride, inspiring a total indifference to the suffer- others; and bigotry, too often representing those s in fascinating colours, as conducive to the glory . Add to which, the passion of egotism and pride ls to engender a deep and bitter spirit of retaliation- those injuries, by which this sentiment is irritated ened.

picture here given is correct and just, or it is e. If the former, it could not have been omitted without it the crisis to which the fortunes of were now exposed could not be completely un-

r next we shall return to this most interesting

Christian of Lunenburg; or Tradition from the . By Miss JANE PORTER. 3 vols. London: wan and Co. 1824.

at branch of our literature, which is made up of und romances, be at present in a high state of on, much of its improvement we think, ought to

be ascribed to the fair author of these volumes, and her sister. They were the first, or at least among the first, who dared to explore a new field for the display of imaginative writing, by converting the facts of history into the materials of fictitious narrative. The origin of historical novels may be ascribed to these ladies—*Lucida sidera*,—and though another and mightier spirit has eclipsed their radiance, by the "surpassing glory" of his genius, still we ought not to be unmindful of what is due to those who gave the first impulse, and set the first example. It is not our purpose to enter into any examination, even of the general character of Miss Porter's former productions, and we are afraid that a very slight notice only can be afforded to the one now before us. The subject is happily selected. The age—the events—the persons, are all full of interest and importance. The age is that just succeeding the Reformation, when all Europe was in a state of ferment and dispute;—the events are those which distinguish the life of one of the most ardent, chivalrous, noble, and virtuous spirits of the house of Brunswick: and the persons comprehend nearly every remarkable character of the times. If there be any very manifest fault in the work, it is in the historical detail, which occupies too large a portion of the story. This detail is too heavy and prolix for the tone and character of romance, and dulls the edge of that interest, which would otherwise attach to it. Duke Christian, the hero, is as perfect as the heroes of romance should be; and he has a brother, George, and a friend, Mansfeldt, who are pretty nearly as perfect as himself. They are all three deeply attached to the protestant cause, and the historical part of the work is made up of their spirited and successful exertions in behalf of that cause. The romantic portion turns upon the love of Christian for a fair kinswoman, and a fatal vow of celibacy which his dying father imposed upon him. The vow is strongly shaken during a brief stay in England, where Elizabeth, the young and lovely daughter of James I., falls in love with him. The picture of the English court—its amusements—councils and policy, is extremely well drawn; and the progress, power, and effects of Elizabeth's passion are told with that touching pathos which distinguishes Miss Porter's pen. We will make an extract which will speak more intelligibly the character of the work than a page of criticism. It is an interview between the young princess, and the Duke—who was ignorant of her affection.—

"He sat down by her. One trembling hand lay near him. He took it gently in his. She had never before been the sole object of his address; she had never before been alone with him; and her emotion now so increased, it became infectious. Christian, not knowing what to think, remained for a few moments silently observing her, with something of a wondering shock at himself for having undertaken such an embassy. It might be possible the energetic passion of the young and amiable Palatine, had affected the agitated bosom before him with a reciprocal sentiment; and if so, how would his present mission alarm her peace! While he thus meditated, arranging himself for forgetting the woman in the Princess, for forgetting the

pang of his own sacrifice, even in the cause for which he made it;—Elizabeth's suspense became almost insupportable. Every breath he drew was audible to her heart; and she seemed to feel his eye-beams there also. At last, her breast heaving to suffocation, and half rising to escape, she knew not why nor how, while looking to one side or the other, any where, but to meet his eyes under that dread silence; she almost unconsciously uttered the name of 'Henry!' as if calling on her brother to support or rescue her.

"Could all this kindling loveliness of agitated feelings be awakened by any expectation of female ambition, or female sense of duty, however elevated? No; he saw a stricken heart was under it; but to whom devoted, he was yet to learn; and again he apprehended Frederick of the Rhine would be found its object. 'If so,' said he to himself, 'and I have power with those that destine thee, this shall be the last day that heart shall bleed by any rival name!'

"Elizabeth, my sweet cousin!" cried he, addressing herself with some emotion, 'may I presume to understand this sensibility? You know the object of my suit?' He paused again, as if for answer. Tremblingly she looked up. In that momentary glance, the secret of her soul would have been betrayed to any other man. But for Christian, he indeed had never met such, since the eyes were closed, where to read its language had been the dearest aliment of his being!—For a moment, where was he?—the grave seemed annihilated.—Adelheid was again throbbing in his heart—was before him!—He rose from his chair.—Elizabeth cast down her eyes again in confusion; for the sudden flush and expression of his, ere he started from his seat, seemed to tell her what had been in her's; and she sat, almost fainting under the overwhelming consciousness; and that he should have moved from her, struck her shrinking delicacy with an anguished pang of shame.

"Christian wished she were his sister, as he found his heart expand to cherish her as one; and pressing her tenderly to that kindred bosom, 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'he is worthy of principles like thine who sues for thee: and dear as my cousin is to me, would to heaven it were now the happy Gustavus that held thee thus!' A hardly articulated cry from the Princess, stopped him from saying more, while with every feature convulsed, she attempted to fling herself from his supporting arm; but Christian, who beheld this change with no less horror than surprise, still sustained her. Desperate with despair, and covered with an ashy paleness all over her form, as of a shrowded corpse, she struggled to escape as if in the grasp of death; but words by her were unutterable.

"In the name of truth and mercy, my cousin," cried he, 'what is this?—Speak, Elizabeth!—Why is this frightful change?'—and as a brother would have retained a phrenzied sister, he clasped her closer to his heart.—'Trust me as a brother—command me!—and if for your happiness, this name shall be mentioned no more.'

"Elizabeth's soul was in agonies:—she heard him to the end;—she had once, from his lips, heard another name than his own, as that of him for whom he sought her; and she wished to hear no more. To fly Christian for ever, was now the whole aim of her thought.—Every touch of his hand was outrage to her; to be held thus to his bosom was daggers; and with a sudden collection of her strength, she burst from him and threw herself towards the door. But it was too distant in so large a room, for her enfeebled unsupported steps to reach it; and half way, extending her arms as if to give her wings to gain her point, she staggered forward a few steps farther, and then with a groan of bitterest anguish fell to the ground.

"Only leave me," murmured she, turning her head from him, 'or see me die!' In her fall the fatally cherish-

ed portrait had escaped through her dress, and hung at her bosom. Though the enamel was small, his eye caught the whole portraiture immediately. How it came into her possession, this was not the time to ask her or himself; but he knew it to be either the same, or a copy from that he had painted for his betrothed Adelheid; and its discovery here told him all the wretched truth, why he found its proud possessor thus. For a moment he was as one paralyzed, gazing on it and on her; while she, alike unwitting its disclosure, and what was now passing in his mind, lay with closed eyes; wishing, in the distracted emotions of that hour, never to open them again.

"Christian, almost as disordered as herself at witnessing such profound distress in a lovely young creature; who hardly yet having numbered seventeen years, was he so blight in all that grace and confidence of youth, by appearing to condemn the heart which had only too much honored him! Every noble pulse within him shrunk from the selfish coldness.

"That I saved so precious a life," returned he, 'must ever be a balm to the bleeding wounds of mine—bleeding from exacted sacrifices. Oh, could you look into my breast, Elizabeth!' cried he, 'you would pity your cousin of Lonsburg, rather than thus destroy his sad remains of happiness! But I will obey and leave you—only first allow me to raise from this position, the sister of my friend? For his sake, do not deny me to place you in a situation more befitting your own worth, and the daughter of the King of England!—To be found thus —' He paused."

"When she did look up, and saw his eyes bent on her's that noble face, yet wet with tears—and felt her hands bathed with them—there was a balm in all that might have healed every wound within her, had not the name of Gustavus still sounded in her ear.—'Go, go,' she shudderingly articulated and closed her eyes again, as if to shut him from her sight.

"Never, Elizabeth," resumed he, 'until you hear me: an unhappy man, cut off from the dearest affections of his nature, by a vow, it were now even a crime to regret.'

"Christian resumed, 'Born in the midst of the trouble of Germany, from my boyhood I was dedicated to the service of my country: as Jephthah devoted his only child—my father devoted me.'

"Elizabeth's tears were checked in the surprise of this part of his avowal; and dropping her hands, her eyes involuntarily turned towards him. 'Yes,' he continued, 'the circumstance is held a state secret in my brother's councils, lest the jealousy of neighbouring princes should be aroused; but by my father's will, we are all bound by oath to live lonely, unattached, save in the link of brotherhood—till we join him in the tomb; and leave the line of Brunswick to one alone, whose name I may not utter: but mine, and all my hopes that might have been,' he paused in disorder, and taking the hand she extended to him at the moment, pressed it to his breast, and then added in a smothered voice, 'are, as buried in the grave.'

"She rose from her seat; her soul, her nerves, were embraced by what she had just heard and felt; and with all the gentle sweetness native to her countenance, she added, 'You shall lead me hence to my own door, and there we shall separate!'

"She put her hand on his while she spoke, and with his arm cast around her, he prepared to support her forth.

"Separate," returned he, as he led her along, 'but not our final parting? I am to see thee, Elizabeth, again' and she felt his heart throb against her side.

"Our final parting!" she repeated—but could not trust her voice with more, till they should reach the place of separation. Christian neither did not speak again till they stopped before the little gothic porch, which led from the King's gallery into her own apartments. There, withdraw-

If from him she firmly pronounced, 'Farewell!'
I not add his name to it. He strove to detain her
but in vain; and then wringing her hand, he re-
ceiv'd the word 'Farewell! But should ever need be, to
thine—remember, Elizabeth, that Christian of
the East, when he thinks of woman yet on this earth, it
is to thee and thine.' "

Style and language of these volumes is a little too
ven to what is called *fine writing*. This is a
Miss Porter's productions, and we are afraid it
characteristic of almost every female writer. In
pects the novel does great credit to her taste,
t, and general talents.

of Malta, a Tragedy. London: Murray. 1824.

re quite at a loss with works like the present.
ons of severe critical justice are at fierce war
respect for undoubted talent. Whenever we
quarrel with one passage, we are sure to meet
leeming set-off. When we object to faults of
on, we are caught by beauties of execution;
lament the deficiency of dramatic interest, we
ted with strains of felicitous poetry. Out of
s of contradictory feelings, what can we elicit?
to be hoped that a candid estimate of this tra-
l be the best way of discharging our duty to the
nd of conveying our counsels to the writer.
ast point, there is less cause for apprehension,
himself admits the fairness with which praise
aise are generally bestowed upon authors.
aterials of the present tragedy are taken princin-
facts which occurred during the memorable
Malta by the Turks in 1654, with such embel-
and improvements as the author has deemed
to his purpose. It is not necessary for us to
he plot which is very inartificially constructed,
amine the characters in detail, as they are very
ic. It is a poem in dialogue rather than an
gedy; and as such we shall make two or three
is:—

Amadea! I am most forlorn;
A ruin, shaken by the storm,
My bright anchor ever'd from my soul.
Not die, I should not thus complain;
Would release me from the dreadful fears
To torture my repose. There must be means
To disgrace to die,—to break life's chain,
Corrode with vicious rust the heart.
I cannot place a bar so strong
To self-murder, that no fatal chance,
Our evil, may its force remove.
There surely must be means to die:
Not mark I can no more endure.
Lie, in practice and in hope,
To cheat the heart o'ercharged with grief;
With folly's grin, or vacant stare—"

Following passage is well written:—

Ched Laroch! thy ignorance is bliss;
To others is to thee repose.—
Thou art here, so blest with joys at home?
Thou hast mislead his turbid soul,
The bursting waves upon the shores?

Passion is false, e'en to the fostering breast
Where it is bred;—corrodes with vice the heart:
For even love, the tenderest and the best,—
Love,—sweet and cheering to the pensive soul,
As the soft eye of light, when forth it peeps
From night's dull breast, and morning waits to lead
With dewy hand the rising sun,—yet love,
When left to riot in the youthful heart,
Without the check of reason to restrain
Its wild, impetuous will, becomes too oft
A cruel-hearted fiend, selfish and bold,
That tears the mother from her infant child,
Poisons the wife, distracts the father's heart,
And tramples out religion's holy light,
To hide the rays its conscience fears to view."

The last act is constructed with more vigour than the
others, and possesses considerable acting power. Still,
the general capacity for representation is somewhat
feeble, and it is only as a dramatic poem that we can
speak highly of "The Siege of Malta."

*La Morganiche: ossia Lettere Scritte da un Italiano
à Miledi Morgan, &c. &c. Edinburgh: W. and C.
Tait. 1824.*

*Letters of an Italian to Lady Morgan, touching certain
passages in her Work on Italy, &c. &c.*

FROM the mass of pamphlets and criticisms which
have been launched in a most ungallant spirit against
"Miledi Morgan," for some years past, we would se-
lect the present *brochure* as being the cleverest in point
of talent, and the least offensive in point of courtesy.
Its author is manifestly a gentleman in spite of some
rather harsh expressions, and that he is intimately ac-
quainted with the manners, appearance, and history of
Italy is abundantly clear from every page of his produc-
tion. There is another particular, in which "Le Mor-
ganiche" is entitled to notice; and that is, the extraor-
dinary force, precision, and raciness of his style. For
a long time past, the writings of modern Italians has
been of the trashiest order. Their style has been verbose
and feeble, their sentiments awfully common-place, and
the cast of their productions strangely puerile and insigni-
ficant. Exceptions no doubt were to be found; and
even these too often ran into the other extreme. Alfieri
was harsh, rugged, and abrupt; Foscolo, precise, stiff,
and elaborate; Monti, with all his elegance, is affected;
and Perticari, who promised much for Italian prose, has
been snatched away in his prime. The pamphlet be-
fore us is vigorous, direct, and unaffected; and had the
subject been of a loftier nature, we are sure that the
writer has the talents to do it justice.

Lady Morgan, it seems, has offended the Italians by
her work on Italy, as much as she did the French by her
work on France. And no wonder; for who (except
Lady Morgan) ever thought of elaborating a six weeks'
tour into two immense quartos? By what process could
any traveller hope to amass such a quantity of matter
from personal observation? He must depend entirely
upon the statements of others, and must not be very
particular as to the character of the persons or the nature

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That Lady Morgan was not very ces of her facts is pretty evident to s chanced to reside any time in nd yet it must be admitted, that she very entertaining volumes with as her predecessors, and much fewer a expected from herself. To detect is the object of the *brochure* before rited remarks on the inaccuracies ne of the French travellers in Italy

bether any of that flood of English, se from the insular prison, in which o long confined, disgorged themselves have set themselves about writing

It may be so, and for the honor of hope that some one has been able to ep, play, gluttony, and above all with quarrelling which they generally dis- rini and innkeepers of Italy, who swear resent race of English travellers not a merous persons who travelled amongst ago. But whether or not amongst one traveller has thought proper to observations on Italy to the public, trust, for us to presume that your the rest. Famous for what you had t France, you came amongst us, and pay us similar honour. Whilst other skimmed over the country—their faces ealed, by a green veil, beautifully com of their cheeks, and their forms const graceful shapes, by dresses which r taste and their decorum,—you, my rself to other and nobler pursuits, become acquainted with us and with

and it is surprising that you should not have recollected this.”

The pamphleteer recurs more than once to these latter insinuations, and thus shows his conviction that Lady Morgan has more regarded the quantity of her facts than the purity of their sources. In one respect this is in her favour; for it follows that her errors and mistakes are more frequently on the common-place topics of daily occurrence than on those which are further removed from observation, and are of higher import. On this point our author is very sarcastic and witty, and exposes the mistakes of Lady M. with great felicity and good nature. They are not of importance enough to be quoted, although they are very amusing in the detection. The part of the pamphlet which is most worthy consideration is that which regards the political history of Milan, and the character of Eugene Beauharnois. These are handled in a fervent and eloquent manner, and evince an ardent patriotism and a rooted attachment to the Ex-Viceroy. After a burst of affection for Milan, he makes the following sarcastic allusion to our own country:—

“—you, (i. e. the English) have indeed visited our country, and found no shadow of that mighty kingdom, and that brilliant capital, which even in the depth of its desolation, —(the infamous product of the vileness and perfidy of your own ministers)—has served as a refuge to you, when fugitives from the dark and fearful agitations of your own country.”

This is rather ridiculous we admit, but it is a very prevalent notion on the continent. England is loaded with an immense weight of vituperation, not only for a

was not a man of any great talents: he was a good-natured, honest, docile, affable, passionate, selfish, and voluptuous person; and that is the amount of his general character.

We have devoted more space to this little publication than its size would justify; but its merit of style, and its connexion with the literary fame of our leading female author, entitle it to a greater share of attention. It is a curiosity, and as such we remit it to the inspection of our readers.

The Bachelor's Wife. By J. GALT. G. and W. B. Whitaker. 1824

OF Mr. D'Israeli's merits as a compiler from the stores of ancient literary lore, it were needless to add another word of praise. He has been read by all, and has delighted all by whom he has been read. So with Mr. Seward, another ingenious labourer in the same literary mines; of him we have nought to say that can augment his well-earned fame. We have now the pleasure of adding another name to these, whose volume we received with no less pleasure than we had anticipated; for it were but reasonable to suppose, that an author who has given to the world so much pure metal from his own mine, would be no incompetent assayer of the ore that lay so richly scattered in the strata where older shafts had been once at work. We have read this volume of Mr. Galt's with pleasure; it is various in subject, highly interesting, and we venture to predict will be an acceptable addenda to the drawing-room table, in this season, when the town is filling, and the morning visit commences in the circles of taste and fashion with "Well, what can you recommend that is amusing and new?" We offer copies of the following excellent portraits from originals, which the taste of Mr. Galt has brought to light from the ancient galleries which he has explored of late. We trust they will be as agreeable to the taste of our readers as they are to our own. If so, we shall receive thanks for our transfer.

THE UPSTART OF ELIZABETH'S TIME.

"He is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself, for he bare the king's sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country-fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churn-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the county, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses. A justice of the peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbours wrong with more right. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week, as much as the prisoner. In sum he is but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill, and he the cock that crows over it: and commonly his race is quickly run,

and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came."

A SQUIRE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"MR. HASTINGS was of low stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always green cloth,—his house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green in it, and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banquetting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking-poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters, both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table, with a double desk; one side of which held a "CHURCH BIBLE," the other the "BOOK OF MARTYRS." On different tables in the room, lay hawk's hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant's eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had long been disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye, with thick crust, well-baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with "*My part lies therein-a.*" He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun-glass of small-beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eye, nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past four-score."

A SQUIRE OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

"THE little independent gentleman, of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town, with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish-officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantel-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds, and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a

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y smacking, or giving the view-halloo, ally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth me other gala days, when he would ig brandy punch, garnished with a toast rney to London was, by one of these reat an undertaking, as is at present a ndies, and undertaken with scarce less aration.

one of these 'Squires was of plaister, , not unsaply called callimanco work, ge casemented bow-window, a porch, over it a study; the eaves of the house wallows, and the court set round with the gate a horse-block, for the conve-

rnished with fitches of bacon, and the ins and fishing rods, of different dimen- by the broad-sword, partizan, and s ancestor in the civil wars. The va- cupied by stag's horns. Against the ig Charles's Golden Rules; Vincent and a Portrait of the Duke of Marlbo- s lay Baker's Chronicle; Fox's Book of n Apparitions; Quincey's Dispensa- Justice, and a Book on Farriery.

y the fire-side, stood a large wooden th a cushion; and within the chimney of seats. Here, at Christmas, he en- assembled round a glowing fire made , and other great logs, and told and y tales of the village respecting ghost made them afraid to move. In the of ale was in continual circulation.

; which was never opened but on par- s furnished with Turk-worked chairs, portraits of his ancestors; the men in pherds, with their crooks, dressed in ill-bottomed perukes; others in com- coats, playing on the bass viol or lute.

tial spirit of praise. The author regards the Rev. Mr. Irving as the most perfect of pulpit orators, and the most orthodox of divines. As he includes in his estimate of his favorite's qualifications, all that is great, rare, and excellent, so does he exclude from his praise every critic who has ventured to name him in any other terms than those of unmitigated adulation. This will never do. Mr. Irving is a clever man—a showy declaimer—a bold and uncompromising assessor of his feelings and opinions, and nothing more. He has very little of the true spirit—the *vis vicida* of an orator. His intellect has nothing commanding, his productions nothing enduring about them. His popularity was the growth of a day, and has not extended much beyond the day of its growth. The author of the pamphlet contends, that the decline of Mr. Irving's popularity is no evidence of the feebleness of his powers, or the insubstantiality of his reputation. He tells us that the nature of pulpit eloquence is hostile to all lasting popularity. Not so:—it is singularly favorable to it. It has a surer and stronger hold upon the public sympathy than any other conceivable topic. Look at the case of Whitfield and Wesley. They were, especially the first, singularly eloquent preachers, and they preached doctrines the most unpalatable and ascetic; but throughout their protracted ministrations there was no decline of popularity, and no abatement of their intellectual supremacy. We will quote what the pamphleteer says of Mr. Irving's oratorical character.—

“It is one of the characteristics of Mr. Irving's oratory, that he appears to have felt intensely all that he would im-

"Another characteristic of the Caledonian Teacher is this, that he possesses the soul of a Briton, the spirit of a free-born man. He never, indeed, obtrudes a political creed of any sort upon you in the place of an evangelical one, but neither does he preach up the doctrine of passive obedience to the powers that be, in the stead of evangelical obedience to the commands of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. No, he is too wise for this—too wary of bringing into contempt the high and holy name by which he is called, to make his office as a Christian minister, subservient to the base and unworthy end of flattering men in power. He would have all his hearers to be loyal men, honouring the king and honouring the laws, as well as loving God and giving heed to the divine law; but he does not ricken his hearers, by echoing to them all the weak things that so many well-meaning people are for ever uttering about sedition and blasphemy; the word blasphemy, meaning in the present use that is made of it, not so much an offence against the holy name and nature of God, as some indirect attack against purely human institutions. I hail in the person of the Caledonian Teacher, that welcome, that much to be desired union of piety and free-born spirit, which should ever be found existing in the breast of every true servant of the living God, whose lot has been cast in this highly favoured realm."

"In the Caledonian Teacher I behold a man of the ancient mould. In him I see the spirit of 'the olden time' living again. But not this altogether, nor alone. I must explain myself, or I shall not do him all the justice I could wish. For when I speak of 'the men of the ancient mould,' and of the 'spirit of the olden time,' I am painfully reminded that these 'iron men' were in many respects not to be approved, and the spirit of the olden time, not to be altogether loved and had in reverence. It is true that these stout-hearted advocates for truth, would most manfully and most fearlessly contend for the undisturbed possession of that little fragment of it, which they had made their own at the peril of their lives, but it never seems to have occurred to them, that their brethren (like men of iron with themselves), might very possibly possess a fragment of the truth as well as they, and that in such a case, they were equally well entitled to enjoy it unmolested."

"How should I grieve to find the Caledonian Teacher, shackled in his happy freedom of thought and liberty of utterance, (which he always uses with such good effect.) I rejoice then that he did not live in the olden time,—and I must not say that he is altogether like the men of the ancient mould; for whilst I behold in him all their undaunted spirit and noble vigour, I perceive that he possesses at the same time an enlargement of mind, and an enlargement of heart, with which they had little or no acquaintance. No distinctions of sect or party appear to separate from his love. All come within his fraternal embrace, whether Catholic or Protestant, High Church or low, Assenters or Dissenters. From the mitred bishop arrayed in all the pomp of office, to the lowly and despised followers of Wesley—all are welcome—none are excluded."

We have paid more respect to this pamphlet than it is justly entitled to, but as this is the last time we shall have an opportunity of expressing our opinion on the subject of Mr. Irving, we have trespassed much further than we intended. There is one part of the pamphlet which is worth some animadversion. It is the attack upon the writers for the public press, or as they are here styled, "the daily and weekly scribes of a venal press." This is the sort of language which the reverend orator himself deals out most liberally from his pulpit, and which he has indulged in to an unexampled extent, in the

preface to a late edition of his "Oration." Independent of the excessive bad taste of this kind of abuse, we question its policy. That it is decidedly false, we are convinced, and without wishing to be uncivil, we would assert that the public press of this country is, generally speaking, as little deserving of the charge of venality, as any class or profession in the country. But this is a subject of much interest, and we purpose, in the course of a short time, to make it the matter of a separate essay.

EXHIBITION.—BRITISH GALLERY.

(Continued from p. 332.)

THE BROOK OF LUNE, A SCENE IN THE VALE OF LONSDALE, NEAR LANCASTER, PAINTED BY WM. LINTON.

We have often thought, that the high sounding axiom, that, "Even to fail in a great attempt savours of glory," is an *ignis fatuus*, that has misled more benighted aspirants, for the honours of poetry and painting and acting, than any other "wise saw," ancient or modern. The stories of Icarus and Phaeton, though equally read, and as frequently quoted, with all the wisdom of their moral, are after all but weak antidotes to the potent workings of presumption and vanity. Were it not so, we should not have upon the record such puny epics, such peurile historicals, or maudlin ravings which have so frequently provoked the gravest of the Nine to laughter, set Minerva on the fidgets, and made even Patience herself as cross as two sticks.

There is a saying among the sons of Vulcan, "He that cannot make a horse-shoe, must be content to make a nail." There is a song too, which they sing when blowing the forge: "Jack, can you make a horse shoe?" The drift of which was to show to Jack's father, that his son was a *Tom noddie*. No! he could not make a horse-shoe. Then make a nail, he could not do that. What can you make, you booby? I can make a *hiss*,—when the urchin threw the hot iron into the water trough.

Corollary. He that undertakes that which is above his capacity, must not be surprised if his presumption ends in a hiss!

But what has this to do with the British Institution, with Mr. Holland, or Mr. Frazer, with Mr. Landseer, or mister any body? It tends to this, that it demonstrates the good sense of these candidates for fame, in thus discovering the bent of their capacities, and good taste in sagaciously pursuing that for which their respective talents are fitted. And it is from the aggregate of this sober judgment, that we may reasonably expect a genuine school of English painting.

What should we have gained, or rather what should we not have lost, had Butler fancied himself a Homer, Wilkie, a Michael Angelo, or our worthy Munden, whom we are about to lose, if he had wooed Melpomene instead of Thalia?

The scale of public taste in England, as it regards painting, may be estimated by the encouragement which is held out to the painters of portrait, and of landscape, marine, and domestic subjects. In all of which we have many able professors, masters in their respective styles; and a rising school that promises like these to rival those of the best of times of Holland and Flanders, and in some points, to excel even these. In landscape, we may assume still higher pretensions, for in Turner we may compete with the best age of the Italian school. We should not urge this repetition of what has been said before, did we not feel, that it is only by the reiteration of the fact, that a great part of the public will be persuaded, that we have now a congregate of talent in every department of art, that would produce pictures that would grace a modern gallery, and ren-

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estimable, than those which are crowded : labours of the old masters, with the 'the Italian school, for the gusto of which illy speaking, for all that is affected to io real taste.

e of those candidates whom we would promise in his pursuit. We have s, and think he has chosen the right l him to nature, whom he portrays ch is most acceptable to that dignified e but to copy her as she is, her ward- her countenance. She can display her all, ever in new attire. On one, she ents light as the morning mist; to ano- sober grey, and looks serenity; to ano- as the twilight, and she has her moods, disturbed, and she comes forth to her the sublime terrors of her awful ma- and of him that can then dare sketch face. Claude courted her in the fresh- and walked with her in the solemnity of akened echoes came forth of the ruined roves. Salvator rambled with her over 'oussin met her in the raging storm. fair isle, seek her with no less ardour, nd faithful devotees, and she, immor- wonted grace, accepts their offerings. el the charm of landscape scenery, is rtal clay. Of all the objects created to seeing, none are more inviting to this England no species of painting is more ateur, and none perhaps is so much sake. But the national taste for local s the professor to topographical repre- genius of our artists is lettered, and , and takes a high poetic flight, will ity of his employers, and find on his ard, perhaps, than that of his labour

the collectors of his day, used to be loud in his reprobation of placing dark pictures on the walls of metropolitan mansions. Hence, he induced many a nobleman to ex- change the graphic ornaments of the town-house and coun- try seat.

"Your Rembrandts and Vanderneers, your Ruysdaels and Poussins," said the venerable connoisseur, "should decorate your country galleries, where you have a blaze of light; but in town, where this element is a scarce com- modity, such sombre pictures are only so many dark holes in the wall. Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Cuyp, Adrian Van- develde, and William Vandeveld, are your painters for your winter quarters. They are splendid, gay, and cheer- ful. Looking into their pictures, is like to looking out at window." The worthy connoisseur was right—and his ad- vice was rarely asked, without being at once adopted. Were we appointed to select pictures as furniture to orna- ment some great man's suite of rooms, whether in Grosve- nor or St. James's-square, we should certainly not neglect to mark the name of Linton in our catalogue.

Want of space obliges us to postpone the remainder of our notices until next week.

REMINISCENCES OF ARTISTS.

MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE, ESQ. R.A.

I WELL remember this gentleman on his first arrival from Ireland to the British metropolis; he was introduced to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to some other distin- guished persons, by his illustrious friend and countryman Mr. Edmund Burke. I was at that time making a drawing in the Plaster Academy, Somerset House, and perfectly recol- lect the first evening that Mr. Shee joined the students there. He selected the figure of the Discobolus for his pro- bationary exercise, to procure a permanent student's ticket. I need not say that he obtained it, for it was acknowledged to be one of the best copies that had yet been seen of that fine figure. I further remember that Mr. Wilton, the

bag, and quizzing him, at which faculty he was an original genius, took another sheet of paper, and fell to work again. But, with the most exemplary obstinacy, sketched once more, (though slightly enough to be erased.) the helmet and the sword. Mr. Wilton, however, one evening, peeping over the shoulder of the prankish youth, saw this *addenda*, and smiling, only pinched his ear, and good naturedly turned away. Bob, however, felt the gentleness of the reproof, begged a slice of bread of a fellow student, having *pelted* his own away, and very becomingly obliterated his errors.

The freedom with which he used his chalks, his assiduity in copying the *round*, and exemplary attendance at the academy; the fertility of his imagination developing itself so early as it did in numerous compositions of banditti, military skirmishes, and other subjects, sketched out with great facility and spirit, encouraged his friends to hope, that he would become a distinguished historical painter. Such anticipations were neither the offspring of vain fondness, nor of weak partiality; his progress in art warranted the highest expectation of his future fame. Mr. Porter, however, like many another youth of premature acquirements, achieved all these operations with too much ease, he became careless of his reputation and volatile in his pursuits. He was a poet, wrote essays, wore the military uniform, and was hailed the prince of volunteers. He designed historicals, portraits, landscapes, animals. He etched, and did every thing well, but no one thing well enough. He painted with astonishing facility, and never corrected; he wrote with surprising rapidity, but never *blotted*. He was too easily satisfied with all that proceeded from his pencil, or flowed from his pen. He became a man almost as prematurely as a painter and a poet. His person was elegant, and his mind was stored with multifarious acquirements. At sixteen, he promised to be the choicest rose in the garden of science; at four-and-twenty, he was, I was almost about to say a *tulip*—but no, he was romantic, and dashing, but not a fop. His imagination led him away, and had he lived in those days of chivalry, which his admired sisters so elegantly admire, he had figured a gallant and a gentle knight. Of his subsequent career, it is no more to be traced from the closet, than the late comet in a mist. As an old friend, I cannot, however, contemplate him prospectively in his eccentric course, other than as one who will deserve the favours of fortune, and may be visited with the smiles of that wandering goddess, wherever he may pitch his tent.—AN ARTIST.

POINTS OF HUMOUR.—BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

We live in an age of never ceasing *novelties*, and yet find nothing *new*. This may appear paradoxical, but in the strict sense of the word, the assertion is true: for of all we hear, and of all we behold, how little that cometh forth of wit there is that hath honest claim to true originality. Sterne says, who stole the thought from Burton, who had said the same before, that what we lay claim to as our own, is but *pouring out of many bottles into one, and serving up the mixture in a new shape*. George Cruikshank we should proclaim an entire exception to this rule, had not that extraordinary genius, the prince of caricaturists, Gilray, been the inventor of this pictorial burlesque. The elongated visage, the wide stretched mouth, the glaring eyes, the skinny leg, the pointed foot, the scaramouch action, the extravagant expression, and preternatural proportion, ringing the changes on horror, terror, cruelty, misery, pain, despair; on frolic, wit and fun; burlesquing camp and senate, church and palace; and holding up to sport, the fat, the lean, the tall, the short, the high and low, the rich, the poor, in all the monstrosities and absurdities that make up the farcical view of the great drama of human life, as seen through the distorted spectacles of so whimsical a caricaturist; we say but for this, the clever George Cruikshank would have been verily an original.

We have, however, no right to quarrel with a man of merit because he does not perform impossibilities; and are ready to admit, that in an age like this, to be truly original is to be miraculous. For certainly invention of late years has been so whipped and spurred, and incessantly urged upon the full stretch by necessity, that until mankind be endowed with some additional attributes, we may almost venture to say that invention is jaded, if not exhausted. We may still solace ourselves with this consolation, however, that as long as men of quick perception shall succeed each other, we shall never be lacking of new combinations of what is good in all its sorts and kinds; hence by continuing to ring the changes upon the stock of existing original materials, by whomsoever invented, we shall have variety enough to delight our fancies, excite our interests, and feed our insatiable hankering for novelty to the end of the chapter.

We inscribe this preamble to the memory of Gilray, a genius in his way, such as we may not hope to see again; but in awarding justice to him, we are far from withholding what is due to his able successor. The original style then, we repeat, is the invention of Gilray; its application, and what the clever genius in question has superadded, is the next point for consideration. We will roundly assert then, that George Cruikshank has proved himself worthy of stepping into his witty predecessor's shoes, and wondrously as they have been worn, they fit as though he had been measured for them. They are yet as strong and well to wear, and every thing but new.

Points of Humour then is another novelty, and as completely original as under circumstances graphic ingenuity could make it. Every body was delighted with the first part of the work under this appropriate title, we think the present has superior claims upon general admiration. Such a series of etchings, take them for all in all, we challenge any country in the world to produce—they are matchless. We have one cause for regret, however, in discovering almost at first sight, that much of the sterling excellence of the *needle* is lost by the inequality of the *biting*, a circumstance that cannot be too seriously deplored, as some of the finest traits of expression are weakened, nay almost destroyed by this common failing in the English process. Sometimes this mischief is to be ascribed to the adulteration of the copper, sometimes to the badness of the nitric acid, and sometimes entirely to the carelessness of the artist himself, who in a paroxysm of impatience to obtain a proof of his work, pours his acid upon the plate too little diluted, tears his ground to rags, spreads the lines, and ruins in a few seconds the labour of days, weeks, and even months. The French artists manage these chemical operations with more care. If this latter be the cause, were any other wight to do such wanton injustice to these incomparable etchings, which Mr. Cruikshank does to himself, we should condemn the varlet to the gallies.

The Points of Misery, or Fables for Mankind, illustrated by Mr. J. R. Cruikshank, appears to have been the precursor of *The Points of Humour*. With the former spirited production, as well in subject as illustration, we were not so well pleased as with the work in question; for although it dramatizes to the life, many of the subjects excite sensations too painful to contemplate in a work, on the very opening of which we make up our minds to enjoy a hearty laugh. The scenes, however, so well drawn with the pen, are no less faithfully illustrated by the pencil: they abound in character, and are etched with a masterly hand. It rarely occurs, in the pursuits of art, that two brothers should evince so peculiar a faculty for this species of graphic drollery.

Our present remarks, however, belong to *Points of Humour*. The stories which have been selected for these two parts, particularly the last, are highly amusing. The illustrations are admirable.

We are here constrained to revoke part of our charge, as regards originality, for some of the characters were

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

ntended, and so entirely wrought up to the object proposed, that it were inaus- the well earned honours of originality, who is the most complete personifica- itinerant, upon graphic record. The Burns, too, is the man the poet would

rt of *Points of Honour*, we have a e inventive powers of the artist, and a cter that again claims our admie- before recur no more to his prototype, are him with himself. In this little plates, he has established his reputa- r; and if we might be allowed to coin , we should designate them "Gems of ire the beautiful and spirited needles and "Callott;" the truth and unaf- 's point, and the taste of many other uld name, but certainly none but the ge Cruikshank ever incorporated the and expression in the human visage on f a millet seed.

nce that spirited scrap the *Downfall* e first part of the work in question. It of the masterly art of etching in small, that we could name. To those unac- seurship in these matters, we should te, as an example of the clearness and tion, when the operation of *biting* the rformed.

nber, we perceive an improvement in he back-ground scenery. The chamber hree *Hunchbacks*, is elegant and pictu- r of the story is complete. Of the , we may speak in the same terms, the roup is fanciful and novel. The *Boor* the other *Boor*, the animal the least . master-piece of invention. Fancy in od, never engendered a human mon-

But this is absurd. Talent and merit will ever find en- couragement in this metropolis, without respect to persons or nativities.—

"Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad as genial as the day."

The performers consist of the leading singers of the opera establishment—with some additions. The selections are from Haydn, Luther's Hymn, Rule Britannia, with a variety of single airs, duets, trios, &c. The great attraction of the first night was Catalani, who exhibited her marvellous powers to the delight and astonishment of the audience.

Il Barbiere was performed on Tuesday, as Catalani will not appear again in an opera (so we understand) until after Easter. This is judicious, for it is manifest that she has not yet recovered from the effects of a severe indisposition, which attacked her in the North of England. Besides, the town has not yet assumed its musical habits. There is not only a *topography* in fashionable taste, but likewise a *climate*. Who could think of admiring even the opera until somewhere about the middle of April? A new ballet has been produced, under the title of *Le Songe d'Ossian*. It is the contrivance of Mons. Aumer—and as might be expected, abounds in long-bearded priests, harpers, and mountain nymphs, shields, claymores, tartans, and all the other paraphernalia of Scotch romance as it is felt at the opera-house. The story is pretty much like that of the "needy knife-grinder."—"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!" We are but sad interpreters of this *declamation des jambes*, and must be content with admir- ing the graceful agility of Vestris, Legros, Grener, Leblond and Albert, without perplexing ourselves with any abortive efforts to unravel the intricate inventions of Mons. Aumer. There is a great deal of splendid scenery and magnificent dress about this ballet—the groupings are picturesque, the ballet dances varied and pleasing, the *pas seuls*, *dans*, and so on, are in the best style of the respective artists, and yet the whole is heavy, from its extreme length.

Drury Lane.—There has been nothing to criticise at this house during the week except Mr. Bochsa's oratorio, and

wit and humour, than upon his incidents. This is the consciousness of genius, but it will not alone suffice for audiences as they are commonly formed. They must have surprises of incident, as well as the fascinations of wit. Again, we must object to the eternal puns which are brewed most prodigally over the piece. The acting was excellent. Mr. Kemble, in the young lover (*Lorenzo*) was, he always is, gentlemanly and correct; but he was something more—he was enthusiastic, passionate, and impressive. Yates in the part of a coxcombical Hussar officer, was imimitably ludicrous. We never saw a more exquisite, and at the same time a more faithful portraiture of audacious and ambitious folly. The Epiloque, which is singularly smart, he gave with great point and effect. Connor, hot, and Farren, had less to do, but they showed, by the manner in which they did that little, how competent they were to do more. Of Mrs. Davenport, in the *Countess*, one can speak, except in the language of praise. Her sisters, Miss Paton and Miss Love, were as those young ladies are wont to be, most accomplished specimens of theatrical and musical ability. But the great wonder of the piece, (and he was really wonderful) is Jones. Never did actor display greater versatility and vigour of conception and execution. His part is that of a ruined spendthrift, suddenly assuming the airs and title of a nobleman; and owing every now and then that he had not lost all his riches of humanity. The comedy was, as we have said, lightly played, and went off amidst long, and loud, and unthought applause. We have spoken warmly of this piece, because it is not only excellent, but it likewise promises future excellence of a still higher order.

STAGE SCRAP BOOK. No. XIII.

MRS. CLIVE.

"Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity—
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles—
Sports that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

If ever there were a true comic genius Mrs. Clive was she:—she, perhaps, was never equalled in her walk (as the age term is)—certainly, never excelled. She was always imitable when she appeared in strong marked characters *middle or low life*. Her *Nell*, in the *Devil to Pay*, was true itself; and the spirit, roguery, and speaking looks of her chambermaids, accompanied with the most expressive voice that ever satisfied the ear of an audience, made her loss irreparable.

As strong humour is in general the great characteristic mark of an English comedy, so was it of this laughter-loving, joy-exciting actress! To enumerate the different parts which she excelled, would be but feebly describing what audiences have felt so powerfully—her extraordinary talents could even raise a dramatic *trifle*, provided there is nature in it, to a character of importance; for instance, *a fine lady* in *LETHE*, and the yet smaller part of *Lady Iz*, in the *Peep behind the Curtain*—such sketches, in her hands, became high finished pictures! But, that this may not be considered a partial account of this favorite comedian, will venture to assert, she could not reach the higher characters in comedy, though she was ever excellent in the imitation of them. When the high life polish of elegance was to appear in all the conscious superiority of a *lady Townly*, I cannot say that Mrs. Clive would have done justice to herself, or the character; but had the least feigned imitation of that appeared upon the stage, her merit would, in proportion, have been equal to that of Mrs. Siddons! To show the great power of the actress in action, I shall give an instance of it, where she forced a whole town to follow, and applaud her in a character,

which she certainly did not perform as the author intended it—but which could not be resisted, and gave high entertainment to those critics, who frankly acknowledged they were misled by the talents of the actress. The part I mean is *PORTIA* in the *Merchant of Venice*. In the first place, *blank verse*, as it wants the truth and elegance of nature, was not uttered by Mrs. Clive with that delightful spirit, which she always gave to *prose*; the *lawyer's* scene of *Portia* (as it is called) in the fourth act, was certainly meant by Shakspeare, to be *solemn, pathetic, and affecting*—the circumstances must make it so, and therefore the comic finishing which Mrs. Clive gave to the different parts of the pleadings (though vastly comic) was not in character.

If, therefore, this great theatrical genius was able to entertain, contrary to the intention of the author, what must we say of her, or what words can describe her merits, when she appeared in the fulness of her powers, and was the very person she represented?

Tate Wilkinson, the celebrated mimic, relates the following anecdote of Mrs. Clive.—He had been receiving a pretty smart lecture from Mr. Garrick before the whole *corps dramatique* of Drury-lane Theatre, for imitating sundry performers—to wit Messrs. Sparks, Barry, Sheridan, Foote, &c. on that stage. The actors and actresses, one and all, applauded the goodness of Mr. Garrick's heart, and sneered at the lowered pride of an upstart mimic, and his imitations. "I was exceedingly embarrassed and mortified," says Wilkinson. "when up came to me Dame Clive, who said aloud, 'Fie, young man, fie!' and declared it was impudent and shocking for a young fellow to gain applause at the expense of the players, whose reputation with the public rested in their good opinion, and the performers ought to appear quiet, peaceable, and well-behaved, and not act in such an hostile manner as I had done with those gentlemen, who endeavour to get a livelihood. —'Now,' added she, 'I can, and do myself, *take off*, but then it is only the *Mingotti's*, and a set of Italian squalling devils, who come over to England to get our bread from us; and I say curse them all for a parcel of Italian b——s:—and so," says Tate, "Madame Clive made her exit, and with the approbation of all the stage lords and ladies in waiting, whilst I stood like a puppy-dog in a dancing school."

* The *Mara* of that year.

To the Editor of the Somerset House Gazette.

SIR,

THE principal design of your very valuable publication being that of communicating to your readers, through the above channel, any information that may be deemed interesting relative to the Fine Arts, it may perhaps be not considered obtrusive on my part, to request either through yourself or any of your ingenious correspondents, some information relative to the life, family, &c. &c. of a very eminent artist, who, I believe, was a contemporary of the admirable Reynolds. The individual to whom I allude, *Nathaniel Dance*, was well known to the pictorial world, from the remarkable resemblance all his portraits bore to nature; he was in fact, in many instances too correct in his delineation of the human countenance—he had not that happy art of softening down and partly concealing those more prominent defects of nature, which has caused Sir Thomas Lawrence in the present day to be so much sought after; I scarcely think an ill featured head is to be found in any of the above mentioned painter's works. Such is flattery when well understood.

Having seen the name of Dance occasionally mentioned in some former numbers of your Gazette, without any particular notice attached to it, it will be conferring a favour on a Constant Reader and Admirer of your work, to have the above request accorded to, conceiving no other method so likely to obtain information as through the above medium—

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[XIV.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

A stamped Edition for Country Circulation, postage free, Price Tenpence.

HIS MAJESTY AND SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER.

an annual work to be published exclusively to the acts of public munificence and private patronage, proceed each other in this great empire, and such a be entitled, "THE ACTS OF BRITISH WORTHIES," we opinion that such a publication would be of the highest to the progress of the Arts and Sciences, and would augment the prosperity of the nation.

are some acts of munificence of such general public use, and some of patronage so beneficial to distinguished individuals, that they should be generally known, y in honour to those who are benefactors to the our of their country, and encouragers of their inge- ompeers, but to stimulate others, who have equal to emulate deeds so noble and so good.

us, like noble birth, is a gift of heaven—neither can chased; but the honors of genius may be participated ea. The name of Pericles, illustrious as was that and good man, is only familiar to posterity, as that of those who taught the Fine Arts to the world; and Macenas, is so interwoven with the fame of the great bo flourished under his auspices, that he has shared sem in the veneration and esteem of succeeding ages. night enlarge upon the Augustan age, of that of Leo nth, and of Louis le Grand, all illustrative of the reat and mutual dependencies, and resting at home, dwell upon the English Augustan age of Anne; only England, genius has owed its exaltation to its own impulse, and its radiancy to its own internal fire. gland it has been ever so. Shakspeare was little ed to the smiles of royalty, to individual patronage, public favour. He wrote better than his ingenious era, his plays had the preference, he was indefatiga- his labours, and only did not like Homer, starve. ed little courted, was consigned to the grave without ant, and the age of James I. has left us no public rial of his loss. Yet, who of the mighty, rich, and ould not now, with national pride, boast him the st poet of the universe? Yes! so little was he known, e research of the succeeding age could not furnish / lines of his public or private history!

is our Shakspeare! Who amongst our mighty, rich, eat, who lisped the praises of their immortal bard in ruary, who quote him in the pulpit, in the senate, in dgment seat, and who, perhaps, may utter some sentence from his book, even in the hour of death: amongst those are there that have not indulged in the

fond egotistical reverie, that had they lived in his day, such a genius should not have wanted patronage, for who would not have sought the acquaintance of such a man?

Thus every generation has expressed its sorrow and its indignation, at the coldness and indifference with which its predecessor has treated those wondrous men, who were their compeers, without once reflecting that the age to come may be equally justified in condemning itself. The present age, however, would not think itself amenable to such censure, for learning is too generally diffused, and sciences and arts are too much the subject of general conversation and enquiry, to be either neglected or misunderstood. This national self-complacency, however, is no argument why we may not merit the same condemnation. What security have we that the same mental blindness may not exclude the genius of our contemporaries from being alike seen, and felt, and understood? It should seem almost as though it were a condition with humanity, that the just appreciation of living talent should be referred to the age to come. Who can venture to assert, that what we estimate as of little value, shall not henceforth be considered invaluable? Correggio wanted patronage, in an age that favoured the arts. Wouvermans could not procure common comforts for his family; and Cuyp, of all painters, was least felt and least understood. Turner, the greatest landscape painter of his age, has several of his finest pictures, the productions of later years, pending the zenith of his powers, yet unsold. Works that have been publicly exhibited, and seen by all the living cognoscenti.

Who, really well disposed to acknowledge what is due to contemporary talent, can contemplate this indifference to such extraordinary efforts of human genius, in the beautiful and elegant compositions of such a masterly hand, without admitting that the present age, enlightened as it may be in other branches of human knowledge, may not be ignorant of the higher merits of the Fine Arts? One of the noblest efforts of modern painting too, in the splendid composition from Comus, now in the British Institution, a picture combining the classic conception of Poussin, with the gorgeous harmony of Titian, is still unsold. Yet we boldly aver, that these modern works would grace any picture gallery in the world.

We yet hope however to behold these affairs of taste better regulated and better understood; and venture to predict, that so desired a reformation will originate with our sovereign. It is in the power of our enlightened King alone to give the wonted impulse to the arts.

Our sovereign has evinced a respect for contemporary genius, in the person of the poet Scott. Never were the

LONDON, MARCH 20, 1824.

most splendid feature
of the exhibition.

So far as the exhibition of the Leicester
exhibition is concerned, it is to patronize
the Leicester school of painting in his
exhibition, which originated in a just
appreciation of the contemporary merit,
and the exhibition of that undeviating con-
sistency of the school, founded upon the
principles of the school. All have lauded the lib-
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school, and the state of public feeling
has been in this accomplished
school, and the school who is allowed to
the school, and the school from the assaults of
the school, who dares to be so
the school, and the school of living genius.

REVIEWS.

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the school, and the school of living genius.

Ven. (Agitated.)—Wife, lead her in—
(Those women—Oh, those women!—plague on plague!)

(To LORENZO.) Come here again—to-morrow—when you will—

But leave us now.

(To the COUNTESS.) The girl will die.

(To LORENZO.)

Good day.

Lor. (To VICTORIA.)—One word.

Vic. My parents have commanded, Sir,
And I—I must—obey them. [*She is overpowered.*]

Lor. (In anguish.)—Faith's gone to heaven. I should have sworn, the gold

Of India could not thus have slain true love!

Victoria, hear me.

To VENTOSO.)

Where's your honour, Sir?

(Turning away contemptuously.)

No; I'll not stoop my free, recovered heart,

To play the mendicant. Farewell to love:

Henceforth, let venerable oaths men.

And women's vows, tho' all the stars of Heaven

Were listening,—be forgotten,—light as dust!—

Go, woman! (*She weeps.*)—Tears!—aye, all the sex can

weep!

Be high and heartless! I have done with thee!

Vic. Lorenzo!—Lost for ever!—

[*Rushes out.*]

As a fit companion piece to the foregoing, we will quote a song of Victoria. It is infinitely above the common run of theatrical verse:—

"Farewell! I've broke my chain at last!

I stand upon life's fatal shore!

The bitterness of death is past,

Nor love nor scorn can wring me more.

I lov'd, how deeply lov'd! Oh, Heaven!

To thee, to thee the pang is known;

Yet, traitor! be thy crime forgiven,

Mine be the shame, the grief alone!

The maddening hour when first we met,

The glance, the smile, the vow you gave:

The last wild moments haunt me yet;

I feel they'll haunt me to my grave!—

Down, wayward heart, no longer heave;

Thou idle tear, no longer flow;

And may that Heav'n be dar'd deceive,

Forgive, as I forgive him now.

Too lovely, oh, too lov'd farewell!

Though parting rends my bosom strings,

This hour we part!—The grave shall tell

The thought that to my spirit clings.

Thou pain above all other pain!

Thou joy, all other joys above!

Again, again I feel thy chain,

And die thy weeping martyr—Love.

We must class the poetical gems under distinct titles.

LOVE.

Vic. Oh! what decaying, feeble, fickle things

Are lovers' oaths! There's not a light in heaven

But he has sworn by; not a wandering air,

But he has loaded with his burning vows,

To love me, serve me, through all sorrows, scorn;

Aye, though I trampled him: and yet one word,

Spoke, too, in maiden duty, casts him off,

Like a lov'd falcon! No! he never lov'd.

Vic. (Earnestly.)—Love is the lightest folly of the earth;

An infant's toy, that reason throws away;

A dream, that quits our eyelids with a touch;

A music, dying as it leaves the lip;
A morning cloud, dissolv'd before the sun;
Love is the very echo of weak hearts;
The louder for their emptiness; a shade,
A colour of the rainbow;—vanity!"

WOMAN.

"Woman's all false.

Victoria! at this hour what solemn vows,
What deathless contracts, lovely hopes, rich dreams,
Were uttered in the presence of the moon!
Why, there was not a hill-top round the Bay,
But in our thoughts was made a monument,
Inscribed with gentle memories of Love!
Upon yon mount our cottage should be built,
Unmatched since Paradise;—upon the next,
A beacon should be raised, to light me home
From the Morocco wars; the third should bear
The marble beauty of the patron saint,
That watch'd me in the field!"

MUSIC.

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the thrones,
That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,
Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,
Upon whose leafy brows the evening star
Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!
Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-paced Night,
Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste,
But for the cunning of—Curiosity!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masquer underneath the moon!

To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty folk to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratafia;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A sceming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!

HIGH BIRTH.

'Tis true, I should have learnt humility:
True, I am nothing; nothing have—but hope!
I have no ancient birth,—no heraldry;—

(Contemptuously.)

No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield;
I cheat no rabble, like your Chariatans,
By flinging dead men's dust in idiot's eyes;
I work no miracles with buried bones;
I belt no broken and distemper'd shape
With shrivell'd parchments pluck'd from mouldy shelves.

... of the ...
... and Hume.
... does not, like Hume, draw distinct characters
... eminent persons who figure in his pages, but
... appends a few characteristic touches to the
... of such facts as develop any peculiarity. For
... in speaking of the King's forwardness to resort
... arms, he says,
... The history of the commencement of the war between
... Charles and his parliament has been little understood, the
... royalist historians having treated this portion of the sub-
... ject rather like a party-pleading in a court of justice,
... than a simple developement of facts, and shewing them-
... selves inclined to defend the morality of the king at the ex-
... pence of his understanding. But Charles was by no means
... of so thoughtless and improvident a character, as he has
... often been represented to be. He bore at all times suffi-
... ciently in his mind the *ultima ratio regum*. One of his
... most rooted passions was the love of power, or what he
... called prerogative. He considered himself as born to be a
... monarch, and resolved, as far as in him lay, that the most
... precious jewels of his diadem should never be lost through
... his carelessness or indifference. He knew the advantage
... the executive magistrate possessed in having conferred on
... him the power of the sword, and was by no means disposed
... to be backward to appeal to it in support of his claims.
... Twice he had marched an army against the Scots, expect-
... ing in that way to settle his disputed rights. And from
... the commencement of the Long Parliament, he had not
... been so unreflecting, as not to consider that their claims
... might be greater than he might feel inclined to grant; and
... he had calculated in that case how their encroachments
... might be most effectually frustrated. It was in this view
... that the army-petition had originated early in 1641, in
... which the petitioners desired that they might be permitted
... to 'wait on the king to suppress the insolencies' that were
... going on in the capital. In February 1642, the army

... Republican would vouch for the fidelity of
... and Hume.
... G. does not, like Hume, draw distinct characters
... the eminent persons who figure in his pages, but
... generally appends a few characteristic touches to the
... of such facts as develop any peculiarity. For
... in speaking of the King's forwardness to resort
... arms, he says,
... The history of the commencement of the war between
... Charles and his parliament has been little understood, the
... royalist historians having treated this portion of the sub-
... ject rather like a party-pleading in a court of justice,
... than a simple developement of facts, and shewing them-
... selves inclined to defend the morality of the king at the ex-
... pence of his understanding. But Charles was by no means
... of so thoughtless and improvident a character, as he has
... often been represented to be. He bore at all times suffi-
... ciently in his mind the *ultima ratio regum*. One of his
... most rooted passions was the love of power, or what he
... called prerogative. He considered himself as born to be a
... monarch, and resolved, as far as in him lay, that the most
... precious jewels of his diadem should never be lost through
... his carelessness or indifference. He knew the advantage
... the executive magistrate possessed in having conferred on
... him the power of the sword, and was by no means disposed
... to be backward to appeal to it in support of his claims.
... Twice he had marched an army against the Scots, expect-
... ing in that way to settle his disputed rights. And from
... the commencement of the Long Parliament, he had not
... been so unreflecting, as not to consider that their claims
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... coming con-
... poetry, and
... ruler's praise.
... characters not
... strongly and
... sition of

forces of the English parliament, he thus sketches the character of that nobleman :—

“The marquis, or as he is hereafter styled the duke of Hamilton, himself an artful and subtle politician, seems to have been overreached on this occasion. He saw the violent and uncontrollable character of the Scottish covenanters; and he deemed it vain to set himself in direct hostility to them. Nor indeed was his inclination altogether in opposition to theirs. He had a leaning, as has been said, to the presbyterian party, but with a strong personal attachment to the king. He was naturally an enemy to tempestuous counsels. He was formed by temper and by habit for the character of a courtier; and he believed that by pliant and temporising measures he should be able ultimately to win over the rugged and half-civilised enthusiasts with whom he had to deal. He did not see how he could prevent the meeting of the Scottish convention; and he advised the king to give way, to what it was perhaps impossible for him effectually to prohibit. He knew that there was still a strong party in Scotland attached to the royal authority; and he believed that with their concurrence he should be able to outvote the more rigid reformers. He adopted another, and a more perilous course. He and some of his brother-royalists secretly stimulated the enthusiastical party to stickle for extreme conditions. They insisted on the covenant: the majority of the leaders in the English parliament were averse to presbytery. They insisted on a committee to be selected from the parliament of both kingdoms, to whom was to be intrusted the conduct of the war: it was imagined that the pride of the English nation would never subscribe to this stipulation. The friends of Hamilton were completely outwitted in all these points. Vane and his fellow commissioners with few variations subscribed to whatever was demanded of them; and the conclusion of the treaty scarcely experienced the smallest impediment.

“It was a most perplexing situation in which Hamilton was placed. He loved his country, and sympathised with its reformers. He could not endure the thought, that they should again be exposed to that prelacy and liturgy which they so cordially detested. At the same time he could not forget, that he was the trusted minister of his sovereign, and that once on a trying occasion, when he was absurdly accused of meditating to assassinate the king, Charles had caused him to pass the whole night alone with him in his bed-chamber. He was distracted between contending duties. He could not betray his country, which had the strongest claims upon his assistance; he could not betray his king, whom, in addition to every inducement of loyalty, he regarded as his confidential friend. Above all, he deprecated the idea, that the Scottish nation should draw out its armies to assist Charles's English opponents: and even this, with all his efforts, he could not prevent; nay, by his too nicely balancing his duties, he had become obnoxious to the charge of having secretly abetted their invasion.”

We have made these extracts, not so much for the opinions they contain, as for the specimens they afford of the author's style and manner. A still better example may be found in the following reflections on the changes made by the parliament in the University of Cambridge, which underwent a thorough cleansing and revolution :—

“Undoubtedly this revolution involved in its operation a considerable portion of calamity. But it seldom happens that any considerable reform is free from that blemish. The reformation of the preceding century, when the Popish religion was thrown down in this kingdom, and Protestantism erected in its room, was liable to the same objection. Many of the ejected clergy were deprived of their

profession and their means of subsistence; and a multitude of monks, nuns and friars were turned out vagabonds through the land. It would be a senseless illiberality to doubt that there were among these many excellent and exemplary persons; and, if it were otherwise, destitution and starving are not the punishments that equity would award against those who offended. The thing to be desired in all cases is, that the present holder should not suffer by the change, and that the revenues should be appropriated to other purposes only as lives fell in the ordinary course of mortality.

“But reformation in certain cases seems to require, that the change which is contemplated should be executed at once. The revolution from Popery to Protestantism could scarcely have been effected by the tedious process of waiting for the decease of the present holders. Nor could the abolition of episcopacy in England, especially amidst the tumultuous and urgent scenes of a civil war, have been operated in that way.

“Much of the calamity attendant on the reformation in the sixteenth century might have been avoided, if the business had been undertaken in a more moderate temper. Immense revenues were confiscated at that time, which never returned to the church. Out of these no doubt sufficient provision might have been made for those who suffered by the change. But this mode of proceeding had no affinity with the violent temper of Henry the Eighth. The rapaciousness of his own disposition, and the sordid mind of his courtiers, scarcely allowed that the smallest trifle could escape from their grasp.

“There was not the same opportunity for a liberal and generous procedure in the case we are here considering. The same living in the church, and the same stipend in the university, could not be appropriated entirely to two parties, the person who was ejected from the situation, and the person nominated in his room. The revenues of the episcopal sees might have done something: but they were not adequate to all purposes. There must have been some sufferers; men who from opulence were reduced to a narrow income, and men, it is to be feared, who from a narrow income were reduced to want. The ecclesiastical revolution was conducted with considerable sobriety, and with much attention to the general welfare of the community; but there were still cases in abundance to excite our deepest sympathy, and to fill us with poignant regret.”

Upon the subject of religion, the great stumbling block of offence during the earlier part of the revolution, Mr. Godwin's sentiments are rather harsh. But his observations are confined to the practice of sects, and not to the great principles of religion; of which through every part of his volume he speaks with the temperance of a philosopher, and the submission of a believer. He is here speaking of the five different steps of gradual descent and diminished authority of church government, as practised in different ages and countries professing christianity :—

“The highest and most perfect is that of the Roman Catholic religion, as it was at the time that its power was most uncontrollable. This is a system of unmingled and absolute despotism, teaching men what they shall speak and think upon subjects of religion, allowing no variation or diverging from the established standard, shutting up from the laity the books in which the origin and laws of Christianity are recorded, promulgating an *index expurgatorius* of all other books, calling in the aid of the fagot, the stake, and the *auto da fe* to enforce its decrees, and binding the whole with the awful and tremendous sanction of auricular confession. Popery also had the additional resource of binding all Christendom together as one mass.

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

ntage over all other forms of Chris-
trily and costly way in which it ad-
yes, the ears, and the nostrils of its

of church-government, partaking of
es of the Roman Catholic system, is
nspacy. It aims, though at a distance,
flight, at the same splendour; it ac-
cents and its honours in somewhat of
t issues its canons and decrees; it
umunications. Like the church of
and untemperising. It denounces
e greatest of all offences. And it
from its rules, at least it did in the
e treating, in somewhat of the same
of Rome, with this difference, that
the inquisition burned its victims
ngland confined itself to the lash, the
e cutting off of ears.

presbyterian system, not less exclu-
nd impressed with no less horror of
miciousness of sects, than the former.
are, the comparative moderation of
he plainness of its garb. The clergy
and were habited with something of
sadness, as we see in paintings of
uision. But this is in certain re-
e. He that lords it over me, and
at he is not of the same ignoble kind
ups to be clad in robes, and covered
l. It is some mitigation of my sui-
glad to be deluded and dazzled to the
al that human beings should prefer,
ares, to die amidst the clangour of
breathing of recorders, to the perish-
and withering blow of undisguised

e independents has been already de-
spirit of toleration, and fearlessness
utiful contrast with the systems al-

sion to what they receive for truth, and to prescribe to him
penances and mortification. They require of him spiritual
obedience. If he fails in any of these things, they shut
him out from the commemoration of the merits of Christ
at first, or excommunicate him afterwards. They refuse
him the consolations of the religion he embraces, and hold
him up to his brother professors as no better than 'a be-
then man and a publican.' They take from him 'by their
arbitrary and lawless decree that character, which makes
him respectable among his fellows, and sustains him in
self-reverence which is the root of all virtue. It was 'the
power of the keys' carried to its utmost extent, that en-
abled the popes of former times to place whole realms under
an interdict, and to dissolve the obligation of subjects to the
government under which they lived."

But in all these passages we have said nothing of the
great presiding intellect of the times—Cromwel. Mr.
Godwin's estimate of his character appears to us as sin-
gularly temperate and impartial. He speaks of him
thus:—

"Manchester indeed, like Essex, was himself an adhe-
rent of the presbyterians. But Cromwel, his lieutenant-
general, was the main stay and supporter of the partisans
of liberty of conscience. And the respective character and
dispositions of these two men secured to Cromwel the un-
disputed ascendancy. Manchester was a man who had al-
ways been greatly loved and esteemed; he had abilities
adequate to all the ordinary concerns and transactions of
life; but he did not possess that proud confidence in his
own lights and decisions, which, in its purest and most ele-
vated form, is incident only to the special and singularly-
gifted favourites of nature: he felt perhaps at all times less
in his element, in leading, than being led. Cromwel on
the other hand was precisely the man to be the immediate
second to such a commander. He was not formed to hesi-
tate and be irresolute in his determinations. He did not
feel those clouds of the soul, which assimilate the individ-

sense of that term. But in all that related to government and a state, he seemed intuitively to feel the desire to be guided. He was not acquainted with the innermost folds of the human character, and was therefore perpetually liable to the chance of being led or misled. He was guided by Cromwel; he was guided by his wife; and, if he had fallen into hands less qualified for the office, he would have been guided by them. But Cromwel saw into the hearts of men. He could adapt himself, in a degree at least exceeding every character of modern times, to the persons with whom he had dealings. He was most at home perhaps with the soldiers of his army: he could pray with them; he could jest with them: in every thing by which the heart of a man could in a manner be drawn out of his bosom to devote itself to the service of another, he was a consummate master. It was not because he was susceptible only of the rugged and the coarse, that he was so eminently a favourite with the private soldier. He was the friend of the mercurial and light-hearted Henry Marten. He gained for a time the entire ascendancy over the gentle, the courteous, the well-bred, and the manly earl of Manchester. He was the sworn brother of sir Henry Vane. He deceived Fairfax; he deceived Milton.

"At this time, and instructed as we are by the page of events, every friend of liberty must regret that Cromwel was made the splendid exception to the otherwise unlimited operation of the principle of the self-denying ordinance. It had been better to have suffered a material risk as to the prosperous conclusion of the war, than to have employed so dangerous an instrument. But, at the period of which we are treating, and for several years after, not one of the most enlightened friends of liberty distrusted Cromwel. It would have appeared scarcely less than suicide to the commonwealth, to have laid aside the man who, above all others, was best able to render her cause victorious."

The present volume ends with the mutinous proceedings of the royal officers at Newark, and the King's wintering at Oxford in 1645. The remainder is announced as on the eve of publication. From what we have already written, our opinion of this work will appear to be very favorable. It cannot be compared to that of Hume for felicity of style, nor even for interest of narrative, but it strikes us as being more exact and accurate. At any rate, it must be regarded as a most valuable accession to our already vast stores of historical knowledge.

Australia, with other Poems. By T. K. HERVEY, Trin. Coll., 12mo. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1824.

If expanded views be any criterion of poetic talent, we must allow the author of "Australia" to be a poet of no mean pretensions. Though, we presume, from his preface, Mr. Hervey is still in his minority, he has chosen a theme for his yet unfledged pinions, which is alike honourable to his patriotism and philanthropy—the destinies of our colonists in the southern hemisphere. The important interests, both moral and political, which are involved in the colonization of such vast territories as New Holland, and its dependent islands, can only be duly appreciated, by taking a retrospective glance at the origin and growth of that mighty nation of the western world, which is destined to perpetuate our language, and our institutions, throughout an immense continent. And although we might allow poets to be mere visionists,

there is something rather philosophical than visionary, in speculating on the future destinies of a young nation,—our antipodes in geographical situation, yet intimately connected with us by the ties of blood, as well as by civil and political institutions. Our author observes, that "the text itself furnishes little more than a sketch," but he develops his design more fully in his preface. This, in our view, is an error of judgment. Though the preface contains a succinct view of the discoveries, by successive navigators, of the islands in the Pacific Ocean; and the author alludes to the probable origin, and continuous formation of many of these islands, by the well-known progressive increase of coral-rocks, or reefs, which clearly proves he has not neglected geographical and geological science, in order to woo the muse. We are of opinion, from the specimen of the "sketch" here given, that he would have added to his reputation as a poet, by filling up the picture. But we must hasten to give our readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment of Mr. Hervey, by the few extracts our short limits afford.

"Australia" opens with an apostrophe to her parent state.—

"Isle of the ocean! Zion of the seas!
Child of the waves! and nursling of the breeze!
How beautiful, Albion! on thy lonely steep,
Thou risest, like a vision! in the deep!
The temple of the brave, the good, the free,
Built by some spirit in the circling sea!
Still hast thou floated, like a thing of light,
Through all the darkness of the moral night;
Alone upon the waves,—the hallowed ark
Where Freedom sheltered when the world was dark."

"From clime to clime thy hardy children roam,
The wave their world—the ship their island home—
Where'er the waters in their wildness roar,
Or lead their surges to the sounding shore;
Wherever winds lift up their song on high,
Or mercy paints an Iris in the sky;
Where o'er the burning line the billows roll,
Or lash themselves to madness at the Pole;
Through seas o'er which the spirit of the north
Marches his clouds, and sends his icebergs forth;
Where the dark waves without a tempest roar,
As avalanches thunder from the shore."

The following extract might bear a comparison with the best passages of "The Traveller":—

"Gem of the ocean! Empress of the sea!
My heart could weep in fondness over thee;
My soul looks forward, through a mist of tears,
To pierce the darkness of the coming years,
And dimly reads, amid the future gloom,
Warnings she dares not utter of thy doom.
And canst thou perish, island of the free?
Shall ruin dare to fling her shroud o'er thee?
Thou who dost light the nations, like a star,
In solitary grandeur, from afar!
Thou who hast been, indeed, the pillar'd light
For Israel's sons, in superstition's night?
Can desolation reach thy hallowed strand,
While Shakespeare's spirit breathes along the land,
While time o'er Milton's grave fleets powerless by,
And Newton's memory links thee with the sky?"

After brief reference to the progress of the early navigators:—

"AUSTRALIA now demands the muse's strain;—
But oh! she may not hint thy name in vain,
Lamented Cook! she turns to weep for thee,
Where moan the dreary waves round Owhyhee,
The sailor, as he nears that fatal isle,
Leans o'er the deck, and checks his joyous smile,
And almost thinks the gales go muffled by,
And billows shape their music to a sigh."

Turn we to view the wide arena, now,
On which he won the laurel for his brow:
Walk o'er the mighty field on which, so well,
He reap'd the fruitful harvest, ere he fell;
Pursued his labours—bright as they were brief—
And left the gleanings to a later chief.
Lo! vast Notasia rises from the main,
In all her mingling charms of mount and plain;
The flowery banks that crown her roving rills,
And boundless wastes beyond her azure hills;
The Protean thickets in her silent vales,
And cedars waving to her mountain gales:
Her rivers wandering in a trackless maze,
And sunlight mimick'd in her hundred bays;
The ocean, like a girdle, round her rolled,
With all its billows burnished into gold:—
While at her feet adventure's younger child
Sits, like a bud of beauty, in the wild."

The text is elucidated by short historical and descriptive notes, after the plan of "The Pleasures of Memory."

Mr. Hervey tells us, in his preface, that "the time *must come*, however remote, when Australasia and Polynesia, with the Asiatic Islands, will unite to form one vast continent with Asia:" and that "the waters of the ocean, in their search for a new bed, *must destroy* one of the old continents. That the theory is somewhat more arbitrary, which assigns that fate to *Africa*, but it proceeds upon the supposition, that the most useless and exhausted will perish!" This is very alarming intelligence for the poor Africans. And, to a certain degree, renders the unremitting labours of our modern philanthropists unavailing for the moral elevation of that numerous family of the human race. We cannot follow Mr. Hervey in all his speculations on this subject, but as he makes it conducive "to the fulfilment of scriptural prophecy in the establishment of Christianity over the whole earth," by sinking Africa (as incorrigible), and raising up a south-eastern continent instead, by the union of all the Coral-islands in the South Seas;—we wish every prosperity to so desirable a measure, though, in all probability, we may not live to witness it! We can only afford room to extract the consummation (i' the mind's eye) so devoutly to be wished.—

"Far to the east—where once Aurora's smiles
Looked on an archipelago of isles;
And coral banks upreared their glittering forms,
Like spots of azure in a sky of storms;
Where many a ship has sailed the foamy brine—
Sits a vast continent upon the Line,
Back from her strand assembled oceans rolls,
And points, with either finger, to the poles!
—But where is Africa? I seek in vain
Her swarthy form along its native main:

Methinks I hear a wailing in the wild,
As of a mother weeping o'er her child!
Her fate lies buried in mysterious night,
Where the wide waters of the globe unite;
And, where the moon walked nightly o'er her hills,
The billows moan amid a hundred isles!
—I turn me from their knelling, with a sigh,
To where a lovelier vision meets the eye;
Where spreads the British name from sun to sun,
And all the nations of the earth are One!"

The "minor poems" of our author, like most other minor poems, lose great part of their interest, when divested of their locality. They are certainly unequal, in point of merit, though correct versification, great sensibility, and good taste, form their general characteristics. From the stanzas on "Moonlight," we extract the following:—

"The moon is waking in the silent sky!
The single diamond on the brow of night—
How beautiful the woods and valleys lie,
Sleeping beneath her sad and softened light!
That light which finds its way into the heart,
Like music—and awakens music there,
Giving a joy no day-beam can impart.
There is a holy stillness in the air,
Almost like sadness; and the yellow glow
Gleams on the quiet sea, which sleeps below,
Like the lulled babe beneath its mother's eye."

"Tis all like magic!—who would fear to ride
O'er the lulled ocean in an hour like this?
Come, let us launch our shallop on the tide,
And roam the pathless waters!—Oh! 'twere bliss
Over the star-bright sea to sail away;
Where, haply, in our voyage we may meet
Some little isle, beneath the silver ray,
Where thus the moonlight is for ever sweet;
Where clouds can never come to break the dream;
Till our wrapt souls, commingling with the beam,
Shall take their flight to be—where beauty is!"

Mr. Hervey, and all other poets who write stanzas "for music," should leave the composer to determine that point, or at least, should consult harmony by giving similar stanzas—similar measure!

On the other hand, some of the pieces, *not for music*, are eminently lyric and beautiful. From "A Harp with its strings broken," and the "Hebrew Melody," we extract the following specimens of the pathetic:—

"Mute emblem of the broken heart!
To thee my spirit fondly clings;
And memory—ruin as thou art—
Haunts, like a ghost, thy shivered strings.
Alike, o'er thee, may pass the breeze
That steals along in summer gladness,
Or utters, through the leafless trees,
At eve, the soul of sadness:—
To summer's breath, or winter's sigh,
Thy murmurs never more reply!"

'Twas meet that, when the minstrel died,
The lyre she cherished should decay;—
And never have thy tones replied
To touch, since that bereaving day.
The voice that spoke along each string
Of her pure spirit was a part,
And every sound it used to fling
An echo of her heart:

That heart is gone—that spirit fled—
And thou—art tuneless as the dead!

We sat by Babel's waters; and our tears
Mingled, in silence, with the silent stream:
For oh! our hearts went back to happier years,
And brighter scenes, that faded like a dream.

Our harps, neglected, hung upon the trees
That threw their shadows o'er the wave's dark rest,
And sighed, responsive to each passing breeze
That stirred a ripple on its slumbering breast.

But they who led us captive touched the string,
And waked its music with unhallowed hand,
And—mocking all our sadness—bade us sing
The song of Zion in a foreign land.

Oh! never, never!—hushed be now its strains!
Far, far away her exiled children roam,
And never will they sound, on other plains,
The holy music of their native home!

Jerusalem! all ruined as thou art,
Thy temples by profaning footsteps trod,
Still art thou fondly cherished in each heart,—
Land of our sires, our childhood, and our God!

And, while we wander from thy sheltering wing,
To lay on distant shores the weary head,
Like houseless doves—alas! how can we sing?
Our harps are tuneless, and our souls are sad!”

We can only afford room for the “Stanzas to —,”
with which we take leave of our juvenile poet, by as-
suring him, that his little volume of poems contains
more beauties in a given extent, and fewer blemishes,
than we usually expect in a “first Essay.” And should
he still court the muse with the devotion and good taste
apparent in his present work, she cannot fail, eventually,
to enrol his name with that of “the poet of nature”—
Oliver Goldsmith.—

“The rose that decked thy cheek is dead,
The ruby from thy lip has fled,
Thy brow has lost its gladness;
And the pure smiles that used to play
So brightly there, have passed away
Before the touch of sadness.
Yet sorrow's shadows o'er thy face
Have wandered with a mellowing grace.

And grief has given to thine eye
A beauty, such as yonder sky
Receives, when daylight's splendour
Fades in the holy twilight hour,
Whose magic hangs on every flower
A bloom more pure and tender;
When angels walk the quiet even,
On messages of love from heaven.

Thy low sweet voice, in every word,
Breathes—like soft music far-off heard—
The soul of melancholy;
And oh! to listen to thy sigh!
The evening gale that wanders by
The rose is not so holy;
But none may know the thoughts that rest
In the deep silence of thy breast.

For oh! thou art, to mortal eyes,
Like some pure spirit of the skies,
Awhile to bless us given;

And sadly pining for the day,
To spread thy wings and flee away,
Back to thy native heaven:—
Thou wert beloved by all before,
But now—a thing that we adore!”

*Aureus; or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign. Writ-
ten by Himself. London: Wightman, 8vo. 1824.*

To begin a review of one book by praising another,
is a proceeding somewhat in the Hibernian style, and
yet we know not how we can more appropriately intro-
duce our notice of “Aureus,” than by making a brief
allusion to “Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea,”
of which it is a manifest imitation. But “Chrysal”
presented a picture of a state of society which has since
experienced many important modifications; and a simi-
lar manner of shadowing out the habits of our times,
may be regarded rather as an adoption of the same
form, than as a substantial plagiarism. Chrysal was
very ingeniously written, and in spite of the changes
which have taken place in our social habits, is still read
with great pleasure. It may very fairly be doubted, whe-
ther the same good fortune will attend “Aureus” fifty or
sixty years hence. As it is without any of the originality,
so does it possess only a small share of the ingenuity
and smartness of its predecessor. It is the history of a
Sovereign, as detailed by itself, or rather by a kind of
attendant genius. The adventures are sufficiently nu-
merous, but they want variety. The author has laid
too many of his scenes in low life. This may be the
result of a prudent survey of his own experience, or of
an opinion that such conditions of society have been
hitherto imperfectly described. We cannot give any
thing like an abstract of the story, for it is nothing more
than a series of transfers from one hand to another. In
the course of this travel, Aureus finds himself on the
Royal Exchange, and out of several portraits of the fre-
quenters of that place, we shall select the following:—

“Look at the only female figure in the place, sitting on
the bench by the side of my master. She is dressed in deep
mourning, with a reticule on her finger. Her cheeks and
even her lips are painted; and she fancies herself a lady of
wealth and high degree. Some years ago she had an only
brother, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was the chief
support of herself and their widowed mother: his prema-
ture death reduced them to poverty, and deranged the in-
tellects of his sister. She has continued to appear in black
ever since, and cannot forego the professional idea that her
brother left her a handsome fortune, the illusive receipt of
which is with her the occupation of every day. For this
purpose she is assiduous in her visits to the Bank. The
clerks, who are acquainted with her misfortunes, humanely
fall in with her humour; and she is chiefly supported by
their eleemosynary contributions, which she benignantly
considers as part of a dividend that is her due in behalf
of her deceased relative. She is now looking at a dirty GOLD-
SMITH'S *Almanack*, to see if it be one of the numerous red
letter days that prevent her, as she says, from transacting
business at the Bank. With these she is in general as well
acquainted as any clerk in the establishment. She re-
marked, while restoring the ruddy calendar to its old sta-
tion in her pocket, ‘that she could do no business at the
Bank to-day;’ and, with a gracious courtesy to all around

she twisted her reticule on her finger and departed. I could not avoid ejaculating 'Alas! poor human nature!'

The characters described are no doubt meant for real personages, but we do not feel ourselves able to point out the originals.

One of the author's favourites is a Mr. Gizzard, who is an eccentric person, combining in himself the different characters of tradesman and gentleman, with all the thrifty saving qualities of the one and all the prodigal generosity of the other. It makes our heart ache not to be able to give some part of a column to Mr. Gizzard; but "time and space" are as inflexible to critics as they are to lovers. The following anecdote of his Majesty is amusing and characteristic:—

"Some years ago," said Mr. Brisket, "there was a boy in my employment in the capacity of a shepherd. He was a thick-set, sun-burnt, sturdy fellow, about ten years old, with coarse features, and a bristly red head of hair, and each particular hair did stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. One sultry summer's day, while he was seated on a bank near the road-side, watching his flock with a book in his hand, the King happened to be walking that way unattended, which was frequently the case at that period. His Majesty marched up to the boy and thus accosted him:—'What, what, what book is that?' The little red-headed urchin gruffly replied, 'A spelling-book!'—'Ay, Dyche, Dyche, Dyche, a good author! Can you spell?' 'A little.' 'Let's hear you try,' said the King, as he took the book from the boy.

"It must have been curious to see the monarch of a great empire assuming the character of a country pedagogue, with a spelling-book in his hand, and hearing the ragged churl his lesson, 'Can you spell two syllables?'—'Yes, I can.'—'Come then, let us see, let us see, *ABORT!*—'A-b ab, b-o-t, *ABORT!*—'Good boy, good boy! *CRIMSON!*—'C-r-i-m, c-o-n, son, *CRIMSON!*—'Ay, that will do, that will do. Can you read as well as you can spell? Do you go to school? Can you read the Bible?"

"My mother is too poor to send me to school; and she has got only a piece of a Bible, which is so torn, and the leaves so dirty and dog's-eared, that we can't make it out at all."

"That's pity, pity, pity! What's her name—where does she live?"

"Her name is Hannah Potts, and she lives in Dirty-foot-lane."

"The King took out a pencil and wrote down the name and address, and departed, to the great disappointment of the rude and surly young shepherd; who, with the cunning peculiar to some in low life, pretended to be ignorant of the King's person, when at the same time he knew very well to whom he was talking."

"On his Majesty's return to the Castle, he called for the gentleman who then acted as his private and confidential secretary, and said, 'There is great want of education amongst the poor people in our neighbourhood—this ought not to be. This packet must be delivered according to the direction, and the woman must be expressly told that the book is a gift from ourselves, as a reward for her perseverance in teaching her son to read. Her circumstances must also be enquired into, and her children sent to school.'

"The monarch put a five-pound note into a common printed Bible, and wrote with his own hand upon the title-page, *THE GIFT OF GEORGE R. TO HANNAH POTTS,* adding the day of the month and the date of the year. The King then delivered it to the gentleman with these words, 'Let this be sent immediately; for it is our wish that every subject in these realms should be able to read the Bible.'

"This poor woman has been offered at various times since his Majesty's decease, considerable sums of money for this precious volume, which she as constantly refuses to sell, and often declares that, 'she will never part from it while she lives: and that, if it please God, she will die with it under her pillow.'"

The Sovereign, after a variety of adventures and transfers, goes to the bottom of the sea in the pocket of a sailor, on board of the *Juliana*, East Indiaman. From what we have quoted from this work, the reader will perceive that it is sprightly and entertaining, and that, perhaps, is all the author intended it to be.

Mountain Rambles, and other Poems. By G. H. STONKS, S.C.L. 8vo. London: C. Chapple. 1824.

THIS is a volume of very unaffected poetry, such as a gentleman might be proud of writing, and such as no gentleman can read without pleasure. It consists of a long series of meditations and descriptions, called "Mountain Rambles," and several minor compositions. The first is not strictly local, but is a sort of out-pouring of such feelings and fancies as romantic mountain scenery is calculated to excite. The author appears to have considerable susceptibility for the beauties of nature, and has expressed his sensations in a strain of very graceful and harmonious poetry. The following stanzas are written with much feeling and delicacy:—

"Throughout these climes doth Nature's hand display
Scenes to the tuneful and admiring throng,
Which, far as heart can range or eye survey,
Seem form'd but for enchantment and for song.

As by each stream nymphs haunt their rocky cells,
And woods their richly varied tints disclose,
O'er hill and dale the waving landscape swells
In mockery of the pilgrim as he goes.

Onward I muse; few things disturb my way—

The lonely cot, the shelter'd hamlet rare,
The bleating flocks that far and widely stray
Regardless of the drowsy stripling's care.

Although no more the rural pipe invades
Delighted ear, nor smiling garlands grace
Their summer joys, yet o'er these tranquil glades
Doth Nature still preserve her shepherd race:

And sauntering hours recall to mental view
Those golden dreams in earlier legends fam'd,
Such as of old Arcadian vallies knew,
When youthful bards their amorous ditties fram'd.

All happy as the livelong day; for there
Did Innocence and listening Beauty throng,
And nymphs, forgetful of their fleecy care,
Laid down the crook to bless their poet's song.

Far other boast these quiet scenes may own;
And every spot seems eager, as I stray,
To wake the echoes which it once hath known,
And tell the stranger of another day.

When fierce oppression shook their homely state,
How shepherds shrunk not at the clarion's swell—
The swain still loves to hear the Muse relate,
For deeds like theirs her simplest annals tell."

These are from the same poem:—

"Entranc'd I stand: how beautiful is Earth
Here, in all majesty herself arraying,

le mountains are her temples, and send forth
their melody like heavenly organs playing!

turning from where foot hath never been,
nor solar ray hath enter'd, the eye sees
mountains ascending from the dark ravine,
and woods that far away encircle these.

And me all is breathlessness, and seems
the soul of meditation—it appears
a deep slumber of unearthly dreams
where the charm angelic beauty wears."

I did not intend to give any further extracts; but
ensuing piece strikes us as uncommonly simple and
sing:—

ODE.

"Alas! enchanted Rozellay,

The happy dream is fled:
Thy pleasures all are pass'd away,
And all thy charms are dead.

Yet doth the Muse delight to stray,
Though all her thoughts are vain;
To linger on her loitering way,
And gild thy bower again.

Kind Fancy through her secret glades
Leads me with fond caress;
E'en as though she who bless'd thy shades,
Were there once more to bless.

From memory, say, can time efface
The joys that now are flown?
Or chill the warm and pure embrace
My happier hours have known?

"Though all thy leaves are dry and sear,
And violets spring no more;
"Though all thy myrtles wither'd are,
And all thy bloom is o'er;

Although the flowery banks are fled,
Mix'd with surrounding clay;
The grassy turf we lov'd to tread
All trackless now as they;

"Though thorny heaps alone I see
Where flow'd thy murmuring rill;
Yet, lovely bower, I think of thee,
Thy scenes of pleasure still."

There are a few points on which we *could* talk
cavilously with Mr. Storie; but our snarling propensities
have been so considerably lulled by the sweetness and
charm of his poetry, that we must dismiss his volume
without the slightest indulgence of professional asperity.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,
REAVING in your paper of March 6, a letter noticing
copies that have been made at Rome from the paintings
of Raphael, by our countryman Mr. Evans, allow me to
say what your correspondent has not noticed, as it
adds something to the interest of your very entertain-
ing and useful miscellany. The copies in question, are not
in England, but at this time are being placed in a gal-
lery suitably designed to receive them, and other works of
art in the elegant house which Mr. Nash has built for
his own residence in Regent-street. We may, therefore,
forward to a great mental treat, for such it cannot fail

to be, to behold, with all the appearance of their pristine
character, this divine series, as they were beheld in the
days of their illustrious painter in the Loggia, for which
they were designed. I agree with your correspondent,
that these copies by Mr. Evans are complete transcripts of
the originals, and hope they may long remain unimpaired
in perpetuation of Raphael, and to the credit of the munifi-
cent gentleman at whose instance they have been thus
transferred hither, particularly as he is an architect, for
this high compliment to painting—a profession that should
go hand in hand with architecture and sculpture. I am one
of those, Mr. Editor, who regret with yourself, that the
painted plafond, and the painted hall and stair-case, should
no longer be the mode, and earnestly wish that some inde-
pendent nobleman or gentleman, would dare to deviate
from the modern practice, and commission his architect to
design a mansion with an entrance enriched with paintings.
I do not wish to see the *architectural* parts painted, in imi-
tation, as at the British Museum, but the design so or-
dered, that panels and suitable compartments be con-
trived to receive pictures. The carvings I would have as
rich as the general plan could permit, and these should be
enriched with gilding. The ceiling at Whitehall is thus
designed in compartments, and I leave you to judge if any
plafond has so complete an effect. The chaste elegance of
the present style of domestic architecture would admit
of this.

I never pass the mansion in Regent-street, designed by
Mr. Nash, for his own occupation, but I smile at a remark
of a facetious amateur of the arts, who, standing at the
library window of the Horticultural Society, and looking
across upon Mr. Nash's elegant structure, observed "That
spacious building reminds me of the paintings of some of
the old masters, wherein King David, from his house top,
beheld Bathsheba." This, however, I should, were I the
architect, take to myself as a high compliment, for asso-
ciating the general contour of the building, with that pic-
turesqueness, which would be selected by a painter for King
David's Palace, would be flattering to any architect.

This observation naturally leads me to offer you my
opinion of Mr. Nash's taste, in his general plan of this mag-
nificent street, and indeed of the general improvements in
the neighbourhood. I cannot, perhaps, better express my
approval, than by characterising it in one comprehensive
word. The whole is picturesque. I should venture to say,
that the architect in his plan, intended it to be so, and he
has succeeded.

Sir Joshua Reynolds rescued the fame of Sir John Van-
brugh from the merciless attacks of the wits, who knew
nothing of architecture, more than just enough of its no-
menclature, to affect to abuse him in terms scientific.
This great painter did not contend for Sir John's high clas-
sic taste, but for the general arrangement of his outline,
which was original and picturesque—in this his merit was
great, and had he lived in the present day, when the ele-
gance of Greek architecture is so perfectly understood, no
doubt his taste would have been better regulated, and that
he would have done works of unexceptionable grandeur.

No profession has been mauled and mangled by rude
and ignorant hands, for certain, as this said divine science
of architecture. This finest street in the world, during
its progress, was the constant theme for ridicule with every
blockhead who could barely discriminate the difference
between a pillar and pilaster. And, indeed, many who
affected scientific knowledge, have condemned the great
design piece-meal, and exposed their ignorance and conceit
to the amusement of those who can discover the pedant
and the coxcomb, under the garb of the critic. The
highest encomium, however, that I have chanced to hear,
in passing along Regent-street, was within the last week,
when three painters, two of them highly eminent, and who
have studied in Italy, observed, in turning into Waterlo-
place, (they had been to the British Institution,) "By the

Lord! how Claude would have delighted in this picturesque street."

I should tell you, Sir, that it was after five o'clock, the sun was in a fine position, glancing its declining rays across from the street to the left. It was entirely a painter's light. It struck me, that if Mr. Nash had heard this honest effusion, this genuine praise of his great work, he could not fail to have felt gratification: for that architect, who can design a whole of great magnitude, and various extent, to satisfy a painter's eye, has achieved that of which he may well be proud. I shall henceforth set it down in my notitia of taste, as the *street of Claude*.

To skulk about this street with critical compasses, invidiously to measure the proportions of every door-post, as some have done, may afford gratification to little minds: but such grovelling envy is always anonymous—like the snail it crawls forth in the dark, and is only traced by its slime. The real judge of art, however, will seek occasion to uphold the merit of Mr. Nash, and acknowledge that in planning this noble street, and surmounting the difficulties with which so arduous a speculation was fraught, the public at large, and his own profession in particular, are under the greatest obligation to so great an improver of the western part of the metropolis.

I profess myself only an amateur of architecture, Mr. Editor, having but a smattering of the principles of that stupendous art: but taking a great interest in all the improvements of the town, I have watched the progress of this mighty street, from its commencement to the present time, and now that it is all but finished, I congratulate the enterprising spirit that has thus completed the noble task.

Another observation, and I shall close this long epistle. I am a strenuous friend to the arts, and rejoice in every circumstance that tends to their general prosperity. I am of opinion, however, that the professors should be loyal to their respective arts, and generously, or, at least, honestly and candidly acknowledge, and defend each others merits. Were men of science to be faithful guardians of each others fame, scribblers might endeavour in vain to write down talent. Nothing was more common than for the press in many quarters to attack the plan of the new street. At length Mr. Papworth, a member of the profession, took up the pen in defence of the late improvements, and completely refuted the malignant satires with which they were assailed, by pointing out to the public the beauty and fitness of the whole,—accomplished by overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties. Public opinion is entirely changed, and it has become as much the fashion to admire the new street, and the adjacent improvements, as it had heretofore been to condemn Mr. Nash and all his works. It was fortunate for the defence, that the defender himself was an architect of acknowledged talent, whose opinions are universally respected by the profession.

I always maintain, Sir, with reference to the arts, as in minor concerns, that "*Honesty is the best Policy*." The world will naturally listen to the opinions of artists upon questions of art. No one will dispute the superior judgment of professors, in matters of criticism: but where rancour and envy withholds what is due to talent, and truth gives way to such base feelings, the reader is betrayed, and the mischief which he intended to another, is apt to alight upon his own head.

VERITAS.

DRAMA.

DURING the present week, the theatres have been uncommonly sterile in matter for criticism. An old opera at one house, and a new-old comedy at another, make up pretty nearly the whole sum of our dramatic amusements. Indeed the town is strangely dull and uninteresting; and

the stage, which is meant to be the reflection of society, has given us back the characteristics of society as it appears at present, with an astonishing fidelity. There is nothing about town of the slightest interest except the Swiss pantes; about whom we shall not venture to joke, as she is six feet seven inches in height, and we have a special regard for our personal safety. In this dearth of matter, our theatrical article must be very brief.

King's Theatre.—Madame Catalani has partially recovered from her indisposition, and re-assumes her post in the Spiritual Concerts. That she has been indisposed in body we know, but public rumour will have it that she has been indisposed in will to appear again on the boards of this theatre. It is said that she has quarrelled with the authorities, who wish her to come out in one of Rossini's operas, which she refuses. If it be so, she is very capricious and ridiculous; but we very much doubt these theatrical *an dits*. We believe that *Semiramide* is about to be produced, and that she will sustain the leading part as usual. *Il Barbiere* has been performed for the last time this season. It is not very strongly cast. Garcia in the *Count* is to be sure the best we remember, and De Begnis in the *Doctor*, is unexceptionable. But the *Figaro*! We cannot discover any one requisite which Signor Benelli has for the character, except his fine teeth. How far the public will accept this virtue as a substitute for voice, science, spirit, and humour, we cannot decide, but Signor Benelli may rest assured, that he is a very feeble *Figaro* "in spite of his teeth." As for Madame Vestris she is a very pretty, and very clever woman, but she wants power for *Rosina*. *Zelmira* has also been repeated, but without any considerable success. It is a heavy lumbering composition, in which the beauties are scattered like the visits of angels, "few and far between." Madame Colbran Rossini seems to have acquainted herself with the capacity of the house, and now sings far more impressively than on her earlier appearances. She will never however be a favorite with a London audience.

Madame Pasta, is announced as about to appear soon. The benefit of Madame Caradori is advertised for Thursday, and we hope that the lovers of sweet music, and gentlewomen will all throng to patronize it. This young lady is one of the meekest, most amiable and unaffected persons in the world; and is at the same time, one of the purest and most graceful singers.

Drury Lane.—Except Mr. Kean's name for *Macbeth*, the bills of this house have worn a very ancient look for a great many days past. The "great lessee" (unlike his rival the "great unknown") sleeps upon his laurels. They ought to "murder sleep!" The other house is getting the start of him, and his long experience should tell him that once in the rear, *revocare gradum*, is the most difficult thing imaginable. Mr. Kean's *Macbeth* is not one of his best parts. It is rather one of his most indifferent performances. It is a sort of Scotch *Richard III*. Shakespeare has very nicely discriminated the two characters, but Mr. Kean does not. He gives *Macbeth* all the intensity, decision, and compactness of *Richard*, without any of the impetuous irresolution, and romantic poetry which distinguishes the Thane. Some passages were beautifully given, but they were alone and unconnected. The text was shamefully mangled. Indeed, this is a defect in the theatrical character of Kean which is most intolerable. His inaccuracy in the language of Shakespeare is beyond all comparison.

Covent Garden.—The new comedy at this theatre is drawing "golden opinions." The house is filled to the slaps every night of its performance, and it promises to retrieve the shattered fortunes of the concern. This we are glad of, for our sympathies run more in favor of *Covent Garden* than of *Drury Lane*. Not but that both should flourish and grow opulent; but if one must outstrip the other, our preference is fixed. Since the first performance of this comedy it has undergone some retrenchments, and

some additions. The performers are at home in it; and it goes off smoothly. The acting is indeed in Jones, Yates, and Mrs. Davenport exert themselves to the utmost, and with vast success. The others subdued by the imperfect development of their parts; but still they are good. We trust that the success of Mr. Croly, will spur him on to fresh efforts, his next sketch will be one of our own manners and customs. It may be somewhat severe and even extravagant it is sure to be clever.

ORATORIOS, VERSUS SPIRITUAL CONCERTS.

There can be a stronger proof of the rapid progress of taste in this country, than the fact of two immense assemblies being most respectably filled on the same evening. Remember the time when a single theatre could not half an audience, to witness the performance of music. But we are also aware, that many amateurs would consider the causes which have contributed to this change, as at the least, degeneracy of national not actual impiety. It is, undoubtedly, a species of lily, to allow such divine compositions as "Lutymann;" or, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," succeeded by "Glovenette che fatte," or "Di piacer," the public will tolerate absurdity for the sake of beautiful music, surely the directors of the performances are not to blame in making the selection. The same with the oratorio as with dramatic pieces. We often censure the managers for vitiating taste, while we go in crowds to hear these miscellanies of fine music, and leave them to perform called "classic music" to empty benches!

One of the present season—the performance of Sacred Music at the King's Theatre—though considered by many as a trespass on the boundaries of the other uses, we think fully entitled to a moiety of public notice; both on account of the moderate price of admission and also by way of disseminating among us a better taste for music of the highest class. Mr. Bochsa, the director of the Oratorio Concerts, has done much of stimulating our national taste, by providing us (at house prices) with the first talent, both vocal and instrumental, and giving the choicest selections from the masters. We know this gentleman has been censured by musicians, for thus lowering the *taxes* on this art of luxury and refinement; but we consider Mons. Bochsa's Chancery of the Musical Exchequer. He has proved, during the few seasons he has presided over performances, that a reduction of duty increases demand for the commodity; and we have no hesitating that, ultimately, all parties are benefited by measure, though it may annoy a few weak people or countrymen, who imagine that nothing can be so beautiful as extravagantly purchased. Signor the able manager of the King's Theatre, has also shown good judgment in following the same system; and the general merits of the plan, as well as on account of the able manner in which these concerts are got up, we him every success. Though we—dividing our votes between the two houses, shall not eulogize either at the expense of the other; yet we may be observed, that the performances have hitherto been effective throughout, and perhaps more appropriate to the English theatres, than at the Italian. Though the Catalani, alone, constitutes a host of strength, we do not consider sacred music as her forte. In her performance of the pathetic (as in "Luther's Hymn"), she is inferior to Braham. And in "Angels ever," she is inferior to the bright Seraphim, not superior to Mrs. Salmon, who is one or two other ladies. Signor Garcia's and purity of taste is equally conspicuous in sacred

as in secular music. The same remark will also apply to Madame Caradori. But the remainder of M. Benelli's vocal corps cannot in sacred music be said to eclipse that of M. Bochsa, notwithstanding their obvious advantages and facilities in giving elaborate concerted pieces from "*Moses in Egypt*," and similar compositions of the higher class.

On the other hand, Mr. Bochsa possesses the very best conductor to be found, for this species of concert, in Sir G. Smart, together with all the first talent of the metropolis, with the exception of the opera corps, before-mentioned. While we thus congratulate the lovers of fine music, on the existence of these rival concerts, and the liberality and economy with which they are conducted, we venture to predict the most lasting and beneficial results on the future progress of musical science in this country.

COADE'S GALLERY OF ARTIFICIAL STONE ORNAMENTS.

The most cursory view of London excites curiosity to visit a work from whence have issued so many of the beautiful ornaments which its public buildings have received from it, and their durability, at least in so far as brick houses are alone contemplated, is more than sufficient for any structure to which they are attached.

The art is about fifty years old in this country, and many of the earliest specimens, (some of which I saw) are as fresh as at the moment of their execution; and it may be believed that the process was not in its first essays equally perfect as now. The manufactory, though still known by the name of Coad, the original founder, is now conducted by Mr. Croggon, who showed us over the different parts of the establishment with perfect politeness. The show-rooms contained a great variety of ornamental figures, enriched vases, baptismal fonts, garden fountains, and capitals of pillars of the different orders: these last were of every variety of size, and were even piled up one on the other, decreasing to the top of the column, as gardeners range their flower-pots. There was a group larger than life, representing Acis and Galatea crouching under the dread of impending destruction, which Polyphemus with the fragment of rock in his uplifted hands, threatened to them from the mountain above. There were also two excessively beautiful female figures which had been modelled by Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, who at one time wrought in this branch of the art of design. Their outline was singularly graceful, and the drapery disposed with great skill and effect. We also saw an excellent copy of the statue in the British Museum, which is there described as one of the Nymphs of Diana reposing after the chase; the wet drapery was very fine.

I do not presume to speak decidedly, but it appears to me that the marble statue shewn last year in the British Institution, representing Eve at the fountain, has been suggested by the one I have just mentioned; but as the artist assigns another authority for his design, we are bound to listen to him. In an adjoining apartment, we saw the work in progress. There was some shyness about the materials of the composition of this artificial stone, but chiefly in the proportions of the ingredients. Some articles are first formed roughly to give them the external shape in a mould; they are then polished by the chisel while in the soft state, which they endeavour to preserve by wrapping the block carefully in wet cloths. In some cases, particular enrichments prepared in *matrices* are added; and in others, the whole is nearly the work of the hand. The former of these instances refers chiefly to the manner of forming vases, the latter to the manner of forming figures, which in some cases are turned like pottery on a wheel, and moulded by the hand like smaller ware.

The process seemed very much like what I had observed

in Mr. Chantry's work-shops, in modelling the designs in clay for the future marble to embody.

After the figure is completed in all its parts, it is cut into separate pieces, for the convenience of introducing it to the oven, and is afterwards put together, firmly cemented, and iron rods introduced into the arms or other parts that may require to be strengthened. From this account, it is evident that the worker in artificial stone approaches very nearly to the higher class of the sculptor. The difference lies rather in the degree than in the qualities of the talent they may severally possess; for I do not speak of the mere dexterity of working the marble, since it is well known that the artists of the higher class seldom employ themselves in this part of the process, but allow inferior workmen to make the copy from their model in clay, reserving to themselves the last finish to the marble by their own hand. In every point of view, it must be considered as a very valuable approximation, to say the least of it, to the more expensive art of the statuary wherever embellishment is desired. It facilitates the production of copies from the finest models, and by uniting the nicety of the hand with the readiness of the mould in giving the general design, at once combines cheapness with a certain degree of intrinsic value, arising out of the individual skill of the artist.

I may illustrate this latter remark by referring to the two female statues which I have already said had been modelled by Bacon, which unquestionably have a great additional value conferred on them by the high character which this gentleman has since acquired. The durability of the material is an obvious advantage, as it fits it for the external ornament of public buildings, and is said in this respect to be fully equal to the ordinary kinds of stone. There were not wanting those who suggested the use of it in restoring the ornaments of the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey, in preference to the stone which has been, as I think, with better judgment employed. It is probable that this art may be carried to a high degree of perfection; for if the capability of this composition to resist the influence of the weather be fully ascertained by a longer experience, it will encourage a more general use of it, and give employment to the talent of a higher class of artists.

It is not affected by moisture, as we saw it was in frequent use for fountains, and this out of all question is the worst quality of our climate, in what regards the use of sculpture for external decoration. After having fully satisfied ourselves with the rooms devoted to the exhibition and manufacture of the artificial stone, our ciceroni conducted us to that part of the work exclusively employed in the formation of imitation marble, and which, for what reason I know not, is called the Scagliola work. It is such that I do not require to dilate much on the beauty of this process, since it is fully sufficient to my purpose to say that it equals the marble in brilliancy, smoothness, and variety of tints. It in one respect may be said to surpass it; because any defects on the surface of the original are of course avoided, and an equal degree of beauty preserved over the whole extent of it.* The scagliola is chiefly employed in ornamental pillars and pilasters; and as it is not subjected to the kiln, can only be used in interior ornaments, as it has not hardness sufficient to resist the action of the weather. There were also a number of vases in imitation of the different species of the most costly marbles, the effect of which was very fine.

In forming the pillar, a strong frame of wood is first used, which is covered with the artificial stone, and then coated with a mixture about one sixteenth of an inch thick, which gives the imitation of the marble intended. In its rough state, it gives no promise of its future beauty; but the first application of the scraper brings out all the rich tints which the artist expects from his process. It is only the rare qualities of marbles which are imitated; of this class we

saw fine specimens of the Verd Antique, Jaune Antique, Lapis Lazuli, Broccata, and Broccatella. Covent Garden theatre exhibits a fine specimen of the Jaune Antique in the noble pilasters which adorn the front of the stage. St. Paul's Cathedral has in like manner condescended to accept the aid of imitative art in beautifying her altar-piece with pilasters of Lapis Lazuli.

But they are only painted, not of scagliola, and the effect is prodigiously inferior. I can give no explanation of the meaning of the term bestowed on this manufactory. I have consulted several works, where I expected some satisfactory information, and have been disappointed. The workmen themselves are ignorant of it, and have been told that the question has been often asked of them without having it in their power to give any satisfaction. They consider the process to have been long known among the Italians, by whom it was employed to enrich their less valuable marbles, by inlaying them with birds, flowers, and fruit of the more beautiful kinds of the scagliola. It fades a little by exposure to air, but in a very short time a workman restores its brilliancy by merely exposing a fresh surface by scraping it, for I could not learn that any other application was resorted to. A very clever tradesman whom I met at another work of this kind, which I have since visited, very readily assented to my observation that the imitation was more beautiful than the real marble, at once assigning the right cause, namely, that no block of marble was found uniformly perfect throughout, and that the scagliola, not only exhibited the most beautiful varieties of each particular marble, but preserved the same perfection throughout.

* The same may be said of Roman pearls, which are more beautiful than the real one, and may by that very criterion be detected; and the finest artificial flowers approach the nearer to the matchless beauty of nature, that the faults are avoided, and the least specimens only copied.

MUSICAL SCRAP BOOK.

No. XIV.

JEREMIAH CLARK was educated in the Royal Chapel under Dr. Blow, who entertained so great a friendship for him as to resign in his favour the place of master of the children, and almoner of St. Paul's; and Clark was appointed his successor in 1693, and shortly after he became organist of that cathedral. In July, 1700, he and his fellow pupil were appointed gentlemen extraordinary of the Royal Chapel; and in 1704, they were jointly admitted to a place of organist thereof in the room of Mr. Francis Pigot. Clark had the misfortune to entertain a hopeless passion for a very beautiful lady in a station of life far above him; his despair of success threw him into a deep melancholy; in short, he grew weary of his life, and on the fifth day of November, 1707, shot himself. He was determined upon this method of putting an end to his life by an event which, strange as it may seem, is attested by the late Mr. Samuel Weeley, one of the lay-vicars of St. Paul's, who was very intimate with him, and had heard him relate it. Being at the house of a friend in the country, he took an abrupt resolution to return to London. His friend having observed in his behaviour marks of great dejection, furnished him with a horse and a servant. Riding along the road a fit of melancholy seized him, upon which he alighted, and giving the servant his horse to hold, went into a field, in a corner whereof was a pond and also trees, and began a debate with himself whether he should then end his days by hanging or drowning. Not being able to resolve on either, he thought of making what he looked upon as chance, the umpire, and drew out of his pocket a piece of money, and tossing it into the air, it came down on its edge and stuck in the clay: though the determination as-

vered not his wish, it was far from ambiguous, as it seemed to forbid both methods of destruction, and would have given unspeakable comfort to a mind less disordered than his was. Being thus interrupted in his purpose he returned, and mounting his horse, rode on to London, and in short time after shot himself. He dwelt in a house in St. Paul's Church-yard, situate on the place where the Chapter House now stands. Old Mr. Reading was passing by at the instant the pistol went off, and entering the house, found his friend in the agonies of death. The compositions of Clark are few; his anthems are remarkably pathetic, at the same time they preserve the dignity and majesty of the church style; the most celebrated of them are "I will love thee," printed in the second book of the "Harmonia sacra;" "Bow down thine ear," and "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem." The only works of Clark published by himself are lessons for the harpsichord, and sundry songs, which are to be found in the collections of that day, particularly in the "Pills to purge Melancholy;" but they are here printed without the basses. He also composed for Dr. Urley's comedy of the "Fond Husband; or, the Plotting Sisters;" that sweet ballad air, "The bonny grey-eyed morn," which Mr. Gay has introduced into the "Beggars' Opera," and is sung to the words, "Tis women that seduces all mankind."

Signora Margarita Durastanti was engaged by Mr. Handel at the same time with Senesino, and came with him into England. She sung in the Operas composed by Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio, till the year 1723. For the reason of her quitting England we are to seek, unless we may suppose that the applause bestowed on Cuzzoni, who appeared in the stage for two or three winters with her, was more than she could bear. However she made a handsome retreat, and, as it seems, took a formal leave of the English nation by singing on the stage a song written for her in haste by Mr. Pope, at the earnest request of the Earl of Peterborough, which, together with a burlesque of it by Dr. Arbuthnot, were printed in some of the public papers from a volume of poems among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum. Both poems are here inserted.

"Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?"

Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new,
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new:
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!"

"Puppies, who I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad,
Who lavish most when debts are craving,
On fool, and farce, and masquerade!
Who would not from such bubbles run,
And leave such blessings for the sun?"

Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpeners yield to new;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your nonsense still more shining:
Blest in some Berenstadt or Boschi,
He more awkward, he more husky;
And never want when these are lost t'us,
Another Heidegger and Faustus.
Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpeners yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!

ARTIST'S SCRAP BOOK.

No. II.

RULES FOR EXECUTING CARICATURES, BY MR. C. GRIGNION.

It is best to begin by making a harsh likeness of the person, without attempting the absolute *caricature*, and, in this likeness, the principal attention must be paid to the true relative proportions of the face.

A remarkably long face should be made still longer, and if any constituent part in a face is long in proportion to the other features, this part should be increased, and the other parts, (or at least that which is connected with it,) diminished. If the face is remarkably smooth, it should be perfectly polished in the caricature; if rugged, it should be increased to rock-work; fatness, lanness, &c. should all be treated on the same principles. In the expression, a similar method should be observed; if the subject usually looks grave, his caricature should have a still more solemn aspect; if cunning, simple, &c. the same rule should be attended to; in consequence those subjects that have not any remarkable disproportions, or in whose faces the expression is not uniform, but in some degree divided between different passions, are as difficult to caricature, as it would be to obtain a striking and favourable likeness of them; indeed, the caricature of such persons can only be like them in these moments, when that passion predominates, which was the object of the caricaturist. The ridiculous should never so far exceed the likeness, as to render the identity of the caricature doubtful for an instant. The spectator should be able to fix instantly on the person intended, and then be induced to laugh at the ridiculous figure he makes; to do otherwise is to make monsters, not caricatures.

VOLTAIRE'S PORTRAIT.

VOLTAIRE once chanced to pass through Cologne, a village about twenty miles from Geneva, just at the time when an eminent painter happened to be resting there for a few hours. The latter, contrary to the practice of most persons of his profession, had neither pencils nor colours about him, but enraptured with the sight of the philosopher, whom he here met so unexpectedly, he took a piece of charcoal, and with this rude instrument, drew a sketch of him over the chimney-piece of the inn. The resemblance of this sketch to the original, was uncommonly striking. Some time afterwards, the same place was visited by a jovial party, who were highly diverted with the grotesque figure of the patriarch of Ferney, not knowing for whom it was intended, and were just going to prophane it by various additions, when the hostess perceived the design, and exclaimed, "It is Voltaire!" At these words they were struck with awe; one of the company immediately rode, or rather flew, to Geneva, and fetched a glazier, to make a glass case to put before the portrait, in order to protect it from similar accidents. It is as large as life, and is supposed to be the best likeness of Voltaire extant. Under it were inscribed the following verses:—

"Mon œil le reconnoit, c'est lui-même, c'est lui
Qui de la verité fut le plus ferme appui."

"O toi qui dans ces lieux viens mettre pied à terre,
Trop heureux, ne pars pas sans contempler Voltaire!"

AN ECCLASTICAL CONFESSION.—Mrs. Charles Stothard, in her Tour through Normandy and Brittany, relates the following anecdote:—"It was Louis the Fourteenth, I believe, who once asked a priest, if a penitent confided to him the knowledge of a plot that was forming to take away the life of his King, he would inform him of the danger? To this question the Confessor replied, 'No, Sire; I would throw myself before your Majesty to ward off the blow; but were you certain to fall by the hand of the assassin, I would not betray the confession.'"

in a considerable degree, be viewed as a new work. It is brought down to the latest dates, and is illustrated with Maps of the principal Missionary stations.

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LONDON, MARCH 27, 1824.

dispersed, and the Opera House shut up; and though one or two attempts were made for the purpose, it was never again opened under the direction of the Royal Academy.

The following is a list of the Operas performed during its existence:—

- 1730 Numitor, composed by Giovanni Porta.
Radamisto, by Handel.
Narciso, by Domenico Scarlatti and Thomas Roseingrave.
- Astarto, by Bononcini.
- 1731 Arsace, a pasticcio.
Muzio Scevola, by Attilio Ariosti, Bononcini, and Handel.
Ciro o L'Odio ed Amore, by Attilio Ariosti.
- Floridante, by Handel.
- 1732 Crispo, by Bononcini.
- Griselda, by Bononcini.
- 1733 Ottone or Otho, by Handel.
Caius Marcius Coriolanus, by Attilio Ariosti.
Erminia, by Bononcini.
Flavius, by Handel.
- Farnace, by Bononcini.
- 1734 Vespasiano, by Attilio Ariosti.
Julius Cæsar, by Handel.
Calphurnia, by Bononcini.
- Aquilio, a pasticcio.
- Tamerlane, by Handel.
- Artaserse, by Attilio Ariosti.
- 1735 Rodelinda, Queen of Lombardy, by Handel.
Dario, by Attilio Ariosti.
- Elpidia, said to be composed by Leonardo da Vinci.
- 1736 Elisa.
Scipio, by Handel.
- Alessandro, by Handel.
- 1737 Lucius Verus, by Attilio Ariosti.
Admetus, by Handel.
- Astyanax, by Bononcini.
- Riccardo primo Re d'Inghilterra, by Handel.
- 1738 Sime. by Handel

"I would a humble sandal be,
(So sunk in love's felicity.)
That your neat foot might press on me."

But let us not be utterly unjust. There are better things in this little volume. The following, though not of the highest order, are at least tolerable:—

"ON HIMSELF.

"The arch-eyed fair ones in their bloom,
Breathing of sweets, and youth's perfume,
Exclaim, why now, Anacreon,
Lo, thou art bald,—thy locks are gone;—
Th' observing mirror, pray now take,—
Thy silver locks, thy brows forsake!
Indeed, as to these locks of snow,
If there they softly wave or no,
Concerns not me; but this I hold,—
The first of precepts here unfold,—
'Tis more becoming age to make
Still merry, and of sports partake,
By how much more approaches near
Our fate, which shuts up life's career."

"ON AN OLD MAN.

"I love a pleasant man of years,
Whom the buoyant spirit cheers;
I love the youth who will advance,
And wing the circlet in the dance:
But when the man of years up springs,
And bounds aloft in airy rings,
His brow indeed with snow is hung,
Still, still, in spirit he is young."

We cannot find anything superior to these, and from them must our readers decide whether they will cashier all former translators, and substitute Mr. Richardson. For ourselves, we are extremely well satisfied with our old favorites, and do not mean to be ungrateful.

Memoirs of India: comprising a brief Geographical Account of the East Indies; a Succinct History of Hindostan, from the most early Ages to the end of the Marquis of Hastings' Administration in 1823. Designed for the Use of Young Men going out to India. By R. G. WALLACE, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 8vo. 1824.

If authors make a practice of employing this kind of title-page, our critical occupation will soon become a sinecure. Very little will be left us except the restricted and ungracious office of pronouncing a brief sentence upon the manner in which a book is got up. All the description of its purposes, and the abridged sketch of its contents, which furnish out the introduction of an article, and form "the outward flourishes" of the reviewer's art, will be transferred completely into other hands.

Mr. Wallace has spent, he tells us in the preface, a great part of his life in almost every quarter of India. His opportunities of personal observation were greatly increased by the circumstance of his holding for several years a staff situation in the army. Regretting the want of such a work as his own, he seized every occasion of laying up the materials, which since his return to

England have been digested into the volume before us. He thus sums up the character of his labours: "He has endeavoured to abridge much that has been written on India, and to speak of what he himself saw, felt, and thought whilst in that country, as a plain soldier and an unprejudiced gentleman, anxious for the interest of truth and the welfare of his native land."

The work is divided into three parts, the two first of which are devoted to the geography and history of India; and the third contains a large mass of miscellaneous information. It cannot be expected that we should give any very copious extracts or any condensed account of the first two divisions of the work. The manner which Mr. Wallace has adopted, is, however, rather novel, and renders his book very readable. He does not give us a dry geographical account merely, but works it up with more general descriptions, touching upon habits, manners, opinions, commerce, &c. For instance, when speaking of Hurdwarra, he says:—

"The greatest fair in all India is held at Hurdwarra, where the Ganges enters the plains of Bengal. Here the pilgrims to the five sacred junctions, mentioned in the Sastras, assemble; and as they combine commercial speculations with devotion, every one brings or takes something. Two millions of souls annually congregate at this place for purposes of traffic, pilgrimage, and profit. Here are exposed for sale horses, mules, camels, tobacco, antimony, asafoetida; dried fruits, such as apricots, figs, apples, pears, prunes, raisins, almonds, nuts, and pomegranates; shawls, stuffs, blankets, turbans, looking-glasses, and toys in ivory and brass; shields, bows and arrows, rock salt, piece-goods, English broad-cloth, muslins, sarcenets, cocoa nuts; with slaves brought down from the hills, many hundreds of whom are sold, from three to thirty years of age, at the rate of £1 5s. to £18 2s. each.

"This prodigious mass, collected from various parts of Asia, and speaking different tongues, would be in the situation of the children of Noah at the tower of Babel, were it not that there is a general language of the fingers known and studied throughout Hindostan; which enables the seller and the buyer perfectly to understand each other. This mode of making bargains is common at every fair in the country. A purchaser goes up to a settler, and narrowly examines a camel or whatever he wants. The person to whom it belongs makes him an enquiring nod, which is answered by a positive shrug, and they join their right hands, over which a part of their muslin robe or cotton dress is thrown, to conceal their operations from inquisitive eyes. Then follows a most animated scene of gesticulation, which is conducted with patience and gravity; but when two experienced men meet, a bargain is concluded in a few seconds, and the price fixed by the fingers and eyes, in general so perfectly intelligible, that disputes seldom occur.

"Numbers of Fakiers, or rather Sanynaseen—for the former word signifies a devotee of the Mohamedan creed, and the latter, one of the Brahmanical—assemble at this fair to extort money under various pretences; some by torturing their bodies, and others by displays of buffoonery. There are four principal sects—Gosains, Bairagis, Jogis, and Udasis. The Gosains worship Seeva, and generally go naked, with a string of beads round the neck, their bodies frightfully painted, and armed often with sharp two-edged swords. Vishnu receives the adoration of the Bairagis, who are distinguished by peculiar stripes of yellow ochre, or sandal wood ashes on the forehead. The Jogis are followers of Seeva, but differ in some things from the Gosains, and are known by large elits in their ears, to which they hang no

the Indies. In speaking of Malacca, he thus describes the Malays :—

“Gaming and cockfighting are the favourite amusements of the Malays. To these unconquerable propensities they sacrifice fortune, life, and character. Their last morsel, the covering of their bodies, their wives and children, are frequently staked on the issue of a pair of dice, or the life of a cock. If lost, the desperate wretch sometimes intoxicates himself with bang, or hemp leaf, unties his long black hair, draws his deadly creese, and runs the muck. This is so named, from his calling *amok*, or *kill me*, which he repeats, aiming destruction at all he meets, till he is cut down in self-defence, or seized alive. But this he prevents by all possible means, and generally dies inflicting wounds till the last gasp. The Malays are active, restless, and courageous; but they are treacherous, ferocious, and vindictive. If you offend a Malay, he stabs you privately; if you punish him, his impetuous temper knows no bounds, and he sacrifices his own life in immediate retaliation by committing open murder.”

Under the head of Java, the account of the people is spirited and interesting :—

“Java swarms with life; and its inhabitants may be said to eat and drink animalculæ, for every thing exhibits innumerable forms of living matter. The forests are impenetrable from thick underwood, creeping plants, spiders’ webs of great strength, and every description of snake and venomous reptile. In the waters are prodigious numbers of all the eastern monsters and fishes, while the air teems with insects, and night blazes with phosphorescent flights of the fire-fly tribe. From the great cassowary to the little humming bird, the mountains and woods abound in the feathered race, and the boa constrictor is found here thirty feet long, and as thick as a buffalo, of which he makes but one meal.

“But man should be the great object with man; and if curiosity respecting our fellow-creatures be a general inclination of our nature, the Javanese character furnishes a

deceased admiral, who was wounded in the eye with an arrow, and who had thrown himself on the body of his master, started up, and with his sword killed several of the assailants, while another sailor, named Andrew Van Portua, who had lost his right hand, and received a musket ball in his shoulder, fought to the last with his left, dealing destruction around. When Almeyda's father heard of his son's death, he said, 'It is mine to sustain his place,' and brushing away the tear of mortal weakness, he proceeded with a fresh force to attack Hocenus, destroyed his whole fleet in the harbour of Diu, took that important little island, and amazed the continent by his valour and humanity.

"When Albuquerque attacked Malacca, his friend Arango was a prisoner there, and the enemy threatened to put him to death, the moment the siege should begin. Anxious to save his life, operations were suspended; but he wrote to his general—'Think of nothing but the glory of Portugal, and let not a thought of me prevent you from pursuing victory.'

"At a time when Ataida was much in want of troops, and sorely pressed by enemies, he ordered the ships to sail which every year carried the tribute to Lisbon. His officers remonstrated, and insinuated that all assistance was required for the defence of India. 'We shall be enough without them,' said he, 'the state is in distress, and its expectations must not be disappointed.'

"In the hottest part of a furious engagement, the son of Lopez Carasco was told that his father had been slain. 'We have one brave man the less,' said he, 'we must conquer, or deserve to die like him.'

"A beautiful young female was sold to the amorous Thomas de Souza, as a slave. She had been betrothed to a lover who almost adored her, and who rushed into his presence frantic with grief, offering to share her chains. Souza was deeply affected at the interesting sight:—'I give you liberty,' said he, presenting the youth with a purse of gold, 'go and live happy elsewhere.' This high-minded officer knew how to imitate the Roman, and to captivate the human heart by conquering his own."

The account of the commercial settlements and conquests of Great Britain in India, is brought down to the end of Lord Hastings' administration. Occupying not more than one hundred pages, it is of course a mere sketch, but it gives a fair and intelligible outline of this important and eventful history. We shall extract a few passages relating to Lord Clive:—

"He reached Calcutta in 1765, invested with supreme military and civil authority. His second career was commenced by professing in council that he came to reform the anarchy, confusion, and corruption which pervaded every department of the government. He, however, while professing the most disinterested motives, pursued a course of conquest, on the principle, which he made known in his public dispatches, that the princes of Hindostan were now so well convinced of our boundless views of ambition, there was no safety but in taking what, if not taken, would be turned to our own destruction. 'The very nabobs,' said he, 'whom we might support, would be watching to destroy us; we must indeed become nabobs ourselves, in fact, if not in name. In short, if riches and security are the objects of the Company, this is the only method for securing them.' Lord Clive, while he was thus consistent in enriching himself and the Company with the spoils of others, could make the nicest distinctions on points of morality, and talk like an angel about the self-destroying effects of luxury, corruption, avarice, and rapacity. In short, it appeared that Lord Clive, instead of having returned to Hindostan for the purpose of reforming abuses, came out armed with

superior power only to inflict greater evil. Perhaps from a concurrence of circumstances, no country ever endured more complicated misery than some parts of India in the latter part of his administration. It may be easily conceived with what painful feelings Lord Clive viewed the proceedings in parliament after his return. To find that after the most brilliant successes and accessions of territory, which had been pronounced most valuable acquisitions, the Company he had served were involved in distress, and forced to call upon a jealous people for a loan of £1,500,000 to pay off their current debts, must have filled a mind like his with chagrin and grief. Such was the indignation excited by the oppressions which had taken place in the East, that a bill was passed for the better regulation of the affairs of the East India Company, as well in India as in Europe, by which a supreme court was established in Calcutta, and a considerable share in the government of Hindostan vested in the crown. But this was not all, for heavy charges were preferred against Lord Clive, of corruption, avarice, and oppression. He defended himself, however, with great ability; and although it was not denied, that about the time of the deposition of Surajah Dowla, he received £234,000 under the name of private donation, an amendment was moved upon the censure, 'that Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to this country.'

"The remaining part of this great man's life was spent in retirement and solitude. Though he was acquitted by a public tribunal, the memory of the past tortured him, till existence became insupportable. He languished in all the horrors of melancholy and despair, amidst inexhaustible wealth which he was unable to enjoy, and at length put a voluntary period to his life, proclaiming to the world what has been so often proclaimed in vain, that the highest gratification of human wishes are insufficient to secure earthly happiness, if at variance with virtue and religion."

Our quotations have already exceeded all reasonable bounds, and they ought to stop here. But we should be very unjust to our readers if we did not give one or two passages from the concluding division of the volume. The ensuing is a curious statement:—

"Their wild notions with respect to chronology and mythology have been long themes for wonder and speculation. The same runs through all the arts and sciences cultivated among them. Every thing obscure is rendered incomprehensible, and when involved in perplexity it is left as the utmost length which human intellect can go. These circumstances of the mind have of course kept its faculties within the same small circle for ages, which would have been the case in Europe, but for those great luminaries who formed tangents from the sphere of received opinion. But in India, the poet, mathematician, astronomer, and musician, are all bound in chains by sacred rules that no man can understand; and which, therefore, are pronounced divine, as if the Almighty would instruct mankind by lessons above his comprehension. In music, they were restricted to thirty-six sacred melodies, and the hours by night and day for their performance laid down. Their ancient instrument, called Dwitantri, had only two strings, which tuned in fifths, produced the heptachord. Like ourselves they had seven notes, *sa, ri, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni*. They have our major and minor modes, but here simplicity ends, for their scale is divided into three parts. First, from the navel to the chest; second, from the chest to the throat; and third, from the throat to the brain. Besides the 36 sacred pieces, in many of which only two wild notes are used; they have 48 lighter melodies for dancing, which were invented by one of their gods after morality had become corrupted. In this state music now stands, the popular airs in India being generally Persian. Poetry can

greater intricacy. It is divided into 21 classes. In the first of six syllables, 64 combinations are composed on the syllables of each verse; 4096 on those of the half stanza; and 16,777,216 on the 24 syllables, which constitute the complete stanza. These classes all rise progressively in difficulty, so that in the last 67,108,864 combinations are composed on 26 syllables, within each verse; nearly 4,503,621,000,000,000 on 52 syllables, and more than 20,232,388,000,000,000,000,000,000 on 104 syllables, which form the stanza."

The miscellaneous matter is very varied and curious. It gives us a better knowledge, and in a more agreeable form, of the feelings, usages, superstitions, and modes of life of the Indians, than any other authority that we at present recollect. There are a great many useful hints and cautions to young men going out to India, generalized from the writer's personal experience. The Appendix and Addenda contain illustrations and authorities explaining and confirming the statements of the author. The work of Mr. Wallace, is after all, one which was much wanted, and conveys, in a reasonable space, a great deal of entertainment and instruction.

The Englishman's Library; comprising a Series of Historical, Biographical and National Information, &c. London: C. Knight, 1824.

THIS volume, though intended for what is distinctively called *the people*, may be read with advantage and delight by those whose lot, in respect to education and station, is more happily cast. It consists of a selection of papers from a work published a short time since, under the title of the "Plain Englishman," relating to interesting subjects of British history, scenery, and biography. The authors are Messrs. Knight, (the publisher,) Locker, Turner, and Dr. Southey. We cannot make any extracts from the prose articles, but the following verses by the Laureate, are not without that peculiar merit which distinguishes his poetry:—

ODE ON THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

"One day of dreadful occupation more,
Ere England's gallant ships
Shall, of their beauty, pomp, and power disrobed,
Like sea-birds on the sunny main,
Rock idly in the port.

One day of dreadful occupation more!
A work of righteousness,
Yea, of sublimest mercy, must be done!
England will break the oppressor's chain,
And set the captives free.

Red crosses of England, whom all shores have seen
Triumphantly displayed,
Thou sacred banner of the glorious Isle,
Known wheresoever keel hath cut

• The navigable deep;

Ne'er didst thou float more proudly o'er the storm
Of havoc and of death,
Than when, resisting fiercely, but in vain,
Algiers her moony standard lowered,
And signed the conqueror's law.

Oh, if the grave were sentient, as these Moors
In erring credence hold:
And if the victims of captivity
Could in the silent tomb have heard
The thunder of the fight,

Sure their rejoicing dust upon that day
Had heaved the oppressive soil,
And earth been shaken like the mosques and towers,
When England on those guilty walls,
Her fiery vengeance sent.

Seldom hath victory given a joy like this,—
When the delivered slave
Revisits once again his own dear home,
And tells of all his sufferings past,
And blesses Exmouth's name.

Far, far and wide along the Italian shores
That holy joy extends;
Sardinian mothers pay their vows fulfilled;
And hymns are heard beside thy banks,
O Fountain Arethuse!

Churches shall blaze with lights, and ring with praise,
And deeper strains shall rise
From many an overflowing heart to Heaven;
Nor will they in their prayers forget
The arm that set them free.

There is a good deal of freedom and beauty in the following versification by Mr. Knight, of the two well-known patriotic anecdotes:—

BRITISH HEROISM.

"Who has not wept o'er SIDNEY's early grave—
The wise, the good, the courteous, and the brave?
Who has not felt elate with patriot pride
To tell how England's Christian hero died?
On Zutphen's field of doubtful strife he lay,
While pale and faint his life-blood ebb'd away—
See, to his famish'd lips he bears the cup,

The far sought draught which nature bids him drain—
Why stops the warrior—why thus lifts he up
His head to look upon another's pain?
'Behold,' he cried, 'that soldier's anxious eye,
He asks this drop in his last agony;
The cheering draught I willingly resign,
This man's necessity is more than mine.'

Who has not kindled up at NELSON's fame,
And felt the tear flow at Trafalgar's name?
Who has not own'd, that in his patriot part
He wore the bravest and the kindest heart?
In Nile's great triumph when the hero fell,
Amidst the fears of those who lov'd him well,
Why asks he not the prompt obedient skill—
Why sits he on the dark and reeking ground,
To struggle with his pain, and task his will
Yet to endure his gushing, unstanch'd wound?
'Leave not,' he said, 'the bleeding seaman's side,
A streaming cockpit is no place for pride—
Alike with hopes of victory we burn—
With my brave fellows will I take my turn.'"

Such volumes as these are the most acceptable presents which can be placed in the hands of the younger portion of the middle classes. They not only furnish a large share of instruction, but they contain the evidences of an Englishman's right to be proud of his country.

Memoirs of the War of La Vendée. By MADAME DE SAPIAUD. London: C. Knight, 1824.

THE war of La Vendée was, perhaps, more pregnant with examples of obstinate courage, unbending fortitude, patriotic devotion, and personal suffering, than any other civil struggle which history records. It was sin-

gularly marked with instances of female courage and firmness, under the most unequalled privations. The *Memoirs of Madames La Rochejaquelein and De Bonchamps*, are strangely interesting, and with them must we class the little volume before us. Madame De Sapinaud was closely related to some of the distinguished Vendean generals, and was placed in situations which unhappily enabled her to describe that war but too well. Her object in writing the work is thus stated:—

“It is for you, my dear children, that I have written this history of the misfortunes and the glory of La Vendée. If our triumphs have been great, our disasters have been equally so; and Providence, which crowned our efforts with glory, while we remained faithful to our God, abandoned us as soon as we renounced that fidelity. Often, in writing these *Memoirs*, have I bedewed with my tears the page on which I retraced so many misfortunes. Surrounded as I was by enemies who persecuted me with sanguinary hatred; clothed in the garb of misery; and, to complete my wretchedness, separated from my children,—the only consolation I had left was to write for them an account of the heroic deeds and great disasters I witnessed. You will perhaps find in the course of my details, that I sometimes depart from the exact order of historical precision; but how can it be otherwise? Ever since the fatal day when the Patriots entered Montagne and set fire to my house, I wandered from cottage to cottage, uncertain where to lay my head. I know not even whether Providence will ever grant me the happiness of seeing you again, and folding you in my arms. In that case, this shall be the will of your unfortunate mother. May my children, when they read how their uncle Sapinaud, and their relatives Baudery and Verteuil died, learn to walk in their steps, and to hold, like them, but one object in view, that of faithfully serving their God and their king! May they, above all, preserve those sentiments of religion with which I have always endeavoured to impress them; and by such means they will procure a life of happiness in this world, and a never-fading glory in the world to come.”

Madame de Sapinaud, was the sister-in-law of the Vendean leader, La Verrie. This officer, at the head of an undisciplined peasantry, who were armed with a few fowling pieces, scythes and sticks, defeated the revolutionary troops in several skirmishes and engagements, and captured Chollet. Madame de Sapinaud thus describes her first interview with him after his success:—

“On his return, Sapinaud established his head-quarters at Chantonay. The national guards were terrified; the troops of the line fled in every direction. My brother-in-law wrote to inform me of his success, and he came himself a few days afterwards, to pay me a visit at Montagne. He was far, however, from deluding himself with hope; he assured me that the catastrophe was at hand, and that he and many others would perish. I endeavoured in vain to remove this melancholy presentiment.—‘Do not imagine, sister,’ he replied, ‘that I tremble at the prospect of death; I offered the sacrifice of my life the day on which I took up arms. My course is taken—there is an end of it. I will retard as long as I can the fatal moment, but I am sure it will not be long before I pay the forfeit of my life. All I regret is, that I cannot be useful, before I die, to the brave fellows who have followed me.’

“In vain did his aides-de-camp, Rangot and Bejarry, endeavour to divert his thoughts; he was struck with the idea of his approaching death. He bade me adieu, desiring me to comfort myself, and recommending to me his Vendéans. ‘Depend upon it, sister,’ said he, as he embraced

me, ‘I shall always be found at the head of my men, and you shall never hear of my having retreated before the enemy.’ As soon as he had got on horseback, there was a general shout of ‘Vive le Roi!’ and I returned to my fire-side, musing on what he had said.”

This melancholy fatalism was a common feeling amongst the Vendéans, and throws a mournful interest over the history of their struggle. He perished at the attack on the bridge of Charron.

Much of the volume of Madame de Sapinaud touches upon the same events with those of Bonchamps and La Rochejaquelein. We shall merely notice such parts as are more personal to the fair author:—

“My troubles increased on the 15th October. I had sent an express in the morning to La Blanchardiere, to apprise my children of the misfortunes with which we were threatened, and to advise them to seek their safety by flight; at the same time, I ordered a horse to be saddled to go and meet them, and in waiting the return of the express, I threw myself on my bed, to take a little repose. I had scarcely laid myself down, when they came to inform me that the Blues were entering on every side, and that nothing but immediate flight could save us. One of my maid-servants came into the room at the same time, and confirmed the sad news; the only thing to be done was to fly to the nearest wood for shelter. We had scarce entered it, when the roar of the cannon was heard in every direction, and from our station in the woods we could distinguish horsemen galloping about, and calling out to slaughter and burn every thing that came within reach. This tumult lasted till three o’clock. We saw two women running off a distance. Perrine, who had accompanied me, went to meet them, and asked them whence they came. ‘Oh! Heavens!’ said they, ‘we have just been robbed by the Blues; they took away all the money we had, and commanded us to return to Montagne, adding, that they were going to scour the woods, and kill every one they found in them.’ On hearing this, Perrine was anxious to quit the retreat we had chosen; but for my part, I preferred remaining till the evening; I dreaded falling in with those barbarians. At length, after sunset, we left the wood. Flames were seen in every direction; I expected to see the wood of Huguet on fire; but what was my astonishment! the ruffians had not even entered it; yet I did not dare to go through it, for fear of finding some of those wretched asleep in it. We proceeded to a hamlet not far off. I cannot express the terror with which I was seized on finding the doors of the houses open, and clothes and linen scattered about the street; it immediately struck me, that the inhabitants must have been killed. We immediately left the village, and hid ourselves behind a very thick hedge. Perrine went to get me some water at a neighbouring fountain, for I was almost dying of thirst. She had scarcely left me, when I heard the sound of horses approaching. I was very much terrified lest any misfortune should befall her; but the Blues merely asked the way to Les Herbiers, and passed on without doing her any injury. Finding ourselves in greater security than before, and being very much pressed by hunger, we determined on going to La Blanchardiere, for I was anxious to see my daughter. We therefore commenced our journey, keeping as much as possible out of the way of the roads and the farm-houses; but we could not altogether avoid the latter. The first we came to presented a terrifying spectacle; the doors were wide open, and the house was half burnt down; the cattle and the sheep were lowing and bleating out of doors, and the poor animals seemed to be calling for assistance. After passing this farm, we met a man and a woman with their little daughter, scarcely three years old. They told us they

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

yes, and that the Blues had ravaged

himself occupied with the details of

William, a young girl of the name of
the Blues. She was very pretty,
inspire tenderness than fury; the
to soothe her. They proposed to
unmistakable, promising her all sorts
that she was true to their promises,
times found kinder her more tract-
able ways of barbarity by tearing out
of skin. The poor girl uttered the
words were only answered by an ex-
claim, you little wretch, why don't you
hold me over torturing you.'—'Do
not repeat: my body is in your
in the hands of God, who will make
torments you inflict upon me.' They
saw, and the unfortunate girl fainted
down; they then committed the most
of person. 'Wretches!' exclaimed
he attracted by her cries to the spot,
and with your barbarity towards this
the Blues immediately drew his
long him a long time, overtook and

and was obliged for a long time to
nary in the lowest state of mendi-
cancy life was not only in constant
poverty, but also from starvation. We
these afflicting details, and must
the volume itself. There is an

pamphlet. The consequence was a marriage between
the manager and his fair advocate. The amiable dispo-
sition and cultivated mind of Mrs. Sheridan was sure
to make their domestic life one of great happiness, but
the disputes between Mr. Sheridan, and some of his
actors, ended in the destruction of his property, and
his voluntary self-banishment from Ireland. Here she
was intimate with all the members of that splendid li-
terary coterie which existed in London, soon after the
middle of the last century. About this time "Sydney
Biddulph" was written, a novel bearing evidence of great
talent, and which was extremely successful on its first
appearance. Miss Lefanu kindly gives the reader about
a hundred pages of extracts from the novel. This sa-
vours strongly of book-making.

We ought now to quote some of the anecdotes with
which the volume is pretty thickly strewn. They are
not any of them remarkably new, but do well in the
way of chit-chat:—

"At this time, Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor at
Mr. Sheridan's, when he was in London, and used to fondle
the children, in his rough way, who might, so far, boast of
having been '*elevés sur les genoux des philosophes*.' Ob-
serving that Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter already began
to give signs of that love of literature for which she was al-
terwards distinguished, and that she was very attentively
employed in reading his 'Rambles,' her mother hastened
to assure Dr. Johnson, it was only works of that unexcep-
tionable description which she suffered to meet the eyes of
her little girl. 'In general,' added Mrs. Sheridan, 'I am
very careful to keep from her all such books as are not cal-
culated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal
of youth.'

"Then you are a fool, Madam!" vociferated the Doc-

lightly, and the humorous ones of Sir Anthony Branyville, Harry, and Lady Flutter, could not, she felt assured, of being relished and justly appreciated by the tasteful and discriminating part of the audience in the pit and boxes, and that her presence *there* was unnecessary; but there was an infusion of sentiment exquisitely delicate in the piece, and as the whole belonged rather to the cast of pathos and genteel comedy, than of broad and farcical humour, she thought the respectable supporters of the middle class might require a little *leading*, and in consequence mentioned herself, with Mr. Archibald Frazer and a considerable body of friends, to point out to them *when* they should admire, and contribute *their* share to the success of the play, by obstreperous thunders of applause. Having obtained approbation for the complete success of this manoeuvre, the lively Mrs. Cholmondeley now requested the fortunate poetess would hasten the arrival of supper for herself and hungry friends; and *those* are little acquainted with the anxieties and solitudes of the drama, who cannot imagine, that seldom was a supper dispatched with greater celerity and appetite."

"The Discovery" was very successful, but her next comedy, "The Dupe," failed. She consoled herself in her disappointment by writing the following ode to patience:—

ODE TO PATIENCE.

"Unawed by threats, unmoved by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd.
Say, ye who search with curious eyes,
The spring whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind?
'Tis Patience.—Gentle goddess hail!
O, let thy votary's vow prevail;
Thy threaten'd flight to stay:
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And ruled with gentle sway.
Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known—
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?
'Twas Patience.—Temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to Passion's power;
Though by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
In one ill-fated hour.
When robb'd of her I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I loved so well:
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?
'Twas Patience.—Goddess ever calm,
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain:
Which, flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.
When sick, and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled;
Sleep—which even pain beguiles:
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And drest my looks in smiles?
'Twas Patience.—Heaven-descended maid,
Implored, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast:

Watch'd my sad couch with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.
What, when discever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide;
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears control?
'Twas Patience.—Gentle goddess, hear,
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise:
For still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of Heaven,
The sweet domestic ties."

The increasing embarrassments of her husband rendered it necessary for him to take refuge in France; where after composing "Nourjahad," the second part of "Sydney Biddulph," and a comedy, Mrs. Sheridan died in 1766. The character of this lady seems to have been very exemplary in all the relations of domestic life. Her talents were of a high order, and she bore with her to the grave a greater portion of regret than often falls to human lot.

The remainder of Miss Lefanu's volume is made up of anecdotes of the public men of the time, and of corrections of manifold errors in a work called "Watkin's Memoirs of R. B. Sheridan." The cast of the publication is amiable and agreeable, and will be read with much gratification.

EXHIBITION.—BRITISH GALLERY.

(Continued from p. 364.)

DEFEAT OF THE TURKS UNDER THE COMMAND OF ALI PACHA, (IN HIS ATTACK ON THE REPUBLIC OF SULI) BY THE SOULIOTES, IN THE DEFILE OF KLISSURA. PAINTED BY DENIS DIGHTON.

BATTLE pieces in general, at least modern ones, excite little interest in a pictorial sense, for that costume which is coeval with ourselves, rarely is acceptable to the eye that is accustomed to look for something more in historical composition than the habits of our own day. Mr. Dighton, however, in venturing to describe skirmishes and battles founded upon recent historical facts, has made ample compensation for what might otherwise appear a trespass upon good taste, by selecting the most romantic events in modern warfare for his subjects, making their sites no less interesting by their rude grandeur, than by animating them with a class of warriors congenial to our notions of the picturesque.

In this bold and striking composition, there is a fine display of costume, and a well studied arrangement of the many groups that agitate the scene. The rage of the Turks on one spot in meeting this repulse, their horror on the next on beholding the impending destruction from the falling masses of rock, the coolness and devotion of the Souliotes in this momentous struggle, animated to enthusiasm by the cries of the women, who willingly share in the danger—all conspire to the main object of the design. It is the determined struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor in that sublime moment, when one impulse seems to inspire every mind to the glorious resolve, to conquer or perish.

The practice of Mr. Dighton may be instanced as another proof of the success attendant upon steadiness in one pursuit of art, when the professor has had the felicity

to discover his forte. The three last pictures of this class, from his pencil, have been marked by progressive improvement. The last scene, "the Guerillas," made a favorable impression upon the judges of painting: it was a very spirited and as we understood, a very faithful picture of one of those desperate encounters which might be considered the episodes to the glorious Iliad of the Peninsula. The present subject is still a higher step in art. Indeed, we regret that the merits of this rising artist are not sufficiently felt; we mean generally felt; for the battle-pieces which have appeared of late, have little other merit than that of splendid general effect, (we speak not invidiously) for expression and pathos seem not to have constituted any part of the intention of the employers or the employed in designing such subjects.

In these compositions of Mr. Dighton's, we have a fine display of those agitating passions which are consequent upon the struggle of the field of battle, when foe meets foe, arm to arm, and without which we cannot consent to designate battle-pieces, in the true sense of the word historical paintings. It may not be discreet, perhaps, to add, what however we feel it but justice to this artist to notice, that we lament that he was not honored with one of the commissions for the large battle-pieces that are intended to celebrate the exploits of our illustrious hero, the greatest general of the age, and destined to decorate the walls of the British court. We hope, however, that this energetic composition, in which there is so excellent a display of military costume, and such an interesting variety of the picturesque attributes of warfare, will not remain on the walls of this patriotic institution unsold.

PUCK CARRYING THE ASS'S HEAD TO PLACE IT ON BOT-TOM'S SHOULDERS. PAINTED BY B. R. HAYDON.

It is not always becoming to relate to an audience what has been viewed behind the scenes, and were the relation of the circumstance injurious to the author of this very masterly picture, we should leave untold what we have heard. That this ass's head is the identical study which Mr. Haydon made from the life, for his composition of "Christ's entrance into Jerusalem." It however is of little import to the true connoisseur, so that he becomes possessed of a fine picture, or study, or sketch, to know for what particular purpose it might be wrought. Yet were we to become the purchasers of this piece, we should perhaps value it somewhat the more, from knowing some particular trait of its origin. The more chit-chat history is wrapped about an interesting scrap of art, the more is its value to those who mix the virtuoso with the amateur. This study of the ass's head then we think one of the finest productions in the present collection; and if it be true that Puck was made for it, and not it for that merry sprite, we should not hesitate to say that the adaptation is happily hit. The figure is designed in a fine gusto, and we think it an emanation of the artist's talent that would support his reputation, were it placed in the finest gallery of old masters. We much doubt whether Snyders or Rubens himself ever painted a finer study of this very picturesque animal.

THE BANDIT OF THE APENNINES. PAINTED BY C. L. EASTLAKE.

To object to the colour of these pictures because the dresses are too red or too brown, evinces more of fastidiousness than sober judgment. If the costume in colour be red or blue, the artist has no choice but to paint it. Certainly there is a general hue over these spirited compositions of Mr. Eastlake's that savours of peculiarity, but this arises from the fidelity with which he has depicted a class of people of another region, whose external appearance, as well as manners, differ so much from our own.

The violent contrast of the blue mountains and the water of the same colour, is also objected to: but we cannot judge

of the colouring of distant objects as they appear in the pure climate of Switzerland and Italy, by the subdued aerial tinting caused by our more dense atmosphere, which rarely exhibits the utmost distance in a tint of a higher approximation to a primate colour than a bluish grey. Whatever may be said of the sameness of these pictures, as to the first impression which they may make upon the eye of an English amateur, no one at all acquainted with the properties of painting can object to the praise which their author has acquired for the masterly and original style in which they are wrought. The figures have the true air of nature; they are well determined, and painted with a breadth and simplicity of execution that appears to be accomplished without effort. The subjects are well composed, the trees are touched with looseness and facility, and there is nothing wanting but time to subdue something of the oily or crude appearance of the general texture to render them delightful cabinet pictures.

THE WIFE OF A CHIEF OF BANDITTI, LOOKING OVER A PRECIPICE, AND WATCHING THE RESULT OF A SKIRMISH BELOW. PAINTED BY C. L. EASTLAKE.

This female adventurer, of whom we gave some account in a former number, is here represented in a situation of great pictorial interest. She is on a height, which might well appal any one of the sex, but the fearless companion of these mountain robbers, and grasping the limb of a tree for security, is anxiously looking down upon a skirmish between her friends and some of the police troops, who were dispatched to destroy them in their haunts. The daring spirit of this heroine, who is now well known at Rome, is strongly expressed in her visage, and the interest which she feels in the preservation of her husband and his partisans, is told by the vehemence with which she compresses her fist. The conception, and indeed the treatment of this subject, would be creditable to the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

BOATS AT UTRECHT. PAINTED BY J. B. CROME.

The excellence of the landscape and river scenery, which is so universally admired in the old masters, depended materially, as we have observed before, upon these celebrated painters living amidst the scenes which they imitated with so much truth, and which enabled them to diffuse that charm over their compositions, which is only felt in proportion as they are fac-similes of nature. Mr. Crome is one, or rather was one of those ingenious provincial artists, whose pencil portrayed what he saw with unaffected simplicity, and may be regarded as the founder of a school of landscape in his neighbourhood, which promises to do credit to its ingenious preceptor, and to identify the county of Norfolk with the arts. Suffolk, we know, has been indebted to her native painter, Gainsborough. Constable, too, will help to spread the fame of the pictorial scenery of this county; and his birth place, too, by the truly English pastorals, which his admirable pencil has chosen, to perpetuate to those times to come, when future connoisseurs shall talk of him and Gainsborough, and Crome, and Vincent, and Starke, as the old English masters.

The city of Norwich of late years, has merited the approbation and applause of the metropolitan artists, from the number of landscape painters and draftsmen who have successfully studied the arts within its ancient walls. The late Mr. Crome, who practised there, has long been considered a painter of considerable merit. This marine piece, is a bold and efficient specimen of his style. There is a breadth of effect and deep soberness of tone, though not wanting in richness, pervading this scene, which bears testimony to the talents of its ingenious author, whose loss to the art and to his friends, we hear, is still the subject of deep regret in the neighbourhood where he resided.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

is great increase in the number of artists since the foundation of the Royal Academy by our late revered Monarch, having rendered the rooms of that valuable national institution inadequate as a place of exhibition for the numerous works of art annually sent for that purpose; and the British Institution (the only public place of sale) closing its exhibitions of Modern Art early in April; in order to diffuse a more general taste for the fine arts by an annual display of the best works of the Old Masters—a large body of artists (not members of the Royal Academy) have been induced, under these circumstances, to form themselves into a Society for the erection of an "Extensive Gallery for the Annual Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom," in the various branches of Painting (in Oil and Water Colours), Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, at the period when the tasteful and opulent are usually resident in the Metropolis, viz.—during the months of April, May, June, and July; the Exhibition to open at the close of the British Institution, in April next.

The regulations are upon the most liberal principles. Artists of merit in the empire will have an opportunity of displaying their works so as to be fairly seen and appreciated by the public, and they will also be eligible as members of the society. The Gallery, which is nearly completed, will be entered by a handsome Doric façade, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, and will consist of a suite of six rooms, well proportioned, and severally adapted to the various departments of arts.

In the furtherance of this desirable object, the undersigned feel induced to solicit that protection and assistance, from the patrons and lovers of British art, which are indispensable to the success of their undertaking:—

J. Heaphy, T. C. Holland, J. Glover, H. Richter, H. Wilson, P. Nasmyth, G. Vincent, W. Linton, J. Martin, J. Burnet, G. Maliphant, C. Stanfield, D. T. Barton, T. Hargreaves, H. Rossi, C. Heath, H. Hawley, J. Henning, G. Hargreaves, D. Roberts, B. Blake, J. Voodin, J. Henning, Jun., C. Scott, C. H. Smith, J. G. Maddox, L. Perez, R. B. Harraden, F. Read.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,
I am requesting your insertion of the inclosed observations, in relation to all controversy with Veritas. I respect the worth of feeling he evinces towards the Fine Arts, and rely on him to come forward with a humble endeavour to shew that the remarks of those who have presumed with "critic-companions" to scan the New Street, are not without foundation. For the general truth of those remarks, I appeal to the professional and scientific men who read your valuable miscellany, fully sensible that in so doing I select a most valuable majority.

Differing from your correspondent Veritas as to the merits of the New Street, I presume to offer a few remarks, as a whole, and with reference to its principal parts. That the Regent-street is picturesque I admit, but even in respect greatly inferior to the High-street, Oxford; the architectural beauties of which, finely mingled with minor buildings, produce that contrast so necessary to the picturesque, and afford a repose to the eye, vainly sought for in the crowded succession of parts forming the New Street. It also remembered, that the "painter's light" (so happily caught by the three friends of Veritas) greatly contrives to the production of this effect. Such praise would, however, afford little gratification to an architect zealous for the honour of his profession, and desirous of being known posterity as the author of a work worthy of the age and

country in which he lived. Veritas observes, "had Sir John Vanbrugh lived in the present day, when the elegance of Greek architecture is so well understood, his taste would have been better regulated, and he would have done works of unexceptionable grandeur." We can only regret, that such exemplars were not within the reach of a man so fully qualified to do them justice. The Grecian architecture is well understood; but is it to the Regent-street we must go for the proof of this? Will Warren's Hotel, the Haymarket Theatre, or even Mr. Nash's "elegant" house, evidence this knowledge?

"No profession has been mauled and mangled by rude hands, for certain, as this said divine science of architecture." Thus saith Veritas; and where shall we more readily substantiate this, than by accompanying the three friends of Veritas in their walk up Regent-street; premising that many of the designs (I may say the best) are the production of other architects, though subjected to the approval of Mr. Nash. All this, it will be said, is "anonymous" censure. True!—but if correctly urged, it rests on as firm a foundation as "anonymous" praise. And now to proceed.

Mr. Smirke's Club House, shews much of that chaste simplicity characterising his works, but it cannot be cited as a model of classical correctness. St. Philip's Chapel, with its Roman portico and Greek bell tower, has been criticised by an abler pen than mine. From thence we will pass the bed-posts, as they have been not unaptly termed by some one who probably knew a "pillar from a pilaster," and most assuredly could discern that it was not productions of this kind, which would exalt our natural architecture in the eyes of the world, they being neither picturesque, classical, or architectural. The Regent Circus is good in its features, but sadly disfigured by the shop-fronts, which appear forced into the apertures, and like Falstaff's recruits, of all shapes and sizes. Surely, the almost uncontrolled authority of Mr. Nash might have prevented this. We now approach the County Fire Office, built by Mr. Abraham, and this may be regarded as one of the best (if not the very best object) in the street. It is not original, but a close copy of the Great Gallery to Old Somerset House, the chief alteration being the substitution of three quarter columns, for the pilasters of the original. Nevertheless, a good copy is better than a bad original, and it must ever be regarded as a fine termination to this view of the street. The Quadrant Colonnade is a picturesque feature, but the buildings above it are very indifferent. We now approach the site of Swallow-street, and here the line between Beak-street and Leicester-street, built by Mr. Burton, is deserving of much commendation. Still, however, have we the same vile shop fronts, so sadly at variance with the otherwise beautiful appearance of this façade; and the omission of the architrave over the columns, is a defect not to have been expected, in a building otherwise possessing so many good points. The houses on the opposite side are much inferior.

The front, executed for Mr. Robins, will, I think, find few admirers either for architectural propriety or picturesque beauty. Its "pilasters, scored like loins of pork," indicate the architect, and a recent severe lecture has sufficiently explained the opinions of the cognoscenti with regard to his merits. Archbishop Tennyson's Chapel, and Carbonnell's front, are in much better style; indeed the latter is a proof that the Greek architecture is well understood. What Mr. Cockerell's Chapel (the corner of Hanover-street) may be when finished, I know not, but its present appearance does not certainly support the reputation that gentleman has hitherto acquired, more especially when his beautiful exhibition drawings are recollected, in which classic architecture has been combined with a high degree of inventive genius. The towers of this structure are simple and elegant in form, and far superior to the details of the remaining parts, which seem studied from the worst

periods of Grecian architecture. The Argyll Rooms are in the puerile taste, pervading the street. Unmeaning terminals, sunk panels, and trifling details, are the characteristics. From thence to Mr. Nash's New Church the same observations apply.

Here we may naturally exclaim, Mr. Nash will produce something worthy our age. The "finest street in the world," will surely contain a temple of commensurate magnificence. Will it possess the simple majesty of the Parthenon, or the elegance and beauty of the Erechtheum? We turn from these speculations and behold Mr. Nash's Church! Compare it with St. George's, St. Martin's, or any of Queen Anne's churches, and say, if in the reign of George the Fourth, the most munificent patron of the arts, such a structure is worthy of his reign, or of his people. Erect a second St. Pancras in the "finest street in the world," and you produce something to adorn it, but with Mr. Nash's Church staring us in the face, it is in vain to eulogize his great abilities. The impossibility or injustice of pronouncing judgment on an unfinished building may be urged, but "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

The scaffolding is struck from the spire, and the general form of the whole exposed to view. The houses from thence connecting the street with Portland-place (a fine open, unpretending street) are neither below praise, or above censure, and the circular wings forming the approach to the Regent's-park, neatly arranged.

In thus freely commenting on the New Street, I am neither incited by "malignant envy," or a desire to undervalue the fair fame of Mr. Nash; but when professional men in their search for novelty, neglect the sound principles of art, and indulge in every caprice and absurdity, they must bear the comments to which they lay themselves open; and every man who conscientiously gives his opinion, is justified in so doing, and is moreover, in some degree, bound to protest against such innovations, proceeding as they do from those who rank high in the profession, and who should be the luminaries to guide the young student; not the false lights to mislead him.

That Mr. Nash has, or has not, produced a work calculated to exalt the architecture of his country, posterity (should his street exist beyond the present century) will judge, alike unawed by "anonymous" censure, or unbiased by "anonymous" praises.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,
March 24. 1824. A STUDENT.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE CONNECTED WITH THE FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the Somerset House Gazette.

MY DEAR SIR,

For I must now call you so, for the pleasure and information you afford me.

I have just seen an admirable copy of a very fine *Wilson*, by Miss Gouldsmith;—there is a little anecdote attached to this picture, which, with some of your garnish, might make a small side-dish for your dessert. The late Saunders Welch, the Magistrate, whom I remember very well, and have often been at his house at Hampstead, calling one day on Mr. Nollekens found *Wilson* there, and was much pleased with him: he inquired some time after who that friend of his was, that he had met, and wished Mr. Nollekens to bring him some day to dine with him. Nollekens replied, "He is not rich, you had much better give him a commission for a picture." "Well, what is his price?" "Perhaps about 15 or 20 guineas." "Well, tell him to paint me a picture for 15 guineas, and leave the subject to

himself, and bring him to dine with me." At the death of Mr. Welch it came into Mr. Nollekens's hands, and was sold at his sale to the present proprietor, Mr. Tomkinson of Dean Street, Soho, who lent it to Miss Gouldsmith to copy. The original is now thought cheap at 300 guineas.

I am, Sir, your's truly,
A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

SIR,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your highly interesting miscellany, to give some account of a society I last night had the gratification of visiting, recently formed by a number of Artists, for the important study of Anatomy, under the designation of the "Artists' Anatomical Society," which I was happy to find met with the most unqualified approbation of Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. who, on that evening, honoured the society with his attendance, and offered to do any thing in his power for the society.

The object of this association is fully expressed by its title. The mode of proceeding at its meetings (which are twice a week during the season), is by lecture and demonstration of the Anatomy of the Human Body, followed by examinations of the members, by Mr. G. Simpson, an anatomical student; and at the head of this useful institution is A. Cooper, Esq. R.A. who I understand takes considerable interest in the conduct of it, for which he is eminently qualified by the example of excellence in his department of the Art, and the urbanity of his manners.

The indispensable utility of Anatomy to Artists is, I believe, unquestionable; and I will not trespass on your columns more than by earnestly recommending the society to the students in art, as a means of attaining the knowledge (as it struck me) in a manner both permanent and agreeable.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
J. N.

March 24, 1824.

ARTIST'S SCRAP BOOK No. III.

MR. READ, THE SCULPTOR.

NICHOLAS READ was successor to Roubiliac, both in business, and as a most eminent artist. He was Roubiliac's first apprentice, and became so by a very particular incident, which shewed his early genius. Mr. Roubiliac on his first settling in England, determined never to take an apprentice on any terms whatever; but Mr. Read's father hearing of Mr. Roubiliac's great abilities, and discovering an early propensity in his son to drawing and modelling, wished to perfect him in those branches under his care. Despairing to obtain what his heart most wished for, that he would take him apprentice while yet at the academy, he prevailed with Mr. Roubiliac to take him into his house to instruct him in drawing and modelling. Some few weeks after, Mr. Roubiliac working on a very fine bust, of which he was particularly nice, and which he would not permit any one but himself to touch, our young artist was daring enough, in the absence of his master, to attempt to finish it, which he either nearly or quite accomplished. When Mr. Roubiliac returned to work, his surprise can be better conceived than here related. Convinced he had not done near so much when he had left it, and knowing he had no one who would have attempted so bold an undertaking, he taxed his young pupil, who frankly confessed it. From that moment he in his turn became the solicitor to his father to take him apprentice; and they continued inseparable.

ever after, and all distinction was lost in the affection for him. Mr. Read gained in the years 1762 and 1763 two largest premiums ever given by the Society of Arts for sculpture against all nations that vied to oppose him; and has more performances of his work in Westminster Abbey than any other artist. His talents were, from his great studies, impaired at a life when other men's are in their prime, and he is totally deprived of reason some short time before his death. Mr. Read occupied the same house in which his Roubiliac had lived in St. Martin's-lane, and died on the 11th, 1787.

DEARE, THE SCULPTOR.—ZEAL FOR HIS ART.

The following anecdote will give a better idea of Deare's zeal for his art, than a volume of panegyric:—One day at Grotto Ferrata, where I passed my time in order to avoid the heat of Rome, in one of my idle days I ever remember, he arrived on foot, in company with a Formatore, (a plaster-caster,) having carried, as he said, for seventeen miles, about 20lbs. of clay, and a plaster of Paris. Dinner was just served, but he would not come up to partake of it, until I first promised to him, the instant the cloth was removed, to Monte Mario, a deserted villa belonging to Prince Borghese, where I had the keys, that he might there press off one side locks of the famous *Antinous*, not having been on his own correct drawing of it, to give any thing character to the hair of a French lady, whose bust he was executing. We went there; he stole the impression returned in raptures to Rome, on foot, the same day.

DRAMA.

Madame Catalani.—Madame Catalani, having recovered from her indisposition, and settled her difference with the theatre, has resumed her station at this theatre. We are nothing new to remark upon her performance of *Il Fanatico*, except that she introduces the recitative air, *Di tanti palpiti*, from Tancredi. This, we are told, is the peace-offering to Rossini, the lady having been "set off," as the Americans have it, from appearing in a piece of that celebrated composer. Madame Catalani at least so it strikes us—sacrifices a good deal of the simplicity and beauty of this fine composition, to effect, in the recitative, *Tu Ch'accendi*, with all the pomp and circumstance of a provincial actor. It is no doubt; perhaps she makes it too fine. How could any living person execute it nearly so well. In short, she approaches as high perfection as is possible. Then, is no room for carping or criticising. One has only to do but listen, and drink in the exquisite sounds of this wonderful singer. It has been objected to Madame Catalani, that in this opera, *Il Fanatico*, she engrosses all the attention. This criticism has one or two faults; first, it is not true; next, if it were, do we go to the opera to hear the inattentive persons, or the great mistress? The former we have at any time; the latter comes amongst us at the rate of years. We have no great reverence for the claims of the daily press, at any time, and more especially the subject of the opera, for which their critical attacks are generally of the negative order only.

Mathews.—On Thursday, this gentleman threw open his doors for the reception of company, to witness his performance of *Transatlantic Curiosities*. Several weeks ago, we had our apprehensions lest the witty propensities of the actor might carry him a little too far in turning "the jest" into ridicule. This apprehension was most unfounded, for we never heard any thing with less "offence

in it." Every third sentence of Mr. Mathews' recitation is a compliment to America. In speaking of their faults, he contrasts them with some virtue, and in shadowing forth a weakness, he opposes to it the light of some strength. This may be the result of honest conviction, or of interested policy. We hope it is the first; but we know that Mr. Mathews intends making another "trip to America." It is polite, therefore, to throw the sop to Cerberus. In spite, however, of his eulogies, compliments, and observations, there was continually peeping forth a desire to make a home thrust at our quondam children; or as they would express it, Mr. Mathews wished to "walk into them." His fears prevented the indulgence of his wishes. The consequence was, a gross inconsistency throughout the whole of his exhibition. The audience felt this, and very weakly applauded his compliments of the Americans, which seemed after the representation of their follies, a great deal too forced and insincere.

The performance begins with his departure from England—his passage over the Atlantic—a ludicrous description of his fellow travellers—his arrival at a New York boarding-house, and its inmates. This last particular is very excellent in point of acting, but the principal persons are Englishmen! The scene might just as well have been laid in London or Liverpool. There is a Mr. Pennington, an American philosopher, and a great favourite of Mr. Mathews, who compares him to Corran. If the imitation be a good one, he is much more like a field preacher. The account of a negro theatre is uncommonly laughable, though grossly extravagant. The review is another edition of his old song of "Wormwood Scrubs." In his play-bill we perceive, that Mr. Mathews heads this ridiculous description "American Army." There is a long story of General Jackson at New Orleans, which has been the property of the newspapers for the last twelve months. "A real Yankee" is a portrait which makes every one laugh, but it is in part a caricature. We happen to know a great deal more about "real yankees" than Mr. Mathews does—and we know that his portrait is overcharged in all its features. This arises most probably from his professional mode of looking at human life. Mr. Mathews is a caricaturist by trade, and he sees every thing through a distorting and exaggerating medium. The best told anecdote of the whole collection was of a poor Frenchman asking for a letter at the Post Office, but then it had nothing to do with America. There was a good imitation of an ignorant judge—and this, too, was wholly unconnected with America. The performances concluded with a "Monopolylogue" called "All well at Natchitoches," which was very well performed, but not very comic, and certainly as much English or French as it was American. In reviewing this exhibition, we cannot but praise the talents of the actor, although it is perfectly manifest that he might have said and done the same things without making any "Trip to America."

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XIV.

Mrs. Barry, who was famous at the latter end of the seventeenth century, was then in possession of almost all the chief parts in tragedy: with what she gave life to them, you will judge by the words of Dryden, in his preface to *Cleomenes*, where he says, "Mrs. Barry, always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the theatre."

I very perfectly remember her acting that part; and however unnecessary it may seem to give my judgment

after Dryden's, I cannot help saying, I do not only close with his opinion, but will venture to add, that (though Dryden has been dead these thirty-eight years) the same compliment, to this hour, may be due to her excellence. And though she was then not a little past her youth, she was not till that time fully arrived to her maturity of power and judgment: from whence I would observe, that the short life of beauty, is not long enough to form a complete actress. In men the delicacy of person is not actually necessary, nor the decline of it so soon taken notice of. The fame Mrs. Barry arrived to, is a particular proof of the difficulty there is in judging, with certainty, from their first trials whether young people will ever make any great figure on the stage. There was it seems so little hopes of Mrs. Barry at her first setting out, that she was at the end of the first year discharged the company, among others that were thought to be a useless expence to it. I take it for granted, that the objection to Mrs. Barry at that time must have been a defective ear, or some unskilful dissonance in her manner of pronouncing; but where there is a proper voice, and person, with the addition of a good understanding, experience tells us, that such defect is not always invincible, of which not only Mrs. Barry, but the late Mrs. Oldfield, are eminent instances. Mrs. Oldfield had been a year in the Theatre Royal, before she was observed to give any tolerable hope of her being an actress; so unlike to all manner of propriety was her speaking! How unaccountably then does a genius for the stage make its way towards perfection; for, notwithstanding these equal disadvantages, both these actresses, though of different excellence, made themselves complete mistresses of their art by the prevalence of their understanding. If this observation may be of any use to the masters of future theatres, I shall not have made it uselessly.

Mrs. Barry, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb and gracefully majestic; her voice, full, clear, and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when mistress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exercising pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I had ever yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. Of the former of these two great excellences, she gave the most delightful proofs in almost all the heroic plays of Dryden and Lee; and of the latter, in the softer passions of Otway's *Monimia* and *Belvidera*. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony, and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above recited compliment upon her acting *Cassandra* in his *Cleomenes*. But here I am apt to think his partiality for that character blinded his judgment, and may have tempted him to let it pass for her master-piece; when he could not but know, there were several other characters in which her action might have given her a fair pretence to the praise he had bestowed on her for *Cassandra*; for, in no part of that is there the least ground for compassion as in *Monimia*; nor equal cause for admiration, as in the nobler love of *Cleopatra*, or the tempestuous jealousy of *Roxana*. 'Twas in these lights I thought Mrs. Barry shone with a much brighter excellence than in *Cassandra*. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone, if I mistake not, first in King James's time, and which became not common to others till the division of this company, after the death of King William's queen, Mary. This great actress died of a fever towards the latter end of Queen Anne, the year I have forgot, but perhaps you will recollect it by an expression that fell from her in blank verse, in her last hours, when she was delirious, viz.—

"Ha! ha! and so they make us lords by dozens!"

LINES TO GARRICK.

THE following elegant compliment to the British Rascius, appeared in the "Champion, or Evening Advertiser," of July 17, 1742. Garrick made his first appearance on the London stage, October 19, 1741:—

O thou the Phoenix of the age!
The prop and glory of the stage!
Thou Proteus, that with so much ease,
Assum'st what characters you please.

That, were Democritus alive,
He at the tragic strains would grieve;
Heraclitus himself would smile,
To hear thee in thy comic style.

Where didst thou learn thy wond'rous art,
To find the way to every heart?
At once to rise, at once break forth,
In all this sudden blaze of worth?

When in thy Richard I behold,
The tyrant subtle, stern and bold,
My soul, with various passions tost,
Is in the quick transition lost.

When next I see thy well-feigned woe,
I pity thee, altho' my foe;
With Lady Anne I straight relent,
And am rejoiced that you repent.

But when the tyrant you resume,
And fix the hapless infant's doom,
Scarce can I think thou play'st a part,
But wish to stab thee to the heart.

How can thy gentle nature bear,
T'assume the murdering villain's air?
Search all the characters, you'll find
Not one less suited to thy mind.

'Tis here thy genius is admir'd;
'Tis here thou seem'st almost inspir'd;
Each other part thou actest well,
But 'tis in this thou dost excel.

SOME years since, the theatre at Glasgow, (then the new theatre) was set on fire by a set of religious enthusiasts, and the stage entirely consumed. This disaster occurred the night before the arrival of two celebrated actresses, Mrs. George Anne Bellamy and Miss Wordley, who were to have performed the ensuing night. The following circumstance was the occasion of the conflagration. A methodist preacher who held forth in that city, told his auditors that he dreamed, the preceding night, he was in the infernal regions at a grand entertainment, where all the devils in hell were present: and that Lucifer their chief, gave for a toast, the health of Mr——, who had sold his ground to build him a house upon (meaning the theatre) and which was to be opened the next day for them all to reign in. The poor ignorant enthusiastic hearers of this "godly" preacher found their enmity against Satan and his subjects instantly inflamed by this harangue; and in order to prevent so alarming an extension of his infernal majesty's empire, they hastened away in a body to the new-built playhouse, and set the stage on fire. Luckily the flames were extinguished before any other part of the theatre was consumed, but the wardrobe, belonging to the two actresses, which lay in packages on it, was entirely destroyed. It appeared that this religious mob had been joined by others, who wished to take advantage of the conflagration; as a great deal of the false trumpery on the regalia of the kings and queens, had been taken away; and being found of no va-

fire, lay scattered about the fields. As the theatre was situated distant a mile from the city, and the flames did not burst out so as to become visible, the incendiaries completed their design, and silently retired. No alarm was therefore given, nor the loss known till the next morning.

ADDRESS.

THE Public has recently learnt the death of Mr. BOWDICH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER, who it appears has fallen, at the early age of 30, in the cause to which he had devoted himself, leaving a widow and three young children totally unprovided for.

Attached to her husband, no less by the congeniality of taste than by the most devoted affection, Mrs. Bowdich was his almost constant companion in Africa, the sharer of his perils, and the indefatigable assistant of his literary labours.

The letter in which she announces her bereavement, thus depicts her situation:—

"I am about to try your friendship, dear Sir, in a thousand ways, for I am now alone in the world, widowed and unprotected. Your friend expired on the 10th of January, after suffering a fortnight in the Gambia fever; all human aid was tried, but his extreme impatience to get well, his annoyance at the interruption of his pursuits, and his want of faith in the remedies prescribed, proved too mighty for his strength, and he has fallen a victim to the cause for which alone he lived. I dare not expatiate on my own loss, you can well imagine its magnitude, as you are aware of my forlorn situation; I feel as it were stunned by its weight, but manage to keep up for the sake of my three children, now totally dependent on me. The time is coming when I shall feel it even more, for now I am surrounded by kindness only, particularly in the person of Captain Findlay, the commandant here, who has acted like a father to me and mine. . . . No Will has been left, therefore, it is my duty to administer to his effects, whatever risk I run in so doing. A will not arrest me, I suppose, but I fear B and C; however time will, I hope, enable me to liquidate the few debts left behind, if that time is but allowed me. I hope, looking to my own support, through S and M to get employed in different works in natural history, setting up as an artist in that line. God grant me success, I am not fit for any thing else, and if I am supported by health and friends, I may yet know comparative happiness in endeavouring to make my children worthy of the noble and generous soul which is now with its Creator. I shall return, or at least hope to set off, in the brig James, Captain Smith, at the end of April, which will be the first opportunity by which I can convey my family."

It will thus be seen that Mrs. Bowdich is returning to England in a state of destitution, not only to struggle with the vicissitudes attending the precarious employment which she has yet to seek, as the means of supporting her family, but also in apprehension of personal inconvenience.

Under these circumstances, therefore, some of the friends of the late Mr. Bowdich have concluded to appeal, on behalf of his widow and children, to the good feeling of those who can appreciate the disinterested devotion of life and talent to a noble object, or who, having the interests of Science and Literature at heart, recognize in the circumstances of Mr. Bowdich's death, and the consequent situation of his family, a claim upon their liberality.

Were Mrs. Bowdich in England, it is probable that even the extremities of her case would not conquer her repugnance to the mode of relief which is now resorted to; but as her arrival cannot take place for some weeks, an opportunity is thus afforded of reconciling the effects of sympathy with a just regard to her feelings; and it is earnestly hoped that, wherever there exists the ability, there will

also be the inclination to rescue from the bitterness of penury, the family of an individual who, in seeking the advancement of Science, has sunk into an untimely grave.

Subscriptions received by Charles Knig, Esq. British Museum; J. G. Sowerby, Esq. 153, Regent Street; John Tomkins, Esq. South-Sea-House; Messrs. Coutts & Co. Strand; Messrs. Ladbroke & Co. Bank Buildings; Messrs. Longman & Co. Paternoster Row, and Mr. Ackermann, Strand.

A list of the sums contributed will be circulated at the close of the Subscription.

March 22, 1824.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MR. JENNINGS, who recently published DR. MEYER'S splendid volume of *Antient Armour*, has in the press a new work on *European Scenery*, by CAPTAIN BATTY, of the Grenadier Guards. It will comprise a selection of sixty of the most picturesque views on the Rhine and Maine,—in Belgium and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his French and German Scenery. The first artists of the metropolis have been engaged to engrave the plates, and the most liberal plan has been adopted in its management. A well engraved series of views on the Rhine, a river abounding, perhaps, in more picturesque beauties than any in Europe, has long been wanting; and when combined with views of the remarkable and splendid architectural features of the Netherlands, and the bustling marine and river scenery of Holland, we may venture to predict, that it will be a work of more novel and varied character than any which has yet appeared. The first Number will be published on the 1st of May.

MISCELLANEA.

MR. DENNIS, THE CRITIC.

THIS gentleman was almost as remarkable for a groundless suspicion of temper, as for the ill-natured severity of his criticism. Of the former disposition, the following is one example:—

Being once invited by a gentleman to spend a few months with him at his country seat, which was delightfully situated upon the sea coast of one of our maritime counties, Mr. Dennis gladly accepted of the kind offer. But after about a fortnight's abode in this charming place, looking out of his apartment on the sea, he observed a ship, making, as he imagined, for land, and recollecting that his tragedy of *Liberty Asserter* contained some reflections upon tyranny, he falsely concluded that Louis XIV. had sent that ship to convey him into France, and that his hospitable friend had plotted to seize him accordingly. Full of this alarming idea, he flew out of the house, and made off for London, execrating the vile treachery of a man who had invited him to his house, only to betray him.

SOME years ago, a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to shew his superiority in execution. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's anthems, and just as he had finished the verse part and begun the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this, he called to Dick the bellows-blower, to know what was the matter:—

"The matter," says Dick, "I have played the anthem below." "Aye," says the other, "but I have not played it above." "No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do; I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."

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Printed for Septimus Prowett, 269, Strand, opposite Arundel-st.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS SOCIETY being finally established, and the extensive Gallery, situated in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, being nearly completed, Works of Art, in the various departments of Painting (in Oil and Water colours), Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, intended for the ensuing Exhibition, will be received at the back entrance in Dorset-place, on Monday, the 29th, and Tuesday, the 30th, of March inst.

A written account and reference, addressed to the Secretary, must accompany the performances sent, with their prices, if for sale, and the Artist's name and residence. Works of Art which have been previously exhibited are inadmissible.

Persons desirous of seeing the Gallery, may obtain tickets for that purpose by applying to Mr. Heaphy, St. John's Wood Road; Mr. Holland, 25, Newman-street; Mr. Glover, 61, Montague Square; or to Mr. Linton, the Secretary, 19, Blenheim-street, Great Marlborough-street.

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SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, And Literary Museum:

OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF FINE ARTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

XXVI.]

By Ephraim Hardcastle.

[SIXPENCE.

A stamped Edition for Country Circulation, postage free, Price Tenpence.

SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER.

THE admirers of the Fine Arts will feel gratification in being informed, that the superb gallery of this great one will receive an accession of interest previous to being again thrown open to the world of taste in the spring. Among other distinguished artists who are presenting graphic novelties to add to the collection, we have only to name Messrs. Ward, Thompson, Hoffland, Jones, to warrant the expectation of a great additional treat to the amateur. We never enter this gallery devoted to the promotion of the British arts without feelings of national pride on beholding so extensive a display of original talent, the creation of native genius in the period of one reign; nor quit it without a feeling of national shame, on reflecting that this mansion alone is credited to so noble a purpose. That so great a mental

is prepared by this munificent and enlightened benefactor—that it is attended by such a vast concourse of superior guests—that all commend the refinement of the treat, and that none have yet evinced sentiment enough to emulate the noble spirit of the host to provide for him and his honoured house an entertainment indeed, is passing strange. For, among the crowds who daily press to obtain a sight of Sir John Fleming Leicester's gallery, how many distinguished personages do we name who have excited attention on by the elegance of the compliments which they have uttered in the momentary feeling of personal respect for the worthy host, who might receive the same honours, were they fully disposed to patronize the genius and talent of a deserving, though too generally neglected countryman.

We shall not relax in our endeavours to awaken public attention to this subject, nor cease to reiterate what we resume to maintain, is due to the enlightened few who have raised the Fine Arts of our country to so unexampled a general pre-eminence over the existing foreign schools. We are ardent in our wishes to afford the means of judging of the collective strength of professors in the various departments of art, and re-our hope that what we have before suggested, may draw the attention of those noblemen and gentlemen who are looked up to by the nation at large as the leaders and arbiters of taste. To the Marquess of Stafford, to the Duke of Grosvenor, to Sir Charles Long, to Sir George Montagu, to Richard Payne Knight, Esq. and to the noble directorship of the *British Institution*, (by so designated) we respectfully address the cause of art, and venture to propose for their con-

sideration the necessity for establishing a national gallery, exclusively for the works of our own school, in addition to the great plan for augmenting the exhibition at the British Museum. What we would humbly propose would be, that these noblemen and gentlemen would commence the collection by each honouring an artist of eminence with a commission to paint a picture, to present to such a gallery. Influenced by so noble an example, we feel assured that the munificent spirit of our great commercialists would not be found wanting to aid so patriotic a plan. The generous spirit that has contributed nearly £20,000 for the establishment and support of the British Institution, in shares of 100 guineas, and of 50 guineas, only awaits a more extensive occasion to resume its latent vigour. There are means ample enough, and there is no lack of munificence, but the spirit wants rousing, and the munificence still waits a popular direction.

We have an existing fund of virtue in England that might serve to provide for all good and noble purposes: but without *active virtue*, the great moral impulse, no means are sufficient to effect great and noble ends.

REVIEWS.

Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1821-2-3, in His Majesty's Ships Fury and Hecla, under the Orders of CAPTAIN W. E. PARRY, R. N., F. R. S., and Commander of the Expedition. 4to. London: John Murray. 1824.

It may well be doubted whether the different expeditions in search of a North West Passage have been of any great service to the cause of science. At all events, it is certain that they have produced no results commensurate with the expence and anxiety they have occasioned. We are greatly in favour of the *practical* and the *useful*, whether in science, politics, or morals, and we cannot discover any practical utility in the abortive attempts which have hitherto been made to explore the intricacies of the northern ocean, nor do we know what service could be derived even from a successful struggle. Commerce never can be benefitted by it; as for science, what other advantage will ensue to it than a better knowledge of the northern coast of America?—a poor acquisition at the best.

But if we underrate the importance of the object, we do not the less admire the liberality of Government, and the daring, adventurous, skilful perseverance of Captain Parry and his companions. These are deserving of all praise.

LONDON, APRIL 3, 1824.

"The effects to be apprehended from exposure to the swell of the main ocean, constitute the peculiar danger of first entering the ice about the mouth of Hudson's Strait, which is completely open to the influence of the whole Atlantic. A very inconsiderable quantity of loose ice is sufficient to shelter a ship from the sea, provided it be closely packed; but when the masses are separated by wind or tide, so as to admit the swell, the concussions soon become too violent for a ship, strengthened in the ordinary way, to withstand for any length of time. On this account, it is prudent not to enter the ice without a fair prospect of getting seven or eight leagues within the margin. For the same reason, also, when likely to be beset near the sea, it is better to make a ship fast to small than to large pieces, in order to avoid the heavier concussions occasioned by the latter."

It was not until the 21st of July that the voyagers met with any of the natives. The descriptions of Captain Parry will be more "germane to the matter" than any observations of our own :—

"While thus employed we heard voices in-shore, which we soon knew to be those of some Esquimaux coming off to us. Shortly after, several canoes made their appearance; and seventeen of these people came along side the Fury. Having hauled their *kayaks* (canoes) upon the floe, they began to barter their commodities, consisting of seal and whale blubber, whale-bone, spears, lines, and the skins of the seal, bear, fox, deer, and dog. Our first endeavour was to procure as much oil as possible, of which, as we had been informed by the Hudson's Bay ships, several tons are thus almost annually obtained from these people. We soon found that they had been well accustomed to bargain making, for it was with some difficulty that we could prevail upon them to sell the oil for any thing of reasonable value. They frequently gave us to understand that they wanted saws and harpoons in exchange for it, and as these were articles which we could not spare, it was not without trouble that we obtained, in the course of the evening, two barrels of blubber in exchange for several knives, large

gress. Captain Parry was now obliged to refer to his instructions, and consult that discretion which they left to him. After considering the fate of former expeditions, and the probable chances of present success, he decided on attempting the direct passage of the Frozen Strait. Near the entrance of this strait, they met with some of the largest icebergs they had yet met with; extending, many of them, nearly half a mile each way. As it is our business to inform the reader of all that is curious in Captain Parry's volume, we shall make no apology for the length of the following extract:—

"While on this subject, I may offer a few remarks respecting the stones, sand, shells, and weed, found upon the surface of all the ice in this neighbourhood. The quantity in which these substances here occurred, was really surprising, and puzzled us extremely to account for the manner in which they found their way upon the floes. This circumstance has been generally explained by simply attributing it to the whole floe having been in immediate contact with the land, enabling the streams to wash, or the winds to blow, these substances into the situation in which they are found, in the same manner as they are deposited on bergs formed on the shore. But to those who have been eye-witnesses of the fact, to the extent in which it here occurred, this mode of explaining it, however plausible at first sight, is by no means satisfactory; for masses of rock, not less than a hundred pounds in weight, are sometimes observed in the *middle* of a floe, measuring half a mile, or more, each way, and of which the whole surface is more or less covered with smaller stones, sand, and shells. To suppose the wind strong enough to blow these substances such a distance would be absurd; nor is the supposition of their having been washed there scarcely more probable, for as a floe of ice must float considerably above the surface of the sea, it is not easy to conceive how it can be overflowed, and much less how heavy stones can be carried half a mile along it. It has been suggested that the floe may be held down by its firm cementation to the shore, while the water from the land above it rushes in a torrent along its upper surface. This, however, is contrary to experience, which shews that, long before the streams on the land are sufficient to effect this, the ice next the shore is completely thawed, and detached from the beach, and therefore at liberty to float in the natural way. The only explanation of this fact that I can suggest is, that as it is generally found to be the case to the greatest extent upon the "hummocky" floes, the substance may have been deposited upon each mass of ice when separate, and eventually brought into the middle of a large floe by the process detailed above. This explanation, however, goes but a little way towards clearing up the difficulty; for, besides the necessity of supposing, in this case, that each mass of ice has in its turn been brought into close contact with the shore, we have never seen an instance, in any bay or harbour, where ice so brought, even under the most favourable circumstances, has received any such deposit. In whatever manner it may be effected, it is certain that these substances act an essential part in the dissolution of the ice, as even the smallest stone or collection of sand, may always be observed to have formed a pool of water around it, in consequence of the radiation of heat from its surface. The stones now found upon the ice were granite, gneiss, feldspar, and lime, the latter being most abundant; indeed, all the earthy matter found in the holes effervesced with sulphuric acid. There were also several kinds of shells, among which was the species of *Anomia* first discovered in Barrow's Strait, and found both in the shell and the fossil state in the course of the former voyage."

The attempts of the expedition to find a passage to

the westward through Repulse Bay having clearly demonstrated its non-existence, Captain Parry then resolved to keep along the line of the coast to the northward, and to examine every bend or inlet which might appear to be practicable. This examination was conducted with a most admirable diligence and perseverance but in vain, and they were compelled by the formation of the "young ice," to prepare for their own safety.—

"The formation of young ice upon the surface of the water is the circumstance which most decidedly begins to put a stop to the navigation of these seas, and warns the seaman that his season of active operations is nearly at an end. It is indeed scarcely possible to conceive the degree of hindrance occasioned by this impediment, trifling as it always appears before it is encountered. When the sheet has acquired a thickness of about half an inch, and is of considerable extent, a ship is liable to be stopped by it unless favoured by a strong and free wind; and even when still retaining her way through the water, at the rate of a mile an hour, her course is not always under the control of the helmsman, though assisted by the nicest attention to the action of the sails, but depends on some accidental increase or decrease in the thickness of the sheet of ice, with which one bow or the other comes in contact. Nor is it possible in this situation for the boats to render their usual assistance, by running out lines or otherwise; for having once entered the young ice, they can only be propelled slowly through it by digging the oars and boat-hooks into it, at the same time breaking it across the bows, and by rolling the boat from side to side. After continuing this laborious work for some time with little good effect, and considerable damage to the planks and oars, a boat is often obliged to return the same way that she came, backing out in the canal thus formed to no purpose. A ship in this helpless state, her sails in vain expanded to a favourable breeze, her ordinary resources failing, and suddenly arrested in her course upon the element through which she has been accustomed to move without restraint, has often reminded me of Gulliver tied down by the feeble hands of Lilliputians; nor are the struggles she makes to effect a release, and the apparent insignificance of the means by which her efforts are opposed, the least just or the least vexatious part of the resemblance."

They accordingly removed the ships into one of the bays of Winter Island. The first season thus terminated with very slight progress towards the attainment of the chief object of the expedition. They had discovered however that from Repulse Bay, there was not the slightest chance of a passage into Behring's Straits, a discovery of great importance, considering the strong belief which existed on that point. We shall here terminate our notice of Captain Parry's volume for the present week.

Alasco: a Tragedy. In Five Acts. By MARTIN ARCHER SHERR, Esq. R.A. excluded from the Stage by the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain. London: Sherwood and Co. 1824.

WHENEVER a person of lax habits of life is unexpectedly placed in a situation of authority and power, he is pretty sure to commit some gross act of injustice, and to make himself very ridiculous. This general observation was never more true than in the particular case of "*Alasco: a tragedy.*" Mr. George Colman, after a long life spent

If this were a question between Mr. Shee and Mr. Colman only, we should not say a word about it. The respective characters of the two individuals are sufficient pledges for the probable correctness of their conduct. Mr. Shee is a gentleman who for thirty years has lived in the public eye, and is known to be a man of most amiable and irreproachable character: a poet of considerable powers, and an artist of the highest eminence. Calumny never whispered a word against him in any of the public or private relations of life. Mr. G. Colman is—but no, in mercy—in contemptuous mercy to this unhappy old man, we will draw the curtain over his past life. What we do out of kindness, he should have done from prudence. Let him settle his accounts with his own conscience.

But it may be asked whether Mr. Shee was very likely to write any thing unbecoming a gentleman, an honest man, or a loyal citizen? Nor has he done so. A less offensive writing than "Alasco," was never submitted to the public inspection. Whence is it then that the deputy-licensee has been so furious against it? Not because it is immoral or disloyal, but because he has his game to play, his gratitude to evince. What has fitted Mr. George Colman to discharge the duties of inspector of dramatic morals and political loyalty? His education—his writings—his habits of life—his associates—his principles—his domestic morals? Let him answer this.

Before we extract some of the objectionable passages of "Alasco," we will give our readers some other specimens of Mr. Colman's virulent loyalty. A burlesque piece was submitted to his inspection called "The Prince of Pindico." He objected to the title, because there was a royal palace at Pindico. A poem—

heart. We have not any space for analysis or examination, but must leave our readers to judge of "Alasco's" merits from the following passages:—

A PRUDENT PATRIOT.

"With most unworthy patience have I borne
My country's ruin—seen an ancient state
Struck down by sceptres—trampled on by kings;
And fraud and rapine registered in blood,
As Europe's public law, e'en on th' authority
Of thrones—this, have I seen—yes, like a slave,
A coward, have I seen what well might burst
The patriot's heart, and from its scabbard force
The feeblest sword that ever slumbered at
A courtier's side—yet have I never stirred
My country—never roused her sons to vengeance,
But rather used the way their love allowed me,
To calm the boiling tumult of their hearts,
Which else had chaf'd and foam'd to desperation."

A DEMAGOGUE.

"I like not that Malinski.
He's a mere brawler, Conrad—one who loves
To ring his peal loud in the public ear.
A fellow restless—crafty—full of wiles:
Beneath whose slimy surface you may trace
An under current gliding—deep and dangerous.
His life, too, sullied by debauch, too long
Has revell'd it with profligates, who scoff
At all restraint, and let the passions loose,
In riotous excess. 'Mongst such, indeed,
The fawning slave and factious demagogue
Are often found; but seek not there, my friend,
For patriot worth, nor credit private vice
For public virtue.
The factious violence of thwarted pride,
And the low spleen that vulgar natures cherish,
Against the pomps and dignities of the world,
Too oft assume the mask of patriot zeal,
And cheat us, in the garb of public virtue."

SOLITUDE.

"A terror sure, beyond th' occasion thrills
Through all my frame. I feel as one imprisoned—
As hope and safety were shut out these walls.
How still again!—no stir of life relieves
The dreary sense of loneliness that sinks me!
Would Bertha were come back! silence sleeps here,
As 'twere the death of sound, appalling more
Than uproar. Hark!—'twas my own motion startled me.
'There is a gloom in grandeur which, methinks,
'O'erclouds the cheerful spirit—frolic mirth,
'The homely happiness of humbler life,
'Retreats abashed before the solemn brow,
'Of courtly pomp and grave-air'd ceremony.'
In these apartments, since her death, disused,
The Baron's lady—hapless Elica,
From some mysterious cause, was long immured.
A woman of all excellence, 'tis said,
And as the story goes, most foully dealt by.
Here hangs her picture, and it speaks her fair;
'A sweetness sad, submissive and resigned,
'Beaming serenely forth, thro' grace and symmetry.'
How my heart sinks in horror of the wretch,
Whose cruelty betrayed her!"

A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

"But I was never skill'd in controversy;
Fear God, and love the king—the soldier's faith!
Was always my religion, and I know
No heretics, but cowards, knaves, and traitors.
'When I have seen, in the hot hour of war,
'A gallant fellow mount the perilous breach,

'And lay about him bravely, for his country;
'I never question'd him his faith—not I!
'But, by his practice, judged him a good Christian.'
*No, no, whatever the colour of his creed,
The man of honour's orthodox."*

A PATRIOT'S FEELINGS.

"Ask you my grievance?—'tis my country's ruin—
*What! is't because I live and breathe at large—
Can eat, drink, sleep, and move unmanacled,
That I should eatnily view my country's wrongs!
For what are we styled noble, and endowed
With pomp and privilege! 'stationed to look down,
'From lofty pedestals of state, on those,
'By whose hard toil we live in luxury?
For what, thus raised above our fellow-creatures,
And fed like gods on incense, but to shew
Superior worth—pre-eminence of virtue!
To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,
And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of power,
When rushing to o'erwhelm them."*

REVOLUTION.

"A noble cause!—O! monstrous blasphemy!
The cause of mutiny—of mad revolt!
Convulsion—anarchy! the last resource,
Of bankrupt knaves, and needy profligates!
Wretches, whom envy of all nobleness,
Transforms to fiends, and qualifies for traitors!
'A cause the ruffian flies to, as a sanctuary!
'Where sin and shame find grace and fellowship,
'Where outcast crimes, and unchanged iniquities,
'Are sheltered 'midst the general perfidy,
'And shuffed in the pack!"

Another extract and we shall have done. It is the address of Alasco to the conspirators. Surely such clemency, wisdom, and temperance ought to have redeemed the rebel chief from the fierceness of Mr. Colman's loyalty:—

"Then, to our work like men, who are fit for liberty!
'Shall we, who lift our swords against a tyrant,
'O'eract his part ourselves!—shall we install
'The fiend Revenge, in triumph on his throne!—
'Bid havoc and confusion rage around,
'Till in some breathless pause of blood and tumult,
'The despot comes again to close the scene,
'And finish the catastrophe of freedom.
'No, let us prove that man—unshackled man—
'Is not a maniac wretch, whose frantic hand
'Still turns against himself, and strikes at all
'He should respect and reverence—let us prove,
'At least, that we are worthy of our cause;
'Fierce in the field as tigers, for our rights,
But when the sword is sheathed, the friends of peace,
And firm, for law and justice."

I would that every knave
He has left behind, might strip the patriot cloak,
And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,
And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us.—
Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,
Or die to-day before them. Let each man
Preserve the order of advance, and charge,
As if he thought his individual sword
Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
To valour's highest pitch;—fight, and be free!
This is no common conflict, set on foot,
For hiring hosts to ply the trade of war,—

we repeat it—this play will be read with great pleasure by every one who is not the foe of genius and merit, or the injudicious wriggling parasite of bad men in power. The preface is an honest, well-written, and severe exposition of the manner in which he has been treated, and does great credit to the good sense, feeling, and superior talents of Mr. Shee.

Leaves from a Journal; or, Sketches of Rambles in North Britain and Ireland. By ANDREW BIGELOW. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1824.

THIS little volume is written by an American. It contains his reflections on the scenery and manners of Scotland and part of Ireland. Without making any very extravagant claims to our praise, it may be set down as a pleasant, readable, and gentlemanly volume. It scarcely admits of abridgment, and may be described as the chronological journal of the author during his residence in our country. There is a good deal of liveliness in his style, and judicious acuteness in his remarks, though the facts are not very new or interesting. Of the people of Glasgow Mr. Bigelow says:—

“The inhabitants of Glasgow, as far as our observation has extended, are remarkably frank and sociable. In hospitality, they yield not to the citizens of the ‘Gude Town.’ Two or three of their customs are peculiar. One is, to have a punch-bowl, graduated in size according to the number of the company present, placed upon the table after the first service of wine, to allow the guests an opportunity of resorting at pleasure to a more stimulating liquid. The beverage, with which it is generously supplied, is usually hot, and is prepared by the presiding gentleman. From this capacious receiver the foot-glasses of the several guests are successively filled, till they themselves become comfortably furnished. It is proper to mention, that this liquor is not commonly produced till after the table is laid.”

nant spirit of the stream, bending in misty semblance on the view, prepared to assert its honour and avenge the affront."

We can give but a single extract relative to Ireland:—

"The corrupt use of language in pronunciation, for which this country is so noted, that even the dogs have been said to *bark* in a *brogue*, is not a little grating to a stranger's ear, until familiarized by use. It is sensibly worse than the *yeow* and other Joe-Bunkerisms of New England; but, after all, it is not quite so bad as I had been led to imagine. It is decidedly preferable, in my opinion, to the broad Scotch, and most of the provincial dialects in England; and this, which is true of the lower orders, is the more remarkable the higher the parallel is carried. The better classes of Dublin have little of the *Hibernian sibboleth*; and its men of letters speak the English language with even Oxonian purity. Their organs of utterance are as flexible as those of the Londoners, and they enjoy this advantage over them, at least over the cockneys of Bow Bell, that without any of their clift, mincing pronunciation, they bring their words out full and well-coined. The citizens of Edinburgh, on the other hand, have a muffled tone of voice; and they articulate in such a trotting, up-and-down cadence, that an English ear is half the time puzzled to know whether they are *serious*."

"The Irish have a great vivacity in conversation, and are distinguished, as is well known, for a fondness of metaphor and a quickness of illustration. Various instances of the latter peculiarity are present to my mind, although it is sufficient to mention only one. Being with a mixed party at a friend's house the other day, conversation turned upon the probable effects of the redundant population of the sister isle, and particularly of that enormous mass concentrated in London. 'England,' said one, 'I conceive to be valetudinarian. She is an hydrocephalus subject; and the peccant humours which are collected in London as its *head* will, ere long, prove the destruction of the whole body politic.'—'You are not quite right there,' rejoined another; 'it is no morbid action. England remains as sound as ever. But she is not rightly burdened; a sailor would call her *crank*. In a word, she is top-heavy; and, depend upon it, London is the *head* which will sink the nation.'"

There is an interesting account of a pilgrimage to Holyrood. It is written in the style of Washington Irving, as the following extract will evince:—

"And how changed, how fallen from its ancient grandeur is this consecrated edifice! Could its walls speak, what tales might they utter, what a moral would they impress! Here the congregations of many a generation have assembled in the ostensible office of devotion, and have successively gone down to darkness and to dust.—Here mitred prelates have stood to bless, and kings have knelt to worship. Here piety has breathed its aspirations; and penitence has whispered its confessions, and fanaticism has fanned her fervors. Here the votary of a maddening superstition has soared in mystic trances, whilst censers have smoked, and tapers have gleamed, and the gorgeous symbols of a mistaken faith have struck upon the ravished sense. And here, too, when the majestic organ has awakened its spirit-stirring melody, and the vaulted roof has echoed to the swelling chaunt of voices,—the rapt fancy has depicted, in the concerts of earth, a similitude to the harmonies of Heaven. But the solemn pagantry has vanished;—its actors are no more; the light in the 'golden candlestick' is quenched; the choral hymn has ceased, and, saving a few imperfect vestiges, the eye searches in vain within the crumbling pile for some memorial of the hallowed rites which once were solemnized

within it,—some record which may attest its former magnificence, and speak an '*Ilum fuit*.'

The sketches of Scottish scenery in the Grampians, and the visit to Melrose Abbey, which form the concluding essays are entertaining; and the whole production is one of which its author has reason to be proud.

Don Juan. Cantos XV. and XVI. London: John Hunt. 1824.

LORD BYRON is one of our best friends. He deals out his verse so frequently and so copiously, that we are sure to have matter for criticism as long as he continues to write, which will be as long as he lives. The character of his Lordship's productions is likewise favorable to our art. Good, bad, or indifferent; epic, dramatic, or doggerel, there is always room to say something about him which cannot well be said of any other poet living or dead. Hence criticism, when directed to the creations of Lord Byron, assumes a new guise. The old common-places will not do. A higher flight must be attempted—more obscure and awful depths must be sounded. The spirit of philosophy must preside over the labours of philology; for the question is not merely of the structure of verse and the combination of expressions, but man and his nature, his thoughts, feelings, passions, are all to be explored. The poetry of Lord Byron is "instinct and quick," with humanity. Even in its worst shapes and most revolting appliances it is man that he paints; man with his vices, deformities, and crimes, clinging round him like "a thick scurf," but still man as we know him, or fear to know him in society. The poetry of Lord Byron should be studied altogether; not in parts and pieces, but as a whole. "Don Juan," "Childe Harold," and the rest, are all connected and dependent elements of one great consistent whole. Differing in form, and apparently in object, they are nevertheless tempered by the same spirit, and indicate the same intellectual and moral qualities. We have not room in these columns to dwell upon this subject, but it is worth the consideration of every reader to whom the human mind and human passions are objects of curiosity and interest.

The present cantos of "Juan," are more uniform and quiet than their predecessors. The poetry, wit, sarcasms, and satires, are all more mitigated and subdued. Juan is at the country seat of the Amundevilles, where the Lady Adeline wishes him to marry, where his fancy is slightly caught by a pretty, cold piece of beauty, Adelaide, and where he is frightened by a ghost. Our extracts must be short and few. The description of Juan's manner is good, and shews a knowledge of society:—

"His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcomby or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,

And seem to say, ' resist us if you can'—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;

As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.

But right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;

In fact, his manner was his own alone:

Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,

In listening merely to his voice's tone.

The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice

An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

By Nature soft, his whole address held off

Suspicion: though not timid, his regard

Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,

To shield himself, than put you on your guard:

Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,

But Modesty's at times its own reward,

Like Virtue; and the absence of pretension

Will go much further than there's need to mention.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;

Insinuating without insinuation;

Observant of the foibles of the crowd,

Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;

Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,

So as to make them feel he knew his station

And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,

He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

That is, with men: with women he was what

They pleased to make or take him for; and their

Imagination's quite enough for that:

So that the outline's tolerably fair,

They fill the canvass up—and ' verbum sat.'

If once their phantasies be brought to bear

Upon an object, whether sad or playful,

They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael."

Amongst the girls proposed to Juan is Miss Millpond. The dullest reader will perceive who is meant by the allusion, and the most charitable will despise it:—

" There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,

That usual paragon, an only daughter,

Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,

Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water

With a slight shade of Blue too it might be,

Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?

Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,

And being consumptive, live on a milk diet."

This is pretty enough:—

" Between two worlds life hovers like a star,

'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;

How little do we know that which we are!

How less what we may be! The eternal surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar

Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,

Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves

Of Empires heave but like some passing waves."

This is a fine description of an old gallery, filled with antique portraits of knights, dames, &c. &c. as it appears in the ghastly dimness of the midnight moon:—

" The forms of the grim knights and pictured saints

Look living in the moon; and as you turn

Backward and forward to the echoes faint

Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn

Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint

Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,

As if to ask how you can dare to keep

A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

And the pale smile of Beauties in the grave,

The charms of other days, in starlight gleams

Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave

Along the canvass; their eyes glance like dreams

On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,

But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.

A picture is the past; even ere its frame

Be gilt, who ate hath ceased to be the same."

The account of Lord Henry's country occupations is delightful. Satire—good-natured but biting—was never more happily directed. We have no space for it, but we must give the following character. It is meant for the Rev. Sydney Smith, and is a fair repayment of the gibes and jests of that famous clerical wag:—

" The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with.

I knew him in his livelier London days,

A brilliant diner out, though but a curate;

And not a joke he cut but earned its praise,

Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,

(Oh, Providence! how wondrous are thy ways,

Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate?)

Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,

A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes;

But both were thrown away amongst the fens;

For wit hath no great friend in aquish folks.

No longer ready ears and short-hand pens

Imbued the gay bon mot, or happy hoax:

The poor priest was reduced to common sense,

Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,

To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng."

Juan is frightened with the appearance of a ghost, and after some misgivings, pursues the apparition until he pins it to a wall, when he discovers it to be the Duchess of Fitz Fulke in disguise. The canto ends here abruptly and equivocally, as must our notice.

The Universal Review; or, Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations. No. 1. Vol. I. London: G. and W. B. Whittaker. 1824.

The Cambridge Quarterly Review, and Academical Register. No. 1. London: John Letts, Jun. 1824.

THERE are now about eighty five different literary reviews published in this country, which multiplied and divided according to the seasons and times of their appearance, will produce something above five hundred numbers annually. This is more than the number of new books given to the world within the same period. Very serious reflections result from the knowledge of these facts. We know that in the literature of every country, there must always arrive a certain epoch when it ceases in a great measure to be original, and must become critical. That epoch has arrived with us, and melancholy indeed are the consequences. Every half-informed scribbler in the country has turned reviewer, and the public is deluged with all sorts of trash under the names of criticisms, reviews, &c. Amidst the mass of "jetsam and flotsam" which dam up the intellectual current, some rare and valuable things are to be found;

out the greater portion is mere wreckwood and waste. The regular reviews maintain their old supremacy, and always will so long as money can procure able and practised contributors. Some of the new ones are spirited and dashing, and others are dull and woebegone. The two before us, which have both appeared within the last week, come within this description. The "Cambridge" is as heavy and unreadable—the "Universal" is light and sparkling, as can well be imagined. The first seems to have been written by some one wearied out with Hoozeven *de particulis*, or Newton's *Principia*; the other must have been dashed off by some one fresh from Joe Miller and Champagne. The subjects of the "Cambridge" are, with one or two exceptions, quite antediluvian; those of the "Universal," are of the newest fashion. Books published years ago and long since forgotten, form the staple of the one; books not yet published, but which will be soon forgotten, are the materials of the other. As we have unintentionally fallen into something like a comparison between the two reviews we will continue it. The "Cambridge" professes to be the production of none but Cambridge graduates, and is chiefly directed to the more serious parts of literature. The "Universal" is open to the universe, and professes to give an account of every thing which transpires in the literary world. They have both given us a notice of Mr. Southey's last work, the "Book of the Church." The "Cambridge," in its high church and tory mode of looking at things, finds the laureate the most delightful person, and his book the most exquisite book in the world. It admires him for his past apostasy, and praises his present intolerance. It says that the "Book of the Church" has "not a single blemish," and that its author is "one of the master spirits of the age," &c. &c. &c. The "Universal" cuts three or four pages of jokes on the laureate's inconsistencies, ridicules his coxcombry, and says that his history is a mere book-making speculation. The analysis in the "Cambridge" is a great deal too elaborate and uninteresting; the attack in the "Universal" is too smart, dogmatic, and dashing. The same distinction might be taken with respect to two articles on Italy. We cannot read the heavy dissertations imported from the banks of the Cam, and it is a little "too much of a good thing," to stand the peppering shot which comes "fresh and fresh" from the precincts of Ave-Maria-lane. Take a specimen of the last. The Reviewer is speaking of the ancient splendour of Rome:—

"We shall never see those things again; they will be rooted out by scientific foolery, by men, with spectacle on nose, and system and self-sufficiency in heart, analyzers of brickdust and developers of oyster-shells; the sons of Odin will yet encamp on the naked Aventine, and the host of *Feldzeugmeister* WERNER will sit in scorn and the malaria on what once was the Capitol.

"And what hope is there that another Rome will rise, even in diminished glory, among the nations? Germany will never build any thing better than a barrack, nor France than a theatre. England will for ever busy her restless hands in the fabrication of a prison or a peniten-

tiary, a new conventicle or a new street. She is, after all, nothing but a younger *Carthage*—a huge emporium of bustle and self-interest; of factious orators and sleek burghers; of docks, arsenals, and admirals; of machines and monopolists; of haughty soldiers, browned from campaigning through the world, and bold-faced mariners, lavish of their oaths, their lives, and their gold; of the pride of blood, and of mushroom ambition; of visages dyed to ebony under the torrid zone, and of the shivering and sallow physiognomies of *Thule* and the world of snow and ocean;—a great compound and concentration of all the evils of ships, colonies, and commerce. Such is the creation of trade; and such it will be when England is a fishing-bank or a salt-pan, and men rejoice in the ribbons and stars, intrigue for the places, and live by the Court Gazette of the empire of *Australasia*.

We will assert on our knowledge of human nature, that in the *Carthago vetus* they never built any thing of stoupe but a dock or a dungeon: and on the same authority we will predict that the new Carthage will be barbarous, mouldering, and *lateritian*, while one brick can be agglutinated unto another; that white-wash and *stucco* were the grand architectural implements of the mother country, and that the daughter, with similar loveliness in her life, will subside into *calcs* and sea-sand, with filial identity of decay."

Bating this propensity to be smart, the "Universal" is an extremely clever work, and contains several interesting and able articles on the Marquess of Hastings' administration—Captain Smyth's Sicily—Parry's Voyage, and the state of Spain. As it professes to give an account of the literature of Europe, we would object to the length of many of the articles, especially in the way of quotation. There is at least twice as much of extract as there ought to be; and there are not half as many works noticed as there should have been. Much of the value of such a publication depends on its giving a complete account—an *aperçu*—of all that is doing in the intellectual world. How can this be done, if whole sheets are devoted to *Essays on Scripture Sacrifices*, and translations from *German Novels*. Why not have a *Catalogue Raisonné* of new books. There is something of this sort at the end of Colburn's Magazine, which is very well done. The *Révue Encyclopédique* is still better as a model, though inaccurately and clumsily got up. Why, our own pages are after all a better *Universal Review* than any we have yet seen. Let the projectors and editors of this new publication profit by our advice and example, and they may make, what otherwise they will not—a great hit in the literary world.

REMINISCENCES OF ARTISTS.

GILLRAY, the caricaturist, like his great predecessor Hogarth, was apprenticed to a writing engraver, and acquired the use of the graving tool under the celebrated Ashby, who then resided at the bottom of Holborn-hill. Many a choice specimen of penmanship was copied by young Gillray, in sweeping flourishes, on the copper, from the incomparable pen of Tomkins, of Sermon-lane. This was used to say, that "the early part of his life might be compared to the spider's, busied in spinning of lines." Like Hogarth too, whilst occupied in this mechanical drudgery, the incipient original artist was discoverable in certain humorous scraps which he sketched on the borders of the examples of round hand and text.

Quitting the *bench of Ashby*, he became a pupil of *Bartolozzi*, and here his eccentric humour displayed itself; for during his studies in that school of *super-Italian* softness and elegance, verging on beautiful insipidity, did he display the rudiments of that daring species of dramatic design, that extraordinary graphic hyperbole, which almost met in its highest flights the outposts of the creations of Michael Angelo.

It was not likely that such an original would be content to sit year after year over a sheet of copper, perpetuating the renown of others, whilst with a restless and ardent mind bent upon exploring unknown regions of taste with the bill of genius in his vigorous grasp, he could open a way through the wilderness of art, and by a short and eccentric cut reach the Temple of Fame. He set to work, and this labour he achieved to the astonishment of the goddess, who one day beheld this new wild votary unceremoniously scampering up the steps to her altar.

The inventive faculties of such a mind as his—its aptitude to seize upon the most prominent features of passing events; the exhaustless fecundity of thought that occupied the remotest corner of his crowded compositions; his comprehensive knowledge of the human visage, its passions and expression; his original perceptions of physiognomy as exhibited in a never-ending variety of masks, so easily likened to all, and copied individually from none; his characters, like Shakespeare's, though creations of his own brain, yet fitting and consistent in form, action, and attributes. All those faculties surprise the more, centering as they did in such a man,—one of his slouching gait and careless habits, who with all his capacity for creation and power of execution, with such apparent energy of thought and deep reading in the living book of human action, appeared scarcely to think at all, and to care no more for the actors in the mighty drama which he depicted, nor for the events which he so wonderfully dramatised, than if he had no participation in the good or evil of his day.

How the phrenologists would have christened the little mountains on the chart of such a cranium as that of Gillray's; or what discoveries the physiognomists might have made in the map of such a face as his, lies beyond the latitude of sober speculation to make out. The mental course of such eccentric characters elude philosophical enquiry; such individuals can only be compared to themselves. He probably never enquired further into motives than as there was a necessity for doing of something to live, to do that which was easiest to accomplish; and if he could supply the wants of his mouth by the industry of his hand, he was fulfilling all the moral and physical obligations of his nature.

What can be more ludicrous than the grave philosophising of the learned upon the mental structure of beings thus eminently endued with the rare gift of originality. How vain to attempt to analyse those extraordinary minds that know not nor pretend to know the spring of their own faculties. Of Butler, his sage commentators have said that he must certainly have been one of the most deeply read men of his time. Butler, perhaps, would have been the first to laugh at such a complimentary assertion. Shakespeare, say his annotators, must have waded deep into the various streams of science, from the peripatetic of his remarks upon the thousand themes which he treated. He too perchance would have smiled at these discoveries of his sapient eulogists. These rare originals have no leisure for recondite research. Genius, winged like the *Fregat*, swiftly sweeps the horizon o'er the sea of science to supply her wants, alights upon a dolphin, or pounces on a pearl, and is suddenly seen again upon her insulated rock.

Gillray was one of those unaffected wights who accomplished what he undertook without scientific parade, and even without the appearance of rule or preconceived plan. His best designs were *off-hand* compositions; and although he knew that these effusions of his graphic skill were superior to those of his compeers, he was so little wrapt in his

own conceit, that he supposed another might do as well as himself if he tried.

He used to smoke his pipe with his early employers, and would exert his faculties more to win a bowl of punch than to gain ten pounds. Holland, a print-seller in Drury-lane, was one of his first encouragers. I have lately seen a plate etched by Gillray for Holland, dated 1779. The subject is discreditable to the taste of the publisher and the artist. In this early work, however, it is discoverable that he benefited by his sojournment with Bartolozzi; there is freedom united with a graceful execution of the needle, that proves he had worked in the school of a master. The drawing too is marked with character and spirit.

The early political caricatures of his prolific hand, were generally directed against the government party. These he was hired to do, usually at a small price, stipulated according to the will of his employers. The acquirement of wealth, however, it seems, on the authority of those who knew him most intimately, was the least object of his consideration. Many stories related of him, too well authenticated to leave a doubt of the facts, declare him to have been a stranger to the feelings of friendship, and sometimes meanly mischievous in his contracted circle.

Few men have been more execrable, or contemptible in private life, than those who have lived by satirizing their contemporaries. Churchill, cognomened the *clerical-bruise*, was a disgrace to the church, and as a satirist, a remorseless savage. Peter Pindar was a mercenary scoundrel, and died a hoary reprobate. Anthony Pasquin was a literary ruffian, and a nuisance in society. Of those who have followed in the same track, without a tittle of their originality, or their wit, their history would be but a varied record of audacity, treachery, and falsehood, meanness, and infamy.

Gillray, however, must not be mixed with this wicked fraternity. His aberrations were more the result of low habits, and the want of self-esteem, than from malignity, envy, or meanness. He was a careless sort of cynic, one who neither loved, nor hated society. Mrs. Humphreys, and her maid Betty, were all the world to him—they saved him the trouble of thinking of household affairs, and but for that, they too, might have walked with other ghosts into the Red Sea, for what he had cared.

For years, he occasionally smoked his pipe at the Bell, the Coal-hole, or the Coach-and-Horses; and although the convives whom he met at such dingy rendezvous, knew that he was that Gillray, who fabricated those comical *cuts*, the very *moral of Farmer George*, and *Boney-Party*, of *Billy Pitt*, and *Black Charley*, he never sought, like that low coxcomb *Morland*, to become king of the company. He neither exacted, nor were they inclined to pay him, any particular homage. In truth, with his associates, neighbouring shop-keepers, and master-manufacturers, he passed for no greater wit than his neighbours. Rowlandson, his ingenious compeer, and he, sometimes met. They would, perhaps, exchange half-a-dozen questions and answers upon the affairs of copper and aquafortis; swear all the world was one vast masquerade; and then enter into the common chat of the room, smoke their cigars, drink their punch, and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door—look up at the stars, say it is a frosty night, and depart one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James's-street, each to his bachelor's bed.

Gillray's humorous plates on domestic subjects, rarely wounded private feelings. His *Two-penny Whist*, was *rubber* at the expense of his good friend, and kind landlord, the late Mrs. Humphreys, so well known in the little shop in St. James's-street, who was his patroness and publisher for so many years. This *lady* had a party—there was a card-table on the occasion. Something displeased the cynic, and immediately appeared the plate of the *public group*. One of the guests was a foreigner, now abroad, the others well known in the neighbourhood of Bury-street.

The facility with which he composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished those who were eye witnesses of his powers. This faculty was early developed—he seemed to perform all his operations without an effort. Many years ago, he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent had a commission to get a satirical design etched, but he had repeatedly called in the absence of the artist. He lived westward, and on his way to the city called again, and found Gillray at home. "You have lost a patron," said he—"you are always out." "How—what—what is your object?" said the artist. "I want this subject, drawn and etched," said the commercialist—"but now it is too late." "When is it wanted?"—"Why, to-morrow."—"It shall be done."—"Impossible Gillray!"—"Where are you going?"—"Onward to the Bank."—"When do you return?"—"At four o'clock."—"It was now eleven"—"I'll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched, and bitten in, before that time."—"Done!" The plate was finished, it contained many figures—the parties were mutually pleased, and the affair ended in a drunken bout at a tavern, at the employer's expense.

Those who at a distance, contemplate characters like these, so professionally eminent for invention, wit, and satirical humour, naturally suppose their society must be universally sought; and that such must, of necessity, be the life and soul of the convivial board. Men, however, who see much, and speculate but little, know better. Among the dullest in company, could be pointed out those who are *wondrous witty* by themselves; and this, not from pride of their superior faculty for invention or humour, or from an unwillingness to please, but from a constitutional shyness, or modest desire to avoid notice or applause; or from indolence, or actually from conscious dulness when absent from the study and the desk, when without the pencil, or the pen.

Peter Pindar was witless, even over his bottle, with his most intimate cronies. Anthony Pasquin was sour, and not prone to converse. Churchill was a sulky sot. Butler was lively, neither drunk nor sober, only a choice companion when *half-gone*; hence, as the witty Duke of Buckingham observed, "he was to be compared to a skittle, little at both ends, but great in the middle." Burton, who had no less humour than Cervantes, and the learning of a whole university, was neither a cheerful companion, nor endurable to himself. A hundred more could be named whose aptitude and promptness to discover the ridiculous side of human action, has astonished the grave: and yet these men who have thus exposed folly to the laughter of mankind, have been themselves the dullest dogs alive. Poor Gillray was always hyped, and at last sunk into that deplorable state of mental aberration, which verifies the line of the most acute of our satirical bards—

"How nearly wit to madness is allied."

It is too old an observation, to require enforced repetition, that the art of painting has been acknowledged the last attainment among every civilized people. Caricature seems to square with this remarkable fact in the operations of human invention. Indeed, it appears to have been the very last discovery of all the manifold imaginations of wit. Satire, perhaps, is as old as society; but graphic satire is a modern invention. Yet, when we consider the wonderful aptitude of the pencil, in portraying the ridiculous and outre, the never ending invention of its capacities to expose and correct vice and folly, we are lost in wonder at the dullness of our progenitors in leaving it to so late a period, as the last century, to "*find it out*."

The Monks, however, must be exempted from the full extent of this censure—a class of men, it should ever be remembered, to whom the moderns owe the revival of learning, the sciences, and arts. These, no doubt, were the discoverers of caricature; but they carved their witty re-

proofs, in stone and in wood. Many of the seats, in the stalls of our old monastic institutions, were carved with satire upon certain holy hypocrites, and the scenes of purgatory, found among the ancient fragments of sculptured art, the ingenious labours of these enlightened men, were obviously intended to correct the misdoings of those bad members of the old religion, which provoked state enquiry, and involved their church in the ruin consequent upon the Reformation. These observations, however, are confined to England, from age to age, the land of humour and of humourists.

To trace the origin of caricature would require much time, and industrious research. A short sketch of its rise and progress, however, for the present, may amuse the readers of the "*Somerset House Gazette*"; and as it is intended to treat the subject at length in some future papers, communications on the subject would be very acceptable, directed to the care of the publisher.

There is reason for believing that this amusing species of graphic satire, originated in that memorable fraud, the South Sea Bubble, when the whole nation was afflicted with the extravagant mania for becoming rich without the efforts of industry, or the possession of wealth. Hogarth was among the first to expose the audacious cupidity of the projectors, and the egregious credulity of his countrymen, by certain political prints, which in the modern phrase, would be denominated caricatures, though improperly so; for his designs were burlesques upon the inconsistency and absurdity of the times, a sort of political dramas, where the actors were strange men, but no monsters. His satires, it is true, were occasionally far-fetched and obscure, but others were pointed, and replete with wit.

Sir John Vanbrugh had been satirised by Swift and Pope, and a confederacy of wits, who paid their court to the Earl of Burlington, a nobleman of a munificent spirit, an encourager of the fine arts, in some of which his lordship was no mean professor, particularly in architecture. In those days poets were apt rather to over-flatter their patrons. Pope wrote an essay on Taste. My Lord Burlington was praised at the expense of all his competitors, noble and professional, and his lordship's pretensions were as much over-rated, as the fair fame of others was thought to be unjustly decried. Hogarth took up the cause of the injured party, and in the legitimate spirit of satire, attacked the author of the *Dunciad*, and assailed Mr. Pope with his own weapons. Thus originated the first satirical attack upon a formidable junto. The print represented Pope white-washing Burlington House, and splashing whoever might chance to be passing by.

The effect of this graphic squib was complete, and Hogarth was complimented for his daring spirit in thus attacking the most formidable satirist that England had then, or perhaps has ever yet produced. "*When Greek meets Greek!*"

Pope, who had been a merciless fogger, writhed under the lash. None are so thin skinned as those who delight in flaying others. The poet drove off to his lawyer, meditating legal revenge; but his friends, after salting his back, helped him on with his clothes, and advised him to let his antagonist alone. He threatened the painter with a niche in a new *Dunciad*, but his courage cooled, and it was left for Churchill to revenge the injured ghost of the bard of Twickenham.

Hogarth's humour was happily played off on the death of Vannaken. This ingenious foreigner had been employed by old Jonathan Richardson, Jervas, Hudson, and other popular portrait painters of the time, to paint the hands, draperies, back-grounds, and accessories in their pictures. His loss was irreparable, for many were too idle for the operation, and some, as it was said, were incompetent to the task. In our day, we know not who can perform these subordinate parts of a picture so well as the painters themselves. Hogarth, whose pencil no one else could wield,

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

empty opportunity for satirical condensed out Vannaken's funeral with the served following his corpse, mourning external of grief. This too was felt!

NIGHT OF A NEW PLAY.

*He speak me a speech once, but it was never
not above once; for the play I remember,*

merly an era in the lives of the liter-
and from the difference of habits of
ent, this peculiarity may perhaps be

The age of clubs seems to have pas-
sours of dinner have banished them, be-
now equally necessary to employ an
in the days of Charles the Second,
sorts of those who loved conversation;
odations for domestic entertainments
ns were therefore the chief places at
r great men, previous to a very late
ic history. This practice undoubtedly
is character to the appearance of that
t entitled; although it may be quite
ugh to answer for in other respects.*
ore less co-operation among the lite-
opolis, from their having fewer points of
ertain, disjointed, and ill-assorted con-
okseller's shop occasionally produces,
de corps which is essential to a club, de-
of their acting in concert. Mr. Cum-
using account in his memoirs of the
œuvres of a literary squad who con-
a play of Goldsmith's; and it is curi-
the manners of the time, which like
o have gone by. This want of array
attle, has no doubt in the present day

stage, although we are to understand him as alluding in
fact to that of England.

"*Valentine*. But the sport is at a new play, to observe
the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it: a man
shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out
in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One
says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot,
another not the playing, and sometimes a fellow who comes
not there past once in five years, at a parliament time or
so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear
by *God's foot* he would never stir his foot to see a hundred
such as that is.

"There are two sorts of persons that are commonly infec-
tious to a whole auditory. One is the rude barbarous crew,
a people that have no brains and yet grounded judgments:
these will hiss any thing that rises above their grounded
capacities, but the other are worth the observation i' faith.
The capricious gallants have taken such a habit of dislike in
all things, that they will approve of nothing, be it never so
conceited or elaborate, but sit dispersed, making wry faces,
and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry filthy!
filthy! simply uttering their own condition, and using
their wryed countenances instead of a vice, to turn the good
aspects of all that shall sit near them from what they
behold."

There is a kind of freshness of feeling about the house on
a first night, which can have no place in the ordinary stock
pieces of the stage. It is more interested in the author
than the player, and as it is ignorant of the whole plot and
circumstance of the dramatic novelty, it does not sit watch-
ing the clap-traps, the defiles and narrow passes when it
was wont to see the performer rise to meet the difficulties
of the situation, and whom every thorough-bred *pittite*,
skilled in the peculiar excellencies of his favorites, awaits
in anxious curious silence his emersion out of the struggle
to greet his triumph, as our forefathers saluted the moon
with pipe and tabor, when she slipped out from under an
eclipse. Their approbation acquires by long use a kind of

the latter case: thanks to the care of the manager, the audience on such occasions are selected without being *select*, partial without being friendly, and *packed*, though there is no overflow; from all which characteristics it may be concluded that I did not owe my seat in the pit to the "open sesame" of the manager's favour. It may be suspected that the *canons* of criticism which he who pays his money and he who does not, discharge against the piece, are of a very different calibre: the good humour of the one commences before he enters the house; the good humour of the other must be secured after he is seated. It will be guessed that these sketches of a *first night* have been drawn from the comedy which but a few evenings since was a candidate for favour. In this respect it was more fortunate than the *speech* to which *Hamlet* alludes, for it did please the *million*, and that most boisterously, and the play bills while they announce it as a "successful comedy," intend to mark as with an asterisk the narrow list of aspirants who have had their claim to such an honour recognised. That it is a smart lively piece can scarcely be disputed; a sparkle of words about it, and frequently too much of the effect trusted to a play upon them. The plot is not original, and would not be very impressive if it was—the prison scene is the best, but there is something revolting to delicacy in the acquiescence of *Lorenzo* the lover to avenge the supposed inconstancy of his mistress, by uniting her to the inmate of a jail. But it is no part of my purpose to criticise the merits of "*Pride shall have a Fall*," which would now be but a stale and unprofitable office. I content myself with having marked the external characters of the house on the first night of a new play, and it is but fair to interpret the good humour it displayed, to be the best criterion of its worth.

There was of course a prologue and an epilogue, for that part of ancient etiquette is still deemed indispensable on the birth night of every child of the comic or the tragic muse. Either plays have grown worse, or audiences have become more difficult to please than formerly, for there is certainly a great difference in the tone of these preliminary addresses. In the present day all is beseeching, coaxing, and deprecating a coming storm: each part of the house has its appropriate distribution of incense: the dreadful pit, the slumbering boxes, and the mighty gods. It was very different in the earlier history of our stage; for, if I am to judge by the prologues now before me, the audience appeared to be the party obliged, and the players gave a *welcome*, as if addressing guests rather than judges. If a reason might be offered for this supposed alteration in the style of the prologue, I would be inclined to say that it arose out of the change which has taken place in the situation of both parties. While the players were, generally speaking, the servants of the nobility, they might on that account be a little inclined to assume something over an audience which probably was not always of the most respectable description. Besides, the public taste had not yet been glutted to excess by the variety of pieces fitted for representation; and where there was so little to chuse from, there would of necessity be less nicety of being pleased. This confidence of a favourable hearing will, I think, abundantly appear from the introductory lines of the prologues from which I quote; and that they were the appendages of no ordinary pieces, and may therefore be assumed as a specimen of the existing fashion, may be inferred from the epithet bestowed on the plays to which they belonged in the preface to them, where they are designated the "Gratin Theatricals," or a "Ternary of Graces:"—

"You who are seated and for entrance pay,

I bid you kindly *welcome* to our play."

Prologue to the *Marriage Brother*, 1662.

"You're *welcome*, but our plot I dare not tell yee,
For fear I fright a lady with great belly."

Prologue to *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, 1662.

The prologue of the remaining play in this *Ternary*, is in a similar style. Even Ben Jonson employs the same language in addressing the audience. "In the play of *Every Man out of his Humour*, Carlo Buffone, when he undertakes to speak the prologue in place of the character who goes by that name in the piece, says, "Gentles, all I can say for him is, *you are welcome*: I could wish my bottle here amongst you, but there is an old rule, no pledging your own health. Marry if any here be thirsty for it; their best way that I know is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their own ears." I presume few would venture such an admonition to the pit of the present day.

* It would be interesting to know the history of the old inns of London, many of which are of great antiquity, and must have been witnesses of strange occurrences. Sir Walter Raleigh instituted a meeting of wits at the Mermaid Inn, in Friday-street. What a galaxy of talent was assembled here! Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carw, Martin, and Donne.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! I heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole life in a jest."

Beaumont in a Letter to Jonson.

† There was rather an alarming intimation respecting these largesses (orders) in future thrown out in the epilogue to the new piece:—

"No standing room,

And not an order for a year to come."

This was literally to throw crumbs, and to cry out "*darcelings*."

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—The Opera has in no respect fulfilled the promises with which it commenced. Great things were to be achieved, far beyond all former daring. The town was not to be won by any insidious provocatives, but was absolutely to be taken by storm. All the strong holds of fashionable reluctance were to be routed up, and the most extravagant anticipations were indulged in as the success of the season. And yet, after all, what has been the fact. Take away Catalani, and there is nothing at all to admire,—scarcely anything to tolerate. Rossini has appeared at the piano, and Colbran has sung upon the stage. The vision of the one and singing of the other, are very unsubstantial and unsatisfactory things. They furnish but "lenten entertainment." But Pasta is to come.—Alas! and what of that. Madame Pasta is a cleverish woman, and nothing more. She is not unknown to the London audiences, and has already sung at the Opera. Her success was not very great, and we have not learnt that any wonderful improvement has taken place in her voice, science, or execution. The operas hitherto selected have been familiar enough, with the exception of *Zelmira*, whose acquaintance we could have dispensed with. Looking to the past, therefore, we have not much reason to be grateful: all our hope is in the future.

Il Barbieri was performed on Tuesday. Garcia and Benetti being indisposed, the parts of the *Count* and *Figaro* were sustained by Curioni and Placci. Curioni is not so good a singer or actor as Garcia, and Placci is in both respects better than Benetti. What we lose in one we gain in the other. The public probably thought differently, for the house was singularly ill-attended. There is but one thing for the managers to do: on all occasions when Catalani does not play, to select some opera less known to the town than *Il Barbieri*. Try *Don Giovanni*: we will engage that the house shall be crowded. Catalani is sure to throng the boxes whenever her name is announced; but Catalani does not always sing.

Drury Lane.—This theatre was very well filled at the *Opera*.

SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE, AND LITERARY MUSEUM.

The Prophecy was performed for the first time a warm and honourable tribute to the production of a young Irish gentleman, and does great credit to his originality and musical science. Some of the stanzas are sweet and affecting. The general composition is quiet and graceful, and attempts to beat and worry the audience, it is rather an attempt

soul by tender strokes of art."

Fairy of Castle Cary, in the most winning style, gave a ballad (by M. Kelly) in quiet and unpretending beauty. The rhapsody we are excused from noticing, being sung by the same performers at year for the last dozen years.

TO THE SOMERSET HOUSE GAZETTE.

It is a pity which your excellent miscellany artists, demands the thanks of all loving chit-chat. Your correspondent, septuagenarian, has favored us, through characteristic anecdote of the late John. I am willing to offer an occasional following scraps are worthy your pen again in your service.

—Your readers, perhaps, may like to add with another trait or two of that truly ailing. I, too, am a Septuagenarian, well. When I last saw him he was using pictures in a state of despondency more so, as I was then, though an ardent, a young man, and not in circumstances which I would proudly

to rescue such a mind from impending poverty, was certainly a disgrace to the English nation.

Baillie represented his merits to his brother, and took him to Wilson's study. There he found the great genius before his easel. "What do you demand for pictures of that size, Sir?" inquired the stranger. "My usual price is sixteen guineas."—"Then, I beg the favour of you to let me have this, and that," (one already finished) "and at your leisure, you may, if you please, make me a few designs of the same size." He gave his draft for the two pictures, and received some others within a given time. It should be mentioned, that the patron had no knowledge of the arts, and that this liberal act, was purely an offering of respect for merit in distress. If I mistake not, the number thus received, was twelve, all of the *half-cut* size—and further, on the faith of my memory, I may add, that, it was not until some time after the death of Mr. Wilson, that he could dispose of one of the collection, at the original price, even with the influence of our friend the Captain, who vainly endeavoured to force a sale of these incomparable works. The Captain assured me, within a few months of his death, that some of these pictures had then, nearly twenty years since, after passing through various hands, been disposed of singly, for, from one to one hundred and fifty guineas. What some of them may be valued at now—who can tell?

Mr. Wilson, who had frequently changed his residence, in his latter years used to say, that he would henceforth always occupy the last house towards the open country. He died in the corner house of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, then open to Hampstead and Highgate, and the next door to that occupied by the late Joseph Farrington, Esq. R. A., his enthusiastic admirer, and ingenious pupil.

It may, perhaps, be worth notice; for every scrap of information, to quote your words, Mr. Hardcastle, relating to these departed worthies, is acceptable to men of research, who are disposed to canonize the names of such distinguished geniuses. It may then be worth notice, that Woollett, the landscape engraver, whose wonderful burn-

red wife. The most seemingly, congenial, and interesting pair, that Hymen ever lighted to the holy altar—had their questioners and auditors. In another part, certain officers of the northern expedition, amongst them Fisher and Beverley. It was highly amusing to see the jumble of recitals of these remote regions, different climates—the cross-readings as it were of the tales of Ashantee, and frigidities of Esquimaux. In one you heard of naked molten flesh, in the next of men and women in fur, converted into ice. The whole party were not cold by turns. The circumstances of the scene novel, and too amusing ever to be forgot.

It did hope to live to hail poor Bowdich once again, and to read new stores of information from his intelligent tales, but our hope was vain. The remnant of the Arctic expedition, the tender plant that has survived the fatal climate, and the scions of the fond pair, doubtless be cherished—and the widow, we trust, may use her own words, in the sympathies of a benevolent people, “*May yet know comparative happiness.*” We the pathetic appeal of this afflicted lady, may be partly felt, and generously commiserated by her own sex!

I shall return, or at least hope to set off, in the *Brig James*, in Smith, at the end of April, which will be the first opportunity which I can convey my family.”

Vide Mrs. Bowdich's Letter.—Printed in our last.

STAGE SCRAP BOOK.

No. XV.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

AN extraordinary fate that attended this species of dramatic poetry, on its first introduction, deserves to be recorded. The author, the celebrated poet, Mr. Gay, was well-known as a man of considerable genius, and a former productions, and his amiable character in life, enjoyed the friendship of all the distinguished men of the day. Most of the songs are complete epics. After this, will it be credited, that the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, peremptorily rejected the opera! Nay, it was even reported, that the manager, who allowed it to be performed, gave it over the first rehearsal, and it was with great difficulty it should be prevailed upon to make the trial: and, indeed, the first night of performance, its fate was for some doubtful. The first act was received with silent attention—not a hand moved; at the end of the act the whole once rose up, and every man seemed to be comparing with his neighbour, and the general opinion was in our favour. In the second act they broke their silence, to vent joy of the performers, to say nothing of the unfeeling feelings it removed at once from the mind of the manager; and the last act met with universal applause. This was performed sixty-three nights to overflowing. Mr. Rich was manager of the theatre when the Beggar-Opera was produced; an intimate friend of Gay's recorded, that it was a piece likely to make Rich gay, and rich.

MRS. CIBBER.

Her age has its favourite celebrated actor, or actress, Cibber very justly enjoyed that happiness for more than twenty years. The first part in which this distinguished actress appeared was Zara, then translated from French, by Aaron Hill, Esq., in the year 1734, and at her appearance she became a favourite with the public.

Mrs. Cibber was sister to the celebrated Doctor Arne; her marriage with Mr. Theophilus Cibber was very much to her inclination; and the misfortunes that attended which the public at that time were fully informed,

and which in a former number we have mentioned) interrupted her progress in the business of the stage for several years; but for the last twenty she remained in the quiet possession of all the capital characters, and of the hearts of the enamoured public: her voice was musically plaintive. In all characters of tenderness and pathos, in which the workings of the feeling mind call for the force of excessive sensibility, she, like Garrick, was the character she represented. Love, rage, resentment, pity, disdain, and all those gradations of the various passions she greatly felt, and vigorously expressed. Her face, her figure, and her manner were irresistibly impressive, and her voice was penetrating to admiration. Actresses may have had more majesty, more fire, but I believe that all the tragic characters truly feminine, greatly conceived, and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber, than in any other actress. She certainly was not so happy in comedy, but it would be no bad compliment to tell any actress of the present day she was her equal. In the *School for Lovers*, she performed the part of *Calia*, whose age is mentioned in the play to be sixteen, and Mrs. Cibber was admitted to become the character by the nicest observers, though she was at that time approaching to fifty! This curious circumstance was owing entirely to that uncommon symmetry and exact proportion in her form, that happily remained with her to her death.

Of all the variety and extent of the tragic passions, I know none equal to that of *Constance* in *King John*. Mrs. Cibber surpassed all that have followed her in that character. When she entered with her hair dishevelled, and with wildness in her eyes, having lost her son—“her pretty Arthur!” the Cardinal and others attempting to comfort her, she sunk on the ground—and looking round with a dignified wildness and horror, said—

“Here I, and *Sorrow* sit! this is my throne!—
Let Kings come and bow to it!”

Nothing that ever was exhibited could exceed this picture of distress! And nothing that ever came from the mouth of mortal was ever spoken with more dignified propriety! It is impossible to convey to those who have not had the satisfaction of seeing certain actors and actresses, their peculiar excellencies. The painter's art lives on the canvas, but the actor's must die with him! This truth is feelingly expressed in the following lines, which were introduced in the Prologue written by Mr. Garrick to the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, which at the same time bears testimony of his high sense of the merits of his celebrated contemporaries, Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Quin.*—

The Painter† dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While *England* lives, his fame can never die:
But he, who struts his hour on the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame to half an age;
Nor pen, nor pencil can an actor save,
The art and artist share one common grave.
O let me drop, one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier!
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay:
Your children, cannot feel what you have known:
They'll boast of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approved by *You*.

Mrs. Cibber died in January, 1766. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, and her pall was supported by persons of distinction.

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber died in the same year, within a few weeks of each other.

† Hogarth, whose celebrated paintings of the *Marriage à-la-mode*, it is said, gave the hint to the authors of the *Clandestine Marriage*.

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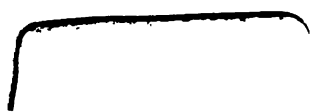
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